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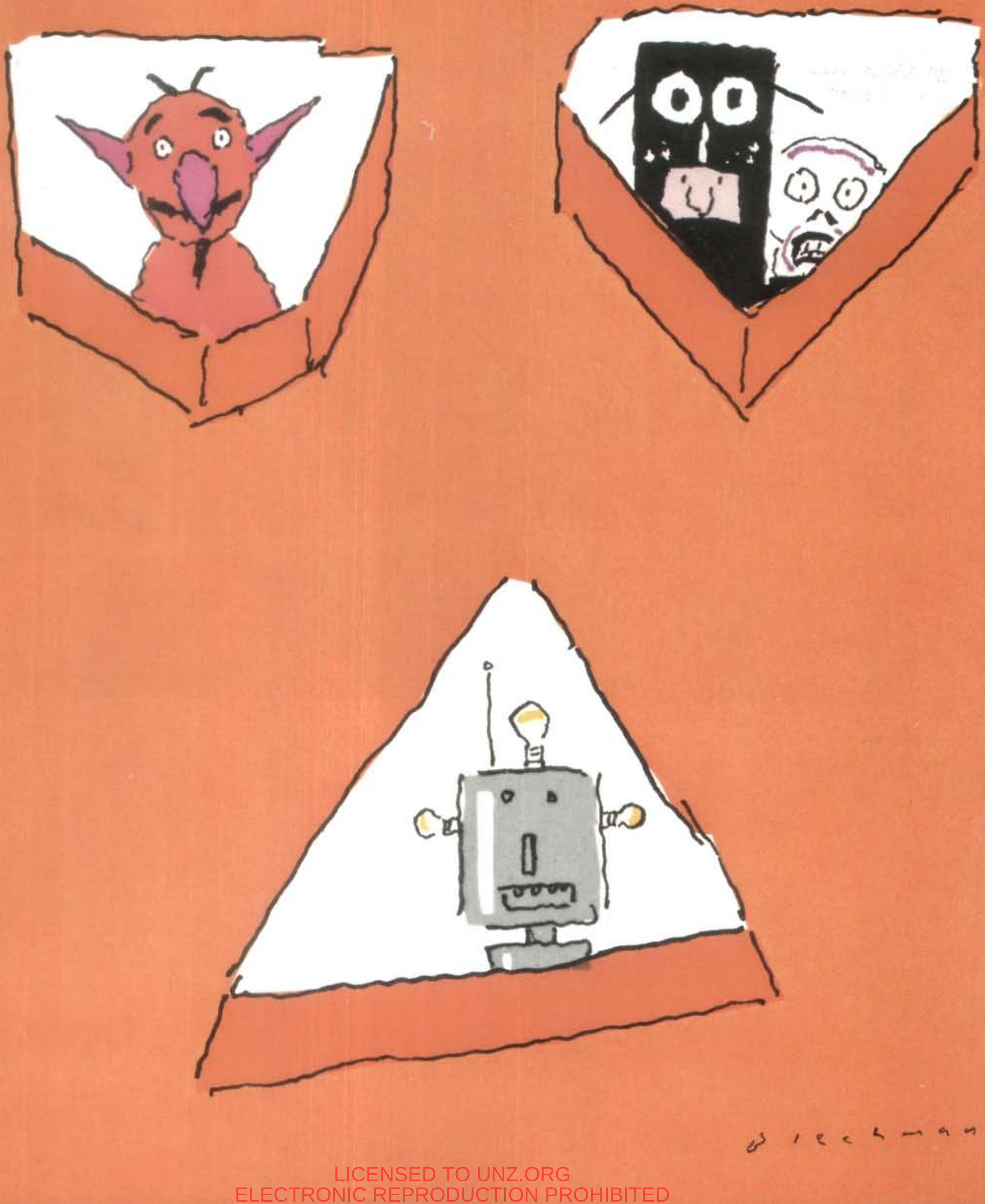

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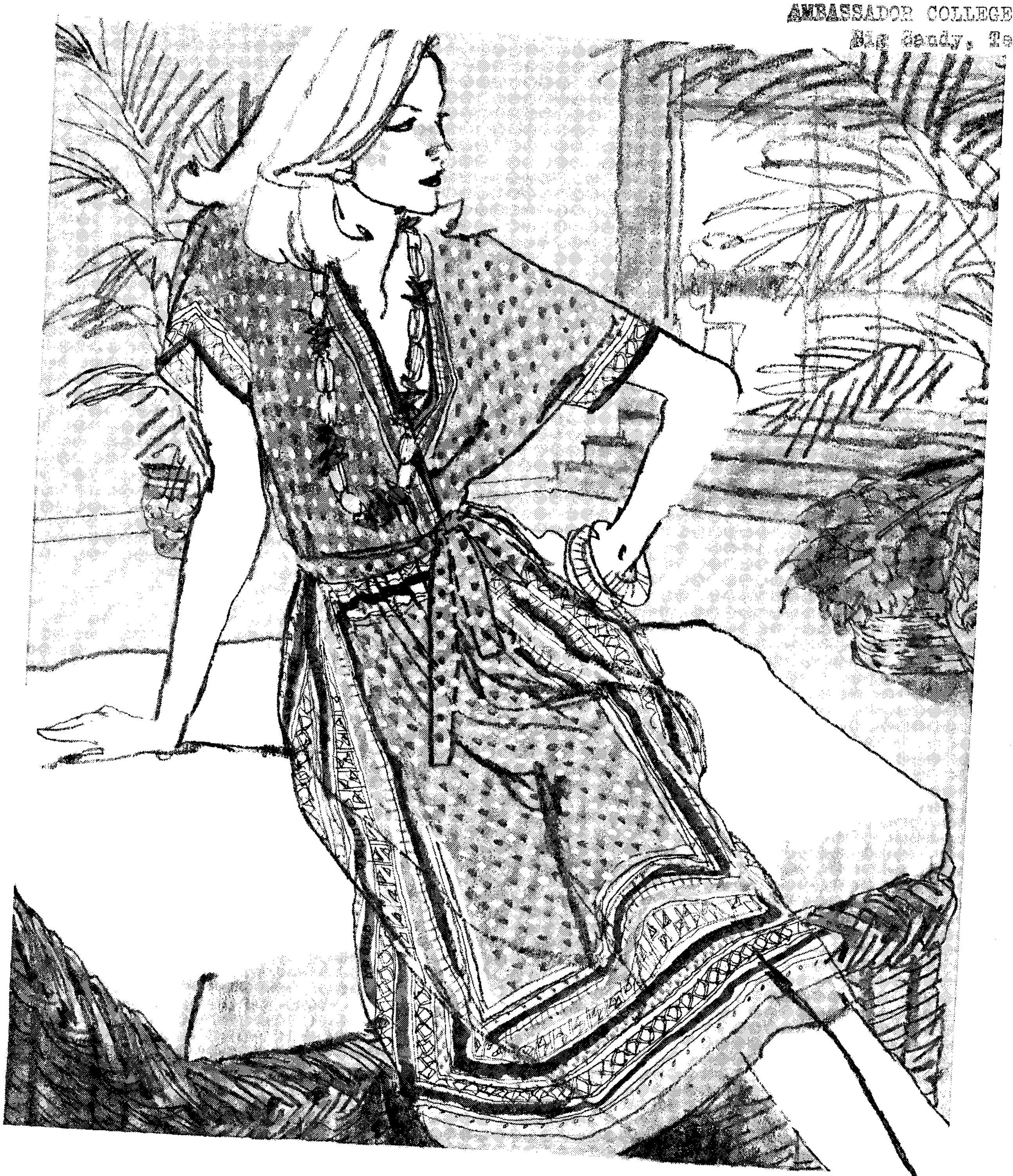

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

American Buffalo—Al Pacino is a funny, electric Teach in this revival of David Mamet's comedy of crime, although he is something of a loner onstage. James Hayden and J. J. Johnston are his cronies. (Reviewed in our issue of 6/15/81.) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Wednesday through Friday at 8, and Saturday at 7 and 10. Closes Saturday, Oct. 31.)

The Black People's Party—A play by Earl Anthony. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30. Closes Sunday, Nov. 8.)

Candida—One of the most high-spirited of what Shaw called his "pleasant" comedies has been mangled almost beyond recognition by faulty direction and miscasting. Joanne Woodward survives by the skin of her teeth in the title role. (10/26/81) (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Chekhov on the Lawn—A one-man show (by Elihu Winer), in which William Shust, as Chekhov, tells stories and reminisces. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. 355-7025. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. Closes Saturday, Nov. 14.)

Circle Repertory Company—A play by Jonathan Bolt, **threads**, is the first in this season's series. With Roger Chapman, Jonathan Hogan, Nancy Killmer, Ben Siegler, and Patricia Wettig. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Cloud 9—Caryl Churchill's comedy about the "confusion" of sexuality—first in a British outpost in Africa in 1880 and then in a park in London in 1980—is a witty and original work that adds a measure of confusion all its own. It is very well performed, under Tommy Tune's brilliant direction, by Veronica Castang, Nicolas Surovy, E. Katherine Kerr, Don Amendolia, Zeljko Ivanek, Concetta Tomei, and Jeffrey Jones, all of them in multiple roles (m. & f.). Effective sets by Lawrence Miller. (6/1/81) (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Cotton Patch Gospel—A musical entertainment by Tom Key (who is also the star and is joined onstage by four musicians) and Russell Treyz, based on Clarence Jordan's book "The Cotton Patch Version of Matthew and John." The music is by the late Harry Chapin. (Lambs Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Crimes of the Heart—Beth Henley's Pulitzer Prize-winning play, with Mary Beth Hurt, Mia Dillon, Lizbeth Mackay, and Peter MacNicol in the roles created by them Off Broadway last winter. Directed by Melvin Bernhardt. Previews through Tuesday, Nov. 3. Opens officially on Wednesday, Nov. 4. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6740. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Thursday, Nov. 5, at 2.)

The Dance and the Railroad—John Lone and Tzi Ma give distinguished performances as a pair of Chinese immigrant railroad builders in nineteenth-century America in this enthralling play by David Hwang. (7/27/81) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

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The Dresser—Tom Courtenay and Paul Rogers in Ronald Harwood's play about a Shakespearean actor and his gossipy dresser. With Rachel Gurney, Leslie Barrett, Marge Redmond, and Douglas Seale. The direction is by Michael Elliott. A London import. Previews through Wednesday, Nov. 4. Opens officially on Thursday, Nov. 5. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Einstein and the Polar Bear—Peter Strauss and Maureen Anderman in a play by Tom Griffin. Directed by J Ranelli. Previews Wednesday, Oct. 28. Opens officially on Thursday, Oct. 29. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Ensemble Studio Theatre—Four one-acters chosen from among the thirteen plays presented here last year: "A Sermon," by David Mamet; "Open Admissions," by Shirley Lauro; "The Lady or the Tiger," by Shel Silverstein; and "Dumping Ground," by Elizabeth Diggs. Preview Wednesday, Oct. 28. Opens officially on Thursday, Oct. 29, and will run through Sunday, Nov. 22. (Ensemble Studio Theatre, 549 W. 52nd St. 247-4982. Wednesdays through Sundays at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 6:30.)

Entertaining Mr. Sloane—A satisfying revival of Joe Orton's astonishing, funny comedy about a handsome young criminal who becomes the sex object of his middle-aged landlady and her homosexual brother. John Tillinger is the good director. (7/6/81) (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10:15; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Equity Library Theatre—A revival of the musical **seesaw**, with a book by Michael Bennett, music by Cy Coleman, and lyrics by Dorothy Fields. The second in this season's series of eight productions. Preview Wednesday, Oct. 28. Opens officially on Thursday, Oct. 29, and will run through Sunday, Nov. 22. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Family Devotions—A humorous, fascinating, and serious comedy by David Hwang about an elderly Chinese who comes to America to visit his prosperous relatives in Bel Air, California. The performance has its ups and downs, but there is no question of the remarkable ability of Victor Wong in the leading role. The handsome, witty setting is by David Gropman. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Public, 425 Lafay-

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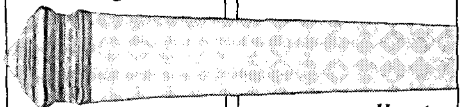

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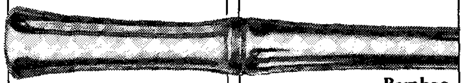

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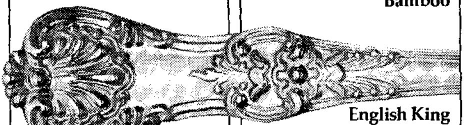

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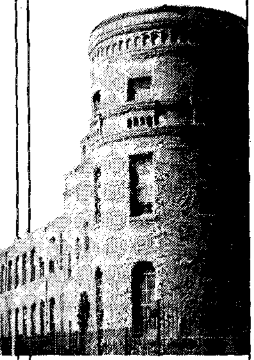

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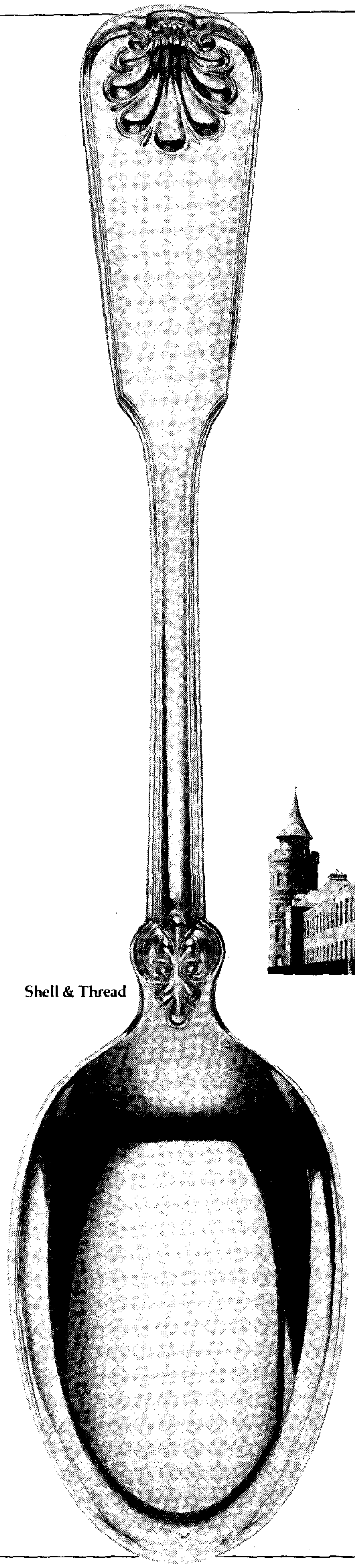

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ette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Grace—Scotty Bloch plays, with considerable style, a desperate, cynical, put-upon woman in this only so-so drama by Jane Stanton Hitchcock. William Barclay designed the scenery, also with considerable style. (Reviewed in this issue.) (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8; Thursdays at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

I Can't Keep Running in Place—A dismal nonmusical musical about a women's "assertiveness workshop." The setting is a loft in SoHo, but "role-playing" and "sharing" and "caring" and other bits of California jargon are tossed around with some abandon in both lyrics and dialogue. There are seven actresses in the company, poor souls. (Westside Arts Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Key Exchange—A charming first play by Kevin Wade, with Ben Masters and Brooke Adams as a pair of lovers and Mark Blum as a young bridegroom, all of whom meet on their bicycles in Central Park on Sunday afternoons. The performances, under Barnet Kellman's direction, are all that any dramatist—new or old—could hope for. (6/22/81) (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 260-8480. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Lena Horne: The Lady and Her Music—A couple of dozen cherished standards (by Porter, Youmans, Rodgers & Hart, etc., etc.) sung to perfection. Miss Horne brings down the house not once but many times. (5/25/81) (Nederlander, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3; special matinée Saturday, Oct. 31, at 3.)

The Life and Adventures of Nicholas Nickleby—Dickens was simultaneously an accurate reporter of social evils and a sentimental fantasist, and both aspects of his genius are brilliantly manifested by the Royal Shakespeare Company's adaptation of his celebrated (but little-read) novel. Go at once. (10/19/81) The play is presented in two parts, and tickets are available only in consecutive two-performance combinations. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Wednesdays at 2 and 7; Thursdays and Fridays at 7; and Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 7.)

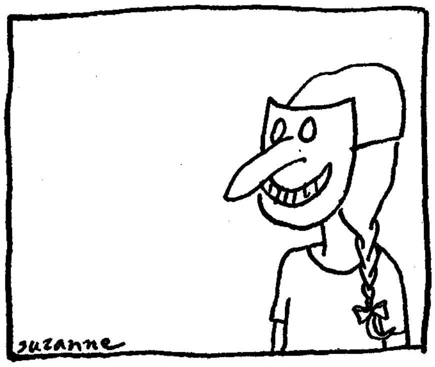
Light Opera of Manhattan—Presenting Victor Herbert's **THE RED MILL.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

March of the Falsettos—William Finn's clever, talented musical (barely over an hour long) about a man who leaves his wife and young son for a male lover. The performance, under the ingenious direction of James Lapine, is light and lively. (5/18/81) (Westside Arts Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2.)

Marlowe—Christopher Marlowe was a drunken young playwright and perhaps a spy, but this wretched rock musical has practically nothing to do with him. (10/26/81) (Rialto, Broadway at 43rd St. 354-5236. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Misalliance—A creditable production of Bernard Shaw's entertaining conversation piece, set in the country house of a rich underwear manufacturer in 1909. Philip Bosco plays the leading role, and he is ably supported by, among others, Jeanne Ruskin as his independent-minded daughter; Patricia O'Connell as his shrewd, cozy wife; and, most especially by Anthony Heald as a temporarily addled young gunman who intrudes to avenge his late mother's honor. (9/21/81) (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

My Fair Lady—Rex Harrison is back in the role of Professor Higgins, created by him a quarter of a century ago. The musical is as fresh as ever and a constant delight to the ear. (8/31/81) (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)



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My Own Stranger—A play based on the writings of Anne Sexton, adapted for the stage by Linda Laundra and Marilyn Campbell. (Provincetown, 133 Macdougal St. 777-2571. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Sea Marks—A dim play about a publisher (f.) who tries to make a professional poet out of an Irish fisherman (m.). (10/5/81) (Players, 115 Macdougal St. 254-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 6 and 9; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Sister Mary Ignatius Explains It All for You and **The Actor's Nightmare**—A very funny evening in the theatre. "Sister Ignatius," the second of Christopher Durang's brace of one-acters, is a scathing satire on Catholic education: a crazy nun verbally molests her small pupils until she is given her comeuppance by four visiting alumni. In the curtain-raiser, "The Actor's Nightmare," a businessman dreams that he is on a stage and forced to perform, giving rise to a cluster of shrewd and wicked parodies of respected playwrights. Everyone in the company does very well, under Jerry Zaks' nimble direction; Elizabeth Franz is splendid as the nun, and Jeff Brooks is fine as the actor in spite of himself. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Sophisticated Ladies—A stunning potpourri of Duke Ellington numbers, affording us again and again a welcome shock of recognition. The cast, headed by Gregory Hines, sings and dances with extraordinary energy; few musicals have ever moved so swiftly from a confident start to a no less confident finish. (3/16/81) (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

A Talent for Murder—Claudette Colbert is an ever-welcome presence on Broadway, and so is her co-star, Jean-Pierre Aumont, but they can contribute little of value to this so-called "suspense comedy" by Jerome Chodorov and Norman Panama. (10/12/81) (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

A Taste of Honey—A fine revival of Shelagh Delaney's play set in a Lancashire slum. It's about a brave, cheeky schoolgirl, deserted by her whorish mother, who finds herself pregnant. The play is just as good as it seemed twenty years ago, and the performance, under Tony Tanner's scrupulous direction, is entirely worthy of it. With Valerie French as the mother, Amanda Plummer as the girl, and Keith Reddin as a homosexual art student who moves in to take care of her. (5/11/81) (Century, 235 W. 46th St. 354-6644. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sun days at 3.)

2 by South—A pair of garrulous one-acters b Frank South. The performances, under th direction of Robert Altman, are good; that o Leo Burmester, as a renegade doctor in th West who has committed a murder and wait alone for retribution, is very good. (St Clement's, 423 W. 46th St. 307-1866. Tues days through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at and 8:45; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinée Sundays at 4.)

Woman of the Year—Lauren Bacall carrie with ease on her broad shoulders this mu sical-comedy version of the old Hepburn Tracy movie. The clever songs are by Kande and Ebb, and the direction is by Rober Moore. (4/6/81) (Palace, Broadway at 47t St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays a 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—AIN'T MISBEHAVIN': A rip-roaring mu sical tribute to Fats Waller, by a super small company whose energy would suffice t light Manhattan. (Belasco, 111 W. 44th S 354-4490. Nightly, except Thursdays an Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays an Sundays at 3, and Saturdays at 2.) . . **AMADEUS:** We are at the court of Joseph II, i Vienna, in the eighteenth century, and th court composer Salieri is engaged in killing o his upstart rival, Mozart, either by actu poison or by denigration. A sumptuousl staged melodrama by Peter Shaffer, wit John Wood, Peter Firth, and Amy Irvin heading the large cast. (Broadhurst, 235 W 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Satu days at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Satu days at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **ANN** Daddy Warbucks is transformed into a benig New Dealer and Little Orphan Annie is n very waiflike in this pleasant but uninspir musical. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th S 246-0220. Wednesdays, except Oct. 2 through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 6:4 Matinées Wednesdays, except Oct. 28, Satu days, and Sundays at 2.) . . . **BARNUM:** A litt musical that is more circus than Barnu Mike Burstyn has replaced Jim Dale in t title role. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 39 0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Ma inées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, ar Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE TEXAS:** A cheerful, cheering, and foolish m sical about a bordello called the Chick Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographe Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry King and Peter Masterson wrote the librett (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 24 0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matiné Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **CHILDR OF A LESSER GOD:** An extraordinarily effecti play about a young deaf woman and one her teachers, who falls in love with her. T author, Mark Medoff, has found humor a pathos in a most difficult subject. Phyl Frelich and John Rubinstein play the leadi roles. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-563 Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matiné Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Su days at 3.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of you dancers audition for a handful of chorus jo in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by t time the evening is over we know everythi about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . **DANCIN':** An assortment of vivid producti numbers on unrelated themes. Bob Fosse the choreographer, and his company dancers is dazzling. The music is by Ba Sousa, George M. Cohan, and other clas composers. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th 541-6490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at and Sundays at 3.) . . . **DEATHTRAP:** A stunni cast, headed by Farley Granger, in a thril whose clever anfractuosities of plot are j frightening enough and just funny enoug (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Tu days through Saturdays at 8. Matiné Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Su days at 3.) . . . **EVITA:** A sung version of the l of Eva Perón, with Derin Altay, James Ste and David Cryer. Nancy Opel substitutes Miss Altay at the matinée performanc (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd 247-3600. Nightly, except Sundays, at Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) .

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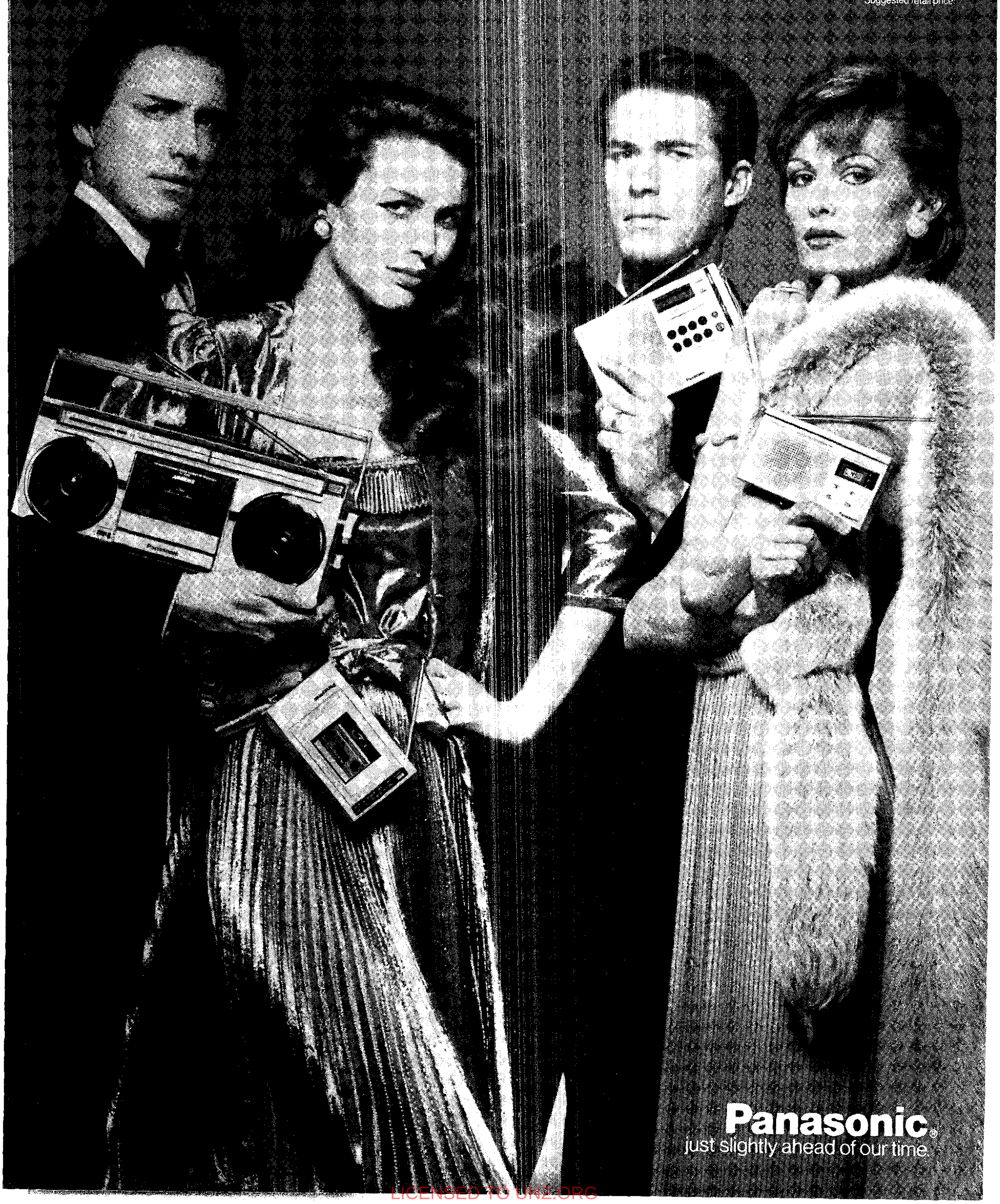

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THE FANTASTICKS: 8,944 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **FIFTH OF JULY:** We are back on the old Talley place, which we encountered last year in "Talley's Folly." Lanford Wilson writes with authority and with exceptional comic verve about the inhabitants of a corner of southern Missouri that may yet become as famous as the not far distant Yoknapatawpha County. Richard Thomas and Laraine Newman dominate the proceedings. (New Apollo, 234 W. 43rd St. 921-8558. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Pleasantly old-fashioned choreography by the late Gower Champion and a few classic songs enliven an otherwise inert pastiche of the Warner Brothers movie that made Ruby Keeler a star. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **ONE MO' TIME:** A sunny salute to the good old days of black vaudeville, in good old N'Orleans. Vernel Bagneris is the clever inventor of this oddity. Dick Vance plays trumpet in the accompanying jazz band. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE:** Gilbert and Sullivan Americanized, which, in this case, is to say good-humoredly vulgarized. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SUGAR BABIES:** Mickey Rooney and Ann Miller having a high old time in a musical show that only pretends to be based on the great days of burlesque, if burlesque ever had great days. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Sunday, Nov. 1, at 3.)

MISCELLANY

New York Gilbert and Sullivan Players—The first four of ten performances of "The Mikado." (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Thursday and Friday, Nov. 5-6, at 8, and Saturday, Nov. 7, at 3 and 8. For information about tickets, call 724-9159.)

DANCE

Joffrey Ballet—Wednesday, Oct. 28, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 1, at 7:30: "Les Patineurs," "Return to the Strange Land," "La Vivandière Pas de Six," and "Trinity." . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 29, and Tuesday, Nov. 3, at 8: "Viva Vivaldi!," "Epode," "Night," and "Postcards." . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 30, at 8: "Les Patineurs," "Return to the Strange Land," "La Vivandière Pas de Six," and "Deuce Coupe II." . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 31, at 8: "Postcards," "Epode," "Night," and "Deuce Coupe II." . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 1, at 2: "Suite Saint-Saëns," "Pas de Deux," "Transfigured Night," and "Cakewalk." . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 4, and Friday, Nov. 6, at 8: An unnamed ballet (première), "Random Dances," "Pas de Deux," and "A Wedding Bouquet." . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 5, at 8: "Postcards," "Epode," "Pas de Deux," and "The Green Table." . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 7, at 8: "The Taming of the Shrew." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Through Sunday, Nov. 22.)

Laura Dean Dancers and Musicians—"Tympani" (New York première), "Dance," and an excerpt from "Night." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 30-31, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 1, at 2.)

Beverly Brown Dancensemble—"Mosaic," "Attic Antics," "Season of Earth Hush," and "Desert Lines" (première). (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929. Thursday, Oct. 29, Saturday, Oct. 31, and Sunday, Nov. 1, at 8.)

Les Ballets Jazz—A single appearance by this company from Montreal. (Lehman College Concert Hall, the Bronx. 960-8833. Saturday, Oct. 31, at 8.)

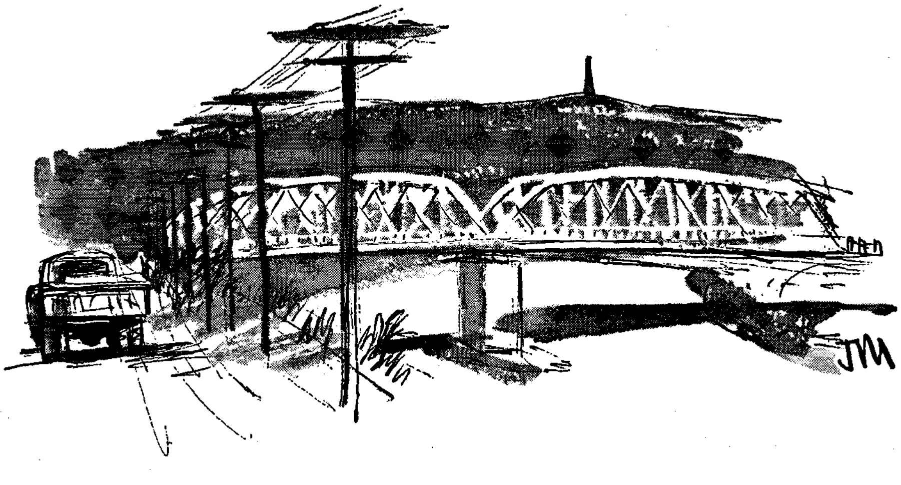
NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A long, narrow nautical bar and restaurant that's been a Chelsea fixture for years. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 30-31, tenor saxophonist **CLIFFORD JORDAN** heads a hard-bop trio; on Friday and Saturday, Nov. 6-7, **DAKOTA STATON,** whose ballads are a tad heavy in vibrato but whose up-tempo blues-tinged numbers are wonderful, will sing with her trio at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

Bechet's, 1319 Third Ave., at 76th St. (879-1001)—A relaxed upper East Side bar and restaurant with jazz musicians working on a bandstand at the very back of the place. Pianist **DEREK SMITH,** bassist **JAY LEONHART,** and guitarist **GENE BERTONCINI** are here through Sunday, Nov. 1. Music from nine.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The roster: Wednesday, Oct. 28, reggae singer **MAX ROMEO;** Friday, Oct. 30, bassist **TERUO NAKAMURA** and the Rising Sun Band; Saturday, Oct. 31, Robinson's Mysteries, a magic show; Thursday, Nov. 5, swamp-rocker **DR. JOHN** and soul singer **CISSY HOUSTON;** and Friday and Saturday, Nov. 6-7, the musically unpredictable **SONNY ROLLINS** (he played funky soul music on his last visit). Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.



Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Some of the most accomplished and famous pianists, bassists, and, occasionally, guitarists in the world (although no musician's name is ever posted anywhere on the premises) work in this dark-panelled, perpetually (it seems) crowded, talkative New York bar and restaurant. The pianists and bassists: **LARRY WILLIS** and **GEORGE MRAZ** through Sunday, Nov. 1; **KENNY BARRON** and **RICHARD DAVIS** on Monday, Nov. 2; and **STANLEY COWELL** and **RICHARD DAVIS** from Tuesday, Nov. 3. Music from nine-forty-five.

Cachaça, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—The more passionate admirers of samba music think of it as one of the great developments of post-wheel civilization. This urbane room is a good place to hear it performed by a vocalist and a backup trio after eleven. Before eleven and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and Carnaval music. The club is open nightly, except Mondays, from eight to four. Dining and dancing.

Café Pierre, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI,** a subtle, rhythmically motivated guitarist who plays fervent jazz disguised as hotel music, heads a trio Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to one. Dining and dancing.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—In the Café Carlyle, **HUGH SHANNON,** the international and imperishable café-society singer and pianist, has become the resident entertainer. He appears with a trio Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining. . . . **BARBARA CARROLL,** who sings and plays piano, too, is in the Bemelmans Bar, nightly, except Sundays, from nine-thirty to one.

Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—A bar and restaurant painted the color of Vienna-roast coffee beans. **ELLIS LARKINS,** the demure, elegant pianist who over the years has accompanied Joe Williams, Helen Humes, Ella Fitzgerald, Sylvia Syms, and many other singers, is the star here. He appears nightly, except Sundays, from eight until midnight.

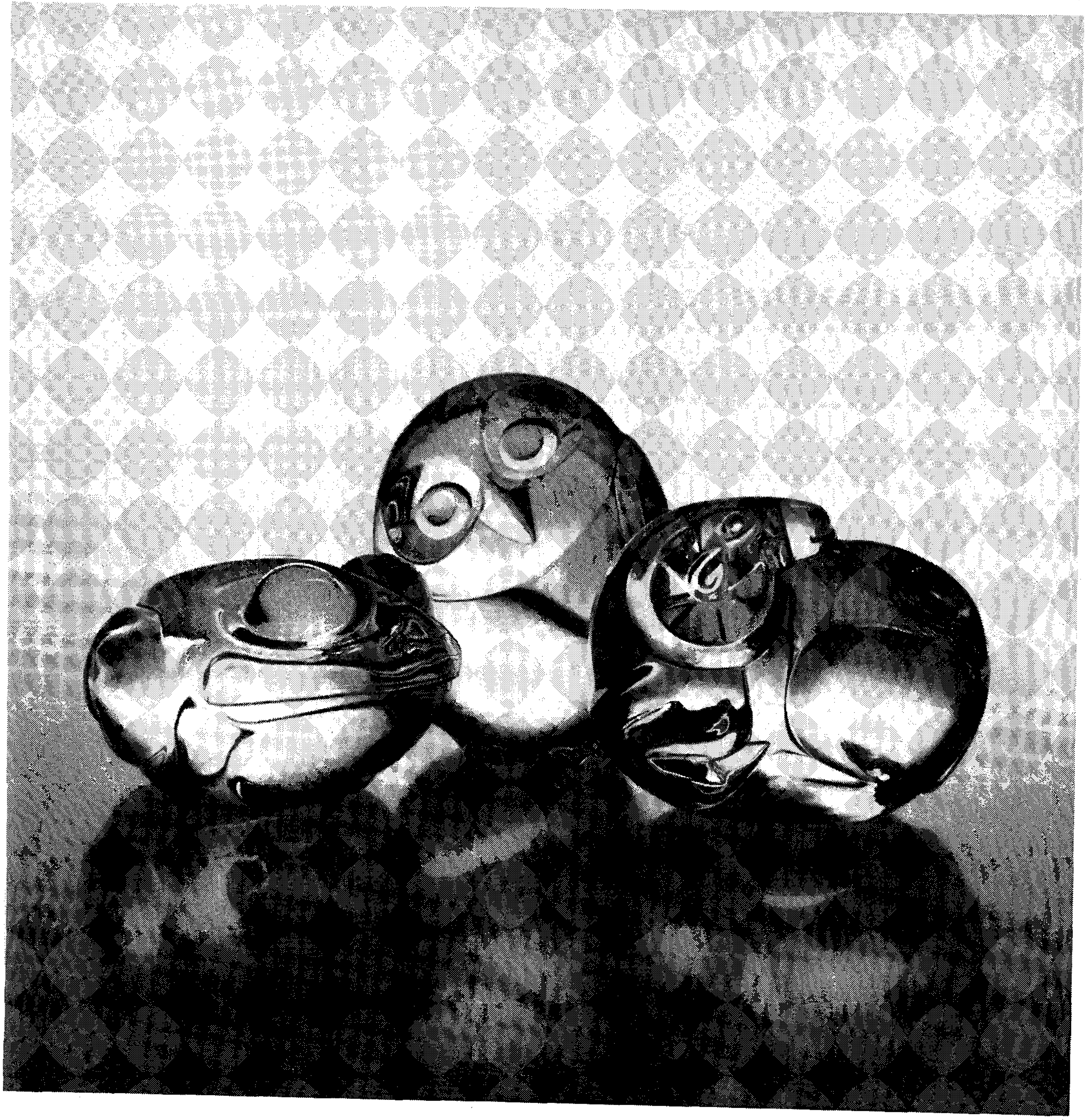
CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Rock and roll as a garage industry. The schedule: Thursday, Oct. 29, Noise R Us, the Satin Latins, and Blue Suede Confessions; Friday, Oct. 30, the Swinging Madisons and the Mystery Dates; and Saturday, Oct. 31, the Nitecaps, Artifax, and Single Strings. Monday is showcase night. Music long after nine-thirty.

City Limits, 125 Seventh Ave. S., at 10th St. (243-2242)—A country-and-Western hangout for New Yorkers who secretly wish they had names like Delbert McClinton and Lacy J. Dalton. Various lively, well-miked bands are booked to play here for listening and dancing nightly after ten.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**ALBERTA HUNTER** demonstrates the art of the blues innuendo with her trio Wednesdays through Saturdays. Sundays through Tuesdays are now claimed by **CARRIE SMITH,** who has a big, resounding voice—big enough to take on Bessie Smith and Sister Rosetta Tharpe material. Shows at nine and eleven. Dining.

Eagle Tavern, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave (924-0275)—A homey music room for devout admirers of bluegrass, old-time country music, and British and Irish folk music. (Devout doesn't mean subdued; there is plenty of hooting—not the self-indulgent, rowdy kind but the supporting, appreciative kind—and handclapping.) The musicians: Wednesday Oct. 28, Allan Carr and the Derby Ram Thursday, Oct. 29, Bonnie Carol and Dough Berch; Saturday, Oct. 31, the Lost World String Band; Sunday, Nov. 1, guitarists Barry Peterson and Ari Eisinger; Wednesday Nov. 4, Charles O'Hegarty and the Derby Ram; Thursday, Nov. 5, a jam session; and Saturday, Nov. 7, the Tony Trischka band Music from eight-thirty on Wednesdays, from eight-fifteen on Thursdays and Saturdays and from nine on Sundays.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—A dark, sleek alternate hangout for traditiona



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STEUBEN GLASS

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

jazz (see also Jimmy Ryan's below). The house sextet works Mondays through Fridays from eight-thirty to two, and Saturdays from nine-thirty to three. On Sunday, Nov. 1, soprano saxophonist **BOB WILBER** will guide a combo through a tribute to Sidney Bechet from about nine-fifteen. On Wednesdays and Fridays, other small combos work from six to eight-thirty. Dining.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A velvet-and-mirror-walled belowstairs room, which is patronized by tourists, people on dates, and music lovers, and which is frequently very crowded. **FREDDIE HUBBARD,** the West Coast trumpeter, takes up with some first-rate local players—pianist **KENNY BARRON,** drummer **AL FOSTER,** saxophonist **DAVID SCHNITTER,** and bassist **BUSTER WILLIAMS**—through Sunday, Nov. 1. On Tuesday, Nov. 3, percussion wizard **MONGO SANTAMARIA** will arrive with his band. Sets begin after nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Ginger Man, 51 W. 64th St. (399-2358)—In the less frenetic area of this restaurant, one will find vintage jazz musicians performing with vigor and skill the music of their youth—the twenties, thirties, and forties. The **HARLEM BLUES AND JAZZ BAND**—made up of trombonist **EDDIE DURHAM,** guitarist **AL CASEY,** tenor saxophonist **EDDIE CHAMBLEE,** trumpeter **BOBBY WILLIAMS,** drummer **TOMMY BENFORD,** either **JOHNNY WILLIAMS** or **AL HALL** on bass, and **CHARLES BATEMAN** or **DILL JONES** on piano—goes at it from nine-thirty Thursdays through Saturdays.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—A big, self-conscious space in which to listen to some worthwhile music. The mural is by Françoise Schein, the chairs are by David Utz, the plants are by Chris, and the graphics are by Susan Hunt Yule—those are the credits as they appear in the menu. The live music: Third-generation swing musicians **SCOTT HAMILTON** and **WARREN VACHÉ,** Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 28-29; Friday and Saturday, Oct. 30-31, Raw Sugar; Tuesday and Wednesday, Nov. 3-4, blues singer Paula Lockheart; and Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 5-7, singer Lee Genesis. On Sundays, **ANGELA SUAREZ** sings stirring Brazilian-jazz numbers, and on Mondays bassist **BOB CUNNINGHAM** and pianist **BROSS TOWNSEND** perform with guest players. Music from eleven. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Small enough to be a hamburger stand (it was) and musical enough to be a jazz landmark (it is). Guitarist **JOE PUMA** works with pianist **HOD O'BRIEN,** bassist Ronnie Markowitz, and vocalist Alicia Sherman Wednesdays through Sundays from ten; on Mondays and Tuesdays, a trio led by guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** begins at ten; and Sundays, **BROOKS KERR** is back, playing piano and singing from five to ten.

Griff's Plaza Café, Third Ave. at 37th St. (867-7179)—A pleasant, spiffy, laid-back restaurant that hangs over Third Avenue—it's one level up—and hires fine pianists. Buzzing, bowing bassist **MAJOR HOLLEY** is here through Saturday, Oct. 31; on Tuesday, Nov. 3, pianist Norman Simmons will take over. Music from eight to midnight Tuesdays through Fridays, and from nine to one on Saturdays.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—A refurbished bar and restaurant in a neighborhood that is itself in the process of being refurbished. **DON EWELL** takes his listeners through New Orleans, Chicago, and Harlem piano styles Tuesdays through Thursdays from nine to one, and Fridays and Saturdays from ten to two.

Hors d'Oeuvrerie, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—Startling views of tall ships, wide ships, short ships, and narrow ships, as well as Governors Island, Ellis Island, Liberty Island, Upper New York Bay, the Hudson River, the East River, Union City, Jersey City, Bayonne, assorted Brooklyn-Manhattan bridges, and beautiful downtown Brooklyn. Pianist Chuck Folds leads a trio that plays for listening and dancing Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty. Pianist Judd Woldin alternates with them after nine.

Jazzmania Society, 40 W. 27th St. (532-7666)—A very big, airy room with ceiling fans and jazz fans. Wednesdays, trumpeter **OLU DARA'S**

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OKRA ORCHESTRA, which features saxophonist **HENRY THREADGILL,** offers up jazz and jazz-funk; Thursdays, Brazilian composer, arranger, singer, guitarist, and percussionist **THIAGO DE MELLO** leads his ten-piece band, **AMAZON.** On Friday and Saturday, Oct. 30-31, pianist **MICKEY TUCKER** will lead a sextet that will include **SLIDE HAMPTON, JUNIOR COOK,** and **BILL HARDMAN.** Music from nine, and if you hang around until two in the morning on Fridays and Saturdays you'll hear even more jazz, played by Mike Morgenstern, the saxophonist-proprietor, who jams with a bunch of musical colleagues. On Sundays, there is dancing to recorded jazz from eight until midnight.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—A no-frills, uncarpeted—the music carries more vividly without a carpet to soak it up—traditional-jazz haunt and an alternative to Eddie Condon's (see above), just thirty paces east. A tradition-bound sextet led by trumpeter Spanky Davis occupies the bandstand Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to three. On Mondays, trumpeter **MAX KAMINSKY** leads the group. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

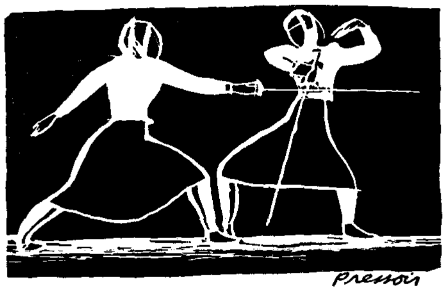
Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant and bar that is crowded with good listeners, and for good reasons. The very fine piano-bass duos: **RONNIE MATHEWS** and **RAY DRUMMOND** through Saturday, Oct. 31; **LOU LEVY** and **BILL TAKAS** from Tuesday, Nov. 3; and **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA** on Sundays and Mondays. Music from ten.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Authentic in its Texasness except in the wide-open-spaces department. The schedule: Wednesday, Oct. 28, blues fiddler **PAPA JOHN CREACH** (at eleven-thirty only); Thursday, Oct. 29, country folkie Ronee Blakley and ex-Band singer and bassist **RICK DANKO;** Sunday, Nov. 1, comic Don Imus and stand-up folkie Kinky Friedman; and Monday and Tuesday, Nov. 2-3, blues-rock guitarist **ELVIN BISHOP.** Music from eight-thirty. Dining.

Marty's, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—A singer's room with a view of a garden. Tony Martin (yes, Tony Martin) is here through Saturday, Oct. 31. On Monday, Nov. 2, **MEL TORMÉ** will begin a month-long engagement in this small, intimate setting. Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, Fridays at ten and midnight, and Saturdays at eleven and twelve-thirty. Dining.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Tuesdays through Saturdays are now the property of singer **SUSANNAH MC CORKLE,** who works from a very large repertory that comprises tunes by Porter, Gershwin, Rodgers and Hart, Neil Sedaka, and others. The first set begins at nine-fifteen. On Mondays from nine-thirty to midnight, the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Band, a septet, plays Dixieland jazz. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A well-thought-of upper West Side bar and restaurant that is poised and ready, as it has been for years, for the Columbus Avenue renaissance, which, it seems, moves a few blocks north each year. It is also rhythm-and-blues headquarters in New York. Wednesday, Oct. 28, **DEUCE,** a funk-jazz septet co-led by trumpeter **JEAN FINEBERG** and tenor saxophonist **ELLEN SEELING;** Thursday, Oct. 29, Jet; Friday and Saturday, Oct. 30-31, soul singer **CISSY HOUSTON;** Wednesday, Nov. 4, guitarist Rodney Jones; and Friday and Saturday, Nov. 6-7, African-funk trumpeter **HUGH MASEKELA.** Music from about ten until two.



Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A folk, folk-rock, rock, and occasional jazz club. The schedule: Wednesday, Oct. 28, Angel Annie and Jan Miles; Thursday, Oct. 29 Mode I.Q. and Teenage Furniture; Friday Oct. 30, folksinger and guitarist **ARTIE TRAUM** and guitarist **PAT ALGER;** Saturday, Oct. 31 Otis Telson & the Wrong Guys and **FOURTEEN KARAT SOUL;** and Friday and Saturday, Nov. 6-7, jazz singer **MORGANA KING.** Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Mondays are given over to a showcase from nine-thirty. Dining.

Peacock Alley, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting th hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, has a touch that seem magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesday through Saturdays from six to ten. Until Saturday, Oct. 31, the ten-to-two shift belongs t singer and pianist **RONNY WHYTE,** who doe songs you remember, songs you forgot, an songs you may have never even heard of.

Peppermint Lounge, 128 W. 45th St. (719 3176)—Rock and roll on Broadway: Wednesday, Oct. 28, Wall of Voodoo; Thursday, Oct 29, Men Without Hats; Friday, Oct. 30, Ellen Foley; Saturday, Oct. 31, Medium Medium; Sunday, Nov. 1, Fear; Thursday Nov. 5, Gerry & the Pacemakers (remembe the Liverpool Sound from two decade back?); Friday, Nov. 6, Girls at Our Best an Drive-ins; and Saturday, Nov. 7, Coma-teen and Bloods. Music from about midnight.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757 9090)—What a room, what a view! **SY OLIVE** and his bouncy dance septet are in their sixt year in this wonderful room. Tuesday through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, an Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

Red Blazer Too, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th S (876-0440)—Traditional jazz off the beate track—far from West 54th Street and th Village, that is. Different bands work fro nine every night but Sunday, when the musi begins at seven. Dining.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A big, fanc (but the appropriate dress is black sneake rather than black tie) thirties ballroom tha presents past, present, future, past-perfec present-perfect, future-perfect, and imperfe forms of rock and roll. The schedule: Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 28-29, Garland Jefreys; Friday and Saturday, Oct. 30-3 Siouxsie & the Banshees; and Sunday, Nov. Saints & Sinners. Shows tend to begin sometime after midnight. Dancing.

St. Regis-Sheraton, *Fifth Ave. at 55th St.* (75 4500)—In the King Cole Room, the tribu of the month is one honoring Irving Berli It's entitled "They Say It's Wonderful," an it has a cast of four—Andrea McArdle, Lar Kert, Debbie Shapiro, and Terry Burrel Shows Mondays through Thursdays at nin thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nin thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., Leroy St. (242-4694)—A pleasant secon floor jazz-rock and R. & B. club, with a ni view of the street from the window table The players: Wednesday and Thursday, Oc 28-29, R. & B. singer **SYBIL THOMAS;** Frida through Sunday, Oct. 30-Nov. 1, alto saxophonist **LOU DONALDSON,** who still plays har swinging, bluesy music in a strong, open to and with bebop rapidity; Tuesday, Nov. singer Janet Lawson; Wednesday, Nov. guitarist Chuck Loeb; Thursday and Frida Nov. 5-6, vibraharpist **MIKE MAINIERI'S** quinte and Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 7-8, a quartet co-piloted by trumpeter **RANDY BRECKER** a

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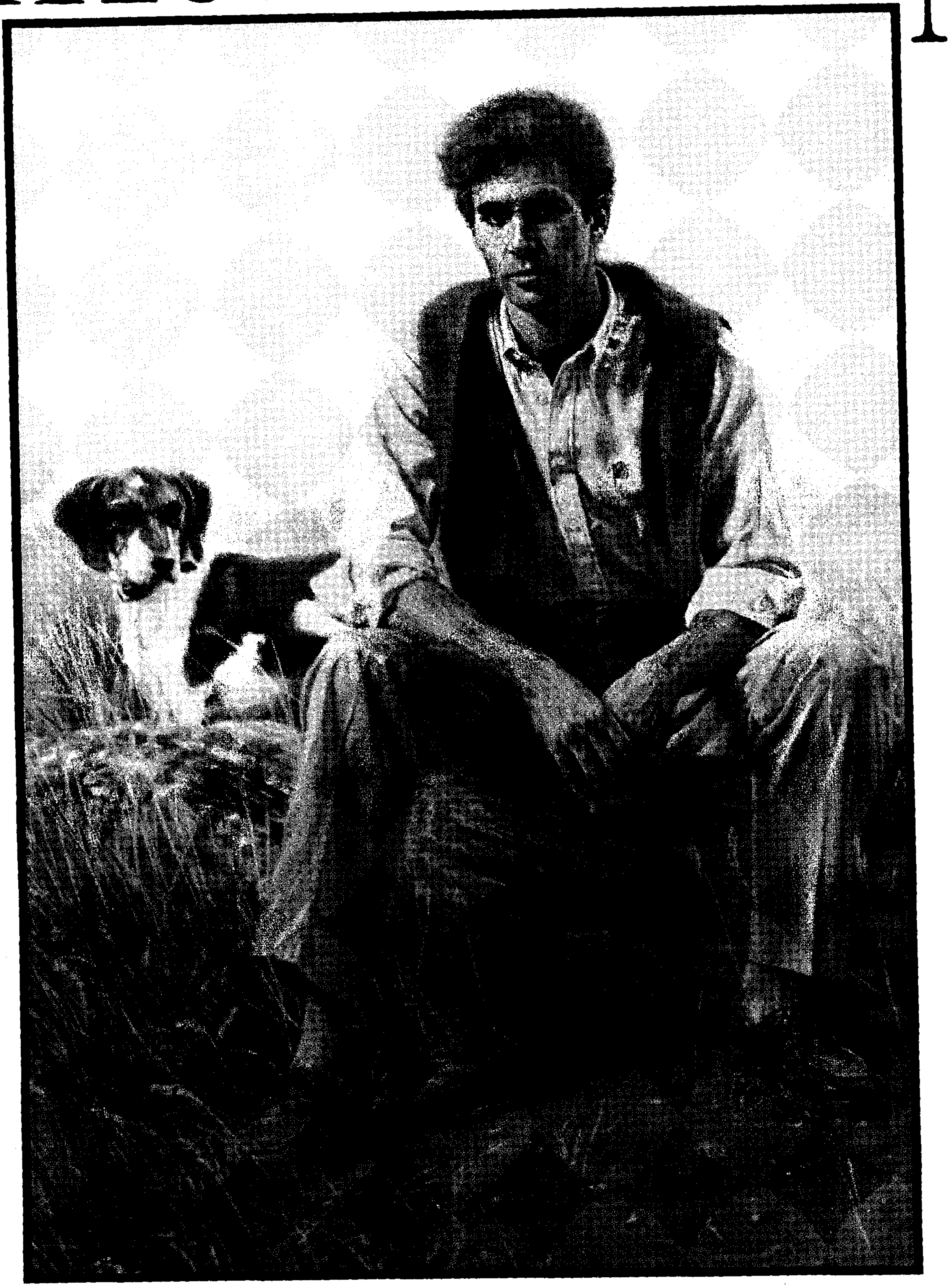

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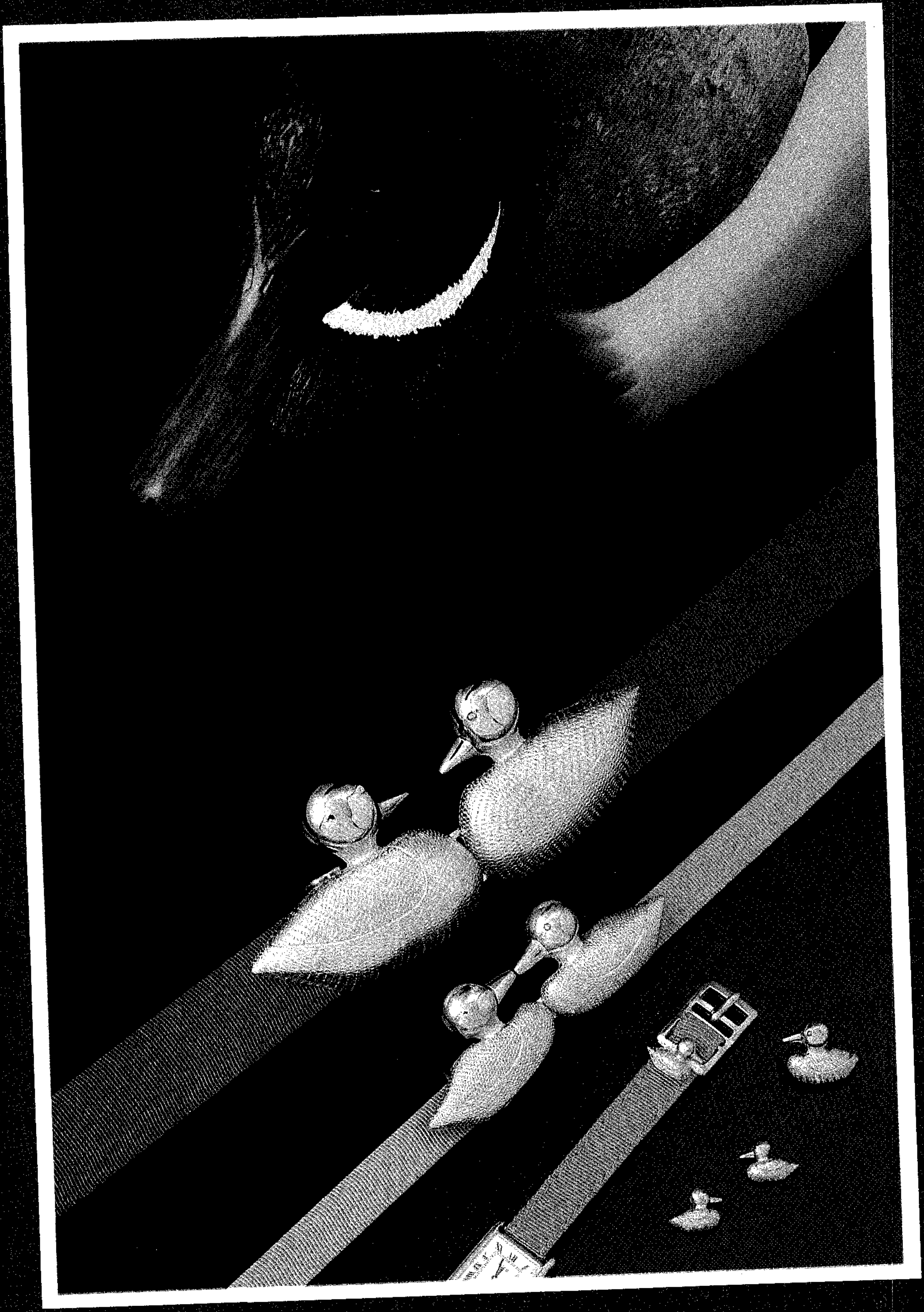

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trombonist **SLIDE HAMPTON.** Music from nine-thirty.

STAR AND GARTER, 105 W. 13th St., near Sixth Ave. (242-3166)—Lots of mirrors, easy-to-sit-in, padded bentwood chairs, and live jazz. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 30-31, **JAKI BYARD,** the free-stride pianist, will lead a trio; on Friday and Saturday, Nov. 6-7, pianist **JUNIOR MANCE** and bassist **MARTY RIVERA** will turn up. Music from nine-thirty. Dining.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—The Ink Spots (not *the* Ink Spots, but a group that performs Ink Spots hits from the forties) sing through Sunday, Nov. 1; on Monday, Nov. 2, saxophonist Pete Yellin leads a quintet; and on Tuesday, Nov. 3, saxophonist **JAMES MOODY** will come in. Shows from about ten. Dining.

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—Home of blues—rural blues, urban blues, Chicago blues, rhythm and blues, and Kingston blues (a.k.a. reggae). The schedule: **JOE TURNER,** the Kansas City blues shouter, New Orleans-style singer, Chicago-blues singer, and early rock-and-roll singer, is here Wednesdays through Saturdays. On Sunday and Monday, Nov. 1-2, blues singer and guitarist **JOHNNY COPELAND** will be present. Tuesdays are lift-off sessions for the local soul-shake octet the **UPTOWN HORNS,** which plays some of the bluesiest, raunchiest, and loosest music in the city. Shows most nights after nine-thirty.

TRAX, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—A non-threatening—if you can find the front door—rock-showcase club. The lineup: Wednesday, Oct. 28, Metromen and Hibiscus & the Screaming Violets; Thursday, Oct. 29, the Yorkville Saints and Scarlet Fever; Friday, Oct. 30, Powder Blue; Saturday, Oct. 31, **BUZZ & THE FLYERS,** the Zantees, Jimmy & the Mustangs, and Z88's; Monday, Nov. 2, Bernie Shanahan, Robert Hazzard, and Robbie Watson's Speedometers; and Tuesday, Nov. 3, Robert Athas and Skywire. Music after eleven. Dancing.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—On Mondays in the big downstairs room, enthusiastic salsa bands perform at nine-thirty; on Nov. 2, guest trumpeter **CLAUDIO RODITI** will perform with **LUIS (PERICO) ORTIZ** and **CONJUNTO CLASICO.** On Tuesdays, out on the Terrace, jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** leads a trio from nine.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—A hallowed basement of a jazz club. Singer and pianist **MOSE ALLISON** works with his trio through Sunday, Nov. 1; on Tuesday, Nov. 3, vibraharpist **BOBBY HUTCHERSON** will bring in a quartet. Mondays are **MEL LEWIS** big-band nights. Music from ten.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—Devoted patrons have sought this place out for years, and it is perhaps the best jazz club in the meat-packing district. One attraction is the authentically prepared collard greens; another is the warm atmosphere. Esther Blue is at the piano Mondays through Wednesdays; **SADIK HAKIM** has the Thursday-through-Sunday shift. Music from eight-thirty until two.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food, beyond the pinball machines, is a room full of mostly swing music. The mostly swing music: Trumpeter Franc Williams and his Swing Four through Saturday, Oct. 31; Sunday, Nov. 1, guitarist **AL CASEY;** and beginning Wednesday, Nov. 4, tenor saxophonist **HAROLD ASHBY'S** quartet. On Mondays saxophonist Percy France is present with a quartet, and Tuesday nights belong to the great drummer **JO JONES.** Music nightly from about nine.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

ROBERTA FLACK—Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Friday, Oct. 30, at 8.

FOREIGNER—Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Friday, Oct. 30, at 8.

MODERN JAZZ QUARTET—Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Friday, Oct. 30, at 8.

SUN RA & THE OMNIVERSE JET-SET ARKESTRA—Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Friday, Oct. 30, at 10, and Saturday, Oct. 31, at 10 and midnight.

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DEVO—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Saturday, Oct. 31, at 7:30 and midnight.

WEATHER REPORT—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Saturday, Oct. 31, at 8.

BIG APPLE STRING BAND FESTIVAL—The John Herald Band, Lost in the Shuffle, Cannon's Foot & Fiddle Dance Company, and the "Cotton Patch Gospel" String Band. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Saturday, Nov. 7, at 8. For information about tickets, call 687-9000.)

JAZZ FORUM—*Jazz in a fifth-floor loft.* Wednesday, Oct. 28, at 10:30 and midnight: Guanabara. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Oct. 30-31, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Billy Hart. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 4, at 10:30 and midnight: Charli Persip & Superband. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 5, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Bill Kirchner. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Nov. 6-7, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Charlie Rouse and Benny Bailey. (Jazz Forum, 648 Broadway, at Bleecker St. 477-2655.)

SAVOY—Thursday and Friday, Oct. 29-30, at 9: Brothers Johnson. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 31, at 8:30 and midnight: Grace Jones. . . . ¶ Monday, Nov. 2, at 9: Gregory Isaacs. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 3, at 9: David Crosby. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 4, at 9: Don McLean. . . . ¶ Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 5-7, at 8:30 and 11:30. King Crimson. (Savoy, 141 W. 44th St. 921-9490.)

SOUNDSCAPE—New music and jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Friday, Oct. 30: Arthur Rhames. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 31: Edge of Night, with Leslie Dalaba, Wayne Horvitz, and others, and Lisa Sokolov and Robin Holcomb. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 3: Daniel Ponce. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 5: John Zorn. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 6: Commitment. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 7: Beaver Harris trio. (Soundscape, 500 W. 52nd St. 581-7032. All shows begin at about 9:30.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

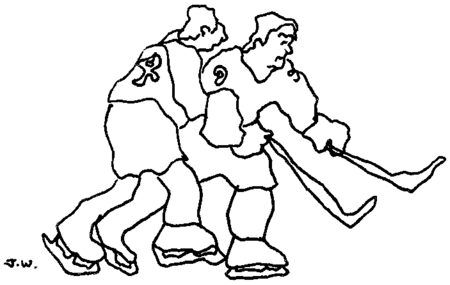
GALLERIES—UPTOWN

PIERRE ALECHINSKY—Ink drawings on maps and charts. For example, in a work called "L'Est de la France" drawings cover a map headed "Carte Routière pour Cyclistes & Automobiles de l'Est de la France." Through Nov. 14. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

LENNART ANDERSON—Three large paintings, in which male and female figures are dramatically posed in an idyllic landscape, plus smaller works. Through Saturday, Oct. 31. (Davis & Langdale, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

TADASHI ASOMA / KIEFF—Landscape paintings in broad areas of flat color. Through Saturday, Nov. 7. / Abstract sculptures in metal. Through Nov. 14. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

ROMARE BEARDEN—Oil paintings and paper collages dated 1981. Through Saturday, Nov. 7. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St. A selection of the artist's collages from the seventies is currently at the Brooklyn Museum.)



DOVE BRADSHAW—Small, stylish abstracts achieved by rubbing ordinary carbon paper with various materials—hair from a bear rug, bits of metal foil, cellophane, chewing gum. Through Saturday, Oct. 31. (Ericson, 23 E. 74th St.)

SAM GLANKOFF / JOHN R. GRABACH (1880-1981)—Symbolist abstractions based on the human figure and executed by an eighty-seven-year-old artist. Through Saturday, Oct. 31. / Paintings and works on paper (urban scenes, landscapes, character studies) dating from about 1910 to 1945, a period during which the artist exhibited regularly in New York. Through Dec. 5. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

HANANIAH HARARI—Abstractions done during the thirties and forties, based on airplanes, locomotives, hot-air balloons. A number of anti-Fascist works are also included. Through Saturday, Nov. 7. (Diamond, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

WINSLOW HOMER (1836-1910)—"Windy Day, Tynemouth Beach" and "Weatherbeaten" are among the seventeen paintings on loan from the Portland, Maine, Museum of Art. Through Nov. 21. (Kerr, 49 E. 82nd St. Open Mondays.)

PAUL JENKINS—Bursts of raw acrylic colors on large canvases. The works are all recent. Through Nov. 28. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

LIONEL KALISH / JEFFREY KRONSNOBLE—Severely formal paintings and pencil drawings of mysterious islets, doll heads, nudes, ancient interiors. / Trompe-l'oeil paintings of collages that incorporate old photographs, twigs, clippings, cut paper, plus a few works that really *are* collages. Through Saturday, Oct. 31. (ACA, 21 E. 67th St.)

EDVARD MUNCH (1863-1944)—A benefit loan show of more than fifty woodcuts, lithographs, and etchings—all of women. Through Dec. 5. (Browne, a new gallery at 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

EMIL NOLDE (1867-1956)—Characteristic Expressionist watercolors and a few oils—landscapes, a bright poppy, a group of salamanders. Through Nov. 28. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Opens at noon.)

JOSEPH PICCILLO—Large drawings, some on paper and some on canvas, of individual frolicking horses, with every vein and sinew standing out, and a few lesser drawings of people. Through Saturday, Nov. 7. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St.)

RAPHAEL SOYER—Figure studies, portraits of friends, self-portraits, and lusty drawings and watercolors by this venerable artist, now in his eighties. Through Nov. 21. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

FRANK STELLA—Metal relief paintings: mixed mediums on aluminum. Through Nov. 18. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

BILL SULLIVAN—Paintings of the Jersey skyline seen across the Hudson and of remembered vistas in Colombia. Through Saturday, Nov. 7. (Siegel, 29 E. 73rd St.)

ARMANDO VILLEGAS—Richly painted compositions in which ghostly Spanish conquistadores are seen in a tangle of Inca symbols, by a Peruvian-born artist whose father was Spanish and whose mother was a Quechas—descendant from the Incas. Through Saturday, Nov. 7. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

H. C. WESTERMANN—Fifteen wood or wood-and-metal sculptures and twenty watercolors, all recent. Most of them are on loan from museums and private collections. Through Nov. 28. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

EDWARD YOUKILIS—Abstract acrylics. Through Saturday, Oct. 31. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St.)

PICASSO CENTENARY—October twenty-fifth would have been the artist's hundredth birthday, and a number of galleries are taking note of that fact. The Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St., has gathered together nearly forty works from 1901 to 1969—paintings, sculptures, and works on paper—many being shown here for the first time. Through Nov. 28. . . . A complementary show at the Saidenberg, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St., embraces the same time span and includes some oils making their American début, works on paper, sculptures, and graphics. (Through Dec. 5; opens at 1 on Saturdays.) . . . Janis, at 110 W. 57th St., has mounted two hundred and fifty of David Douglas Duncan's photographs of Picasso at work and at play. (Through Nov. 28. Open Mondays.) . . . And finally, Lucien Clergue's photographs of Picasso are at the French Embassy, 972 Fifth Ave., at 78th St. (Through Friday, Nov. 6; open Mondays, closed Saturdays.)

Twenty Years at the Elkon Gallery—An anniversary show in two locations. At 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures (by Dubuffet, Matisse, Motherwell, Kline, Maillol, and others) that have passed through the gallery in the past two decades. Through Saturday, Nov. 7. . . . ¶ At 112 Greene St.: One work each by most of the artists who have shown at the gallery—Jack Bush, Charles Arnoldi, Agnes Martin, and others. Through Saturday, Oct. 31.

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

Balthus / Giorgio Morandi (1890-1964)—Four drawings. / An oil, several drawings and etchings. Through Saturday, Oct. 31. (Odyssia, 730 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Max Beckmann (1884-1950)—Paintings and sculptures. Through Nov. 19. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Janice Biala—The Seine, the Mediterranean, Venice, and Cap Ferrat are the subjects of these large oils, painted in a leisurely, confident manner. Through Saturday, Nov. 7. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

Isabel Bishop—A retrospective of drawings (with seven recent oils). (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.) . . . ¶ A second retrospective, one that includes every print she has made. (Associated American Artists, 663 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St.) Both shows through Saturday, Oct. 31.

Richard Bosman—Large, vivid paintings inspired by Japanese comic books, which, in turn, were inspired by kung-fu movies. Through Saturday, Oct. 31. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

Claudio Bravo—Recent paintings and drawings—nude figures, religious scenes, still-lifes—done with virtuosity by this Chilean-born artist who now lives in Morocco. Through Saturday, Oct. 31. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

Ronald Davis—New paintings—solid shapes (cubes, stars, curves) on contrasting grounds. Through Saturday, Nov. 7. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

Yrjö Edelmann—Brown wrapping paper and strips of masking tape convincingly depicted by a Swedish trompe-l'oeil artist. Through Nov. 14. (Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St.)

Vernon Fisher—Three installations, combining paintings and objects, narrative in nature and dealing with personal history (his school days) and art history (Pollock, Duchamp). Also paintings and collages. Through Saturday, Nov. 7. (Gladstone, 41 W. 57th St.)

Richard Fleischner—Sculptures: composition-board blocks stacked in various formations. The largest piece is a three-sided enclosure eight feet high. Through Saturday, Oct. 31. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

Edward C. Flood—Painted-Masonite wall sculptures of mushrooms, in a series called "The Amanitas." Through Saturday, Nov. 7. (Pam Adler, 37 W. 57th St.)

Herbert Katzman—Large Impressionist chalk drawings of the New York harbor and Venice, plus several portraits. Through Thursday, Nov. 5. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Stephanie Brody Lederman—Mixed-medium compositions in which romantic little episodes, usually sad, are conveyed in words, pictures, and collage, generally involving fans and toy birds. Through Saturday, Oct. 31. (Markel, 50 W. 57th St.)

Alexander Liberman—Large-scale abstract sculptures, recent abstract acrylics, and new works on paper. Through Saturday, Oct. 31. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Roy Lichtenstein—A number of gallery shows are coinciding with his large show at the Whitney Museum. Prints at Getler-Pall, 50 W. 57th St. (through Nov. 14) and at the Federal Hall National Memorial, 26 Wall St., at Broad St. (through Nov. 25; Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 5.) . . . ¶ New works, including landscapes and seascapes, at Castelli, 420 West Broadway (through Saturday, Nov. 7).

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Michael Malpass—Seven spherical bronzes, including one six feet in diameter. Through Saturday, Oct. 31. (Zarre, 41 E. 57th St.)

John Marin (1870-1953)—The excitement of a growing New York (skyscrapers going up, the Wall Street scene, the busy harbor) as it registered on the prismatic vision of this artist from 1910 to 1952. Through Friday, Nov. 6. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Kyra Markham (1891-1967)—Paintings, drawings, and lithographs by an artist who did murals for night clubs and restaurants in the thirties. Through Saturday, Nov. 7. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

Agnes Martin / Julio González (1876-1942)—A new crop of her striped works, all six feet square. The colors are paler than ever but the effect is undiminished. / Welded-iron sculptures; drawings done from 1927 on. Through Saturday, Oct. 31. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

William Meyerowitz (1886-1981)—A retrospective show of twenty-five paintings. Through Nov. 14. (Summit, 101 W. 57th St. Opens at 11:30.)

Jay Milder—Recent paintings and works on paper. Through Nov. 21. (Oscarsson Hood, 41 W. 57th St.)

Richard Pousette-Dart—Frosted-looking paintings in which the large geometric forms one expects from this artist are present but done in black and white, instead of the sparkling colors he is noted for. Through Saturday, Nov. 7. (Del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

Leo Rabkin—Painted boxes and a new set of watercolors applied in abstract patterns to pleated Japanese paper. Through Thursday, Nov. 5. (Pearl, 29 W. 57th St.)

V. V. Rankine—Plexiglas sculptures, some suggesting human figures, others distinctly architectural. Also large drawings on canvas. Through Saturday, Nov. 7. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

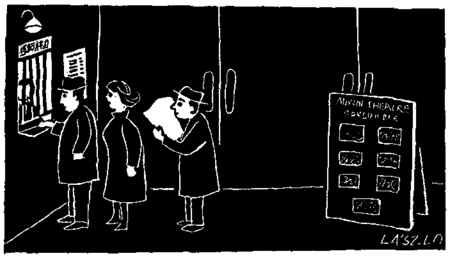
Tony Robbin—A large work in which the artist uses three-dimensional space—a painted canvas with projecting steel rods—to convey four-dimensional space. Through Saturday, Oct. 31. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

Gilbert Rohde (1894-1944)—Representative furniture pieces by this designer who more or less revolutionized Grand Rapids in the thirties. They are shown in a setting along with revolutionary paintings of the period—by Ilya Bolotowsky, Milton Avery, Byron Browne, George L. K. Morris. Through Saturday, Oct. 31. (Washburn, 42 E. 57th St.)

Thomas A. Rose—Canvases built up with wood, studio scraps, and paint. A staircase or similar architectural detail appears frequently. Through Saturday, Oct. 31. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

Kenneth Snelson—Aluminum-tube sculptures (models for larger works) and panoramic photographs of New York thoroughfares. Through Nov. 21. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Peter Solow—Paintings of bar life, interiors, and landscapes, plus figure drawings, by a young artist who works in thin oil washes rich in color. Through Nov. 14. (Touchstone, 29 W. 57th St.)



Billy Sullivan—Loosely and expertly handled pastels of children dressed for Halloween, Tiepolo angels on skateboards, photographers and models at parties, people playing pinball. Through Saturday, Nov. 7. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

Andrew Tavarelli—Abstract oils on fan-shaped canvases. Through Saturday, Oct. 31. (Haber Theodore, 29 W. 57th St.)

Sally Vagliano—Landscape paintings on panels. Through Nov. 21. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

Ger van Elk—This Dutch artist combines photographs with painted areas of canvas—usually black or white. Through Friday, Oct. 30. (Goodman, 38 E. 57th St.)

Jane Wilson—Still-life paintings. Through Wednesday, Nov. 4. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

Manoucher Yektai—Bright, cheerful landscapes, figures, and still-lifes done with a palette knife in thick layers of oil paint. Through Nov. 17. (Alex Rosenberg, 20 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

The Zoning Game—An exhibit set up to unravel the tangle of zoning regulations for building construction in New York City by matching various zoning laws with building models designed to comply with them. The models are constructed of dominoes, checkers, and similar lively devices. Sponsored by the Municipal Art Society. Through Nov. 13. (The Urban Center, 457 Madison Ave., at 51st St. Open Mondays.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Rita Baragona—Paintings of landscapes and still-lifes, and linoleum-block prints—all recent. Through Nov. 11. (Bowery, 121 Wooster St. Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.)

Frances Barth / Diana Michener—Large abstractions, some of them diptychs, based on floral forms and done in mixed mediums. / Photographic studies of slept-in beds. Through Saturday, Oct. 31. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

Douglas Davis—Two related shows by Mr. Davis at the two Feldman galleries. A movie on three screens in homage to Abel Gance's "Napoleon" at 31-33 Mercer St. (through Nov. 28), and drawings from 1978 to the present at 33 E. 74th St. (open Mondays; through Nov. 21).

Claire Falkenstein—Abstract paintings, one of them a large cluster of shaped canvases, fitted together, plus drawings. Through Nov. 18. (Stewart Neill, 136 Greene St.)

Charles Gaines—A dancer's movements photographed at one-second intervals and plotted on a series of grids in accordance with a complicated formula worked out by the artist. Through Saturday, Oct. 31. (Weber, 142 Greene St.) . . . ¶ Another conceptual work, also in photographs. Through Saturday, Nov. 7. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Jack Goldstein—Large paintings of the night sky rocked with explosions and streaked with tracers and jet trails. Through Saturday, Oct. 31. (Metro Pictures, 169 Mercer St.)

Robert Henry—Realist landscape paintings. Through Nov. 11. (Blue Mountain, 121 Wooster St. Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.)

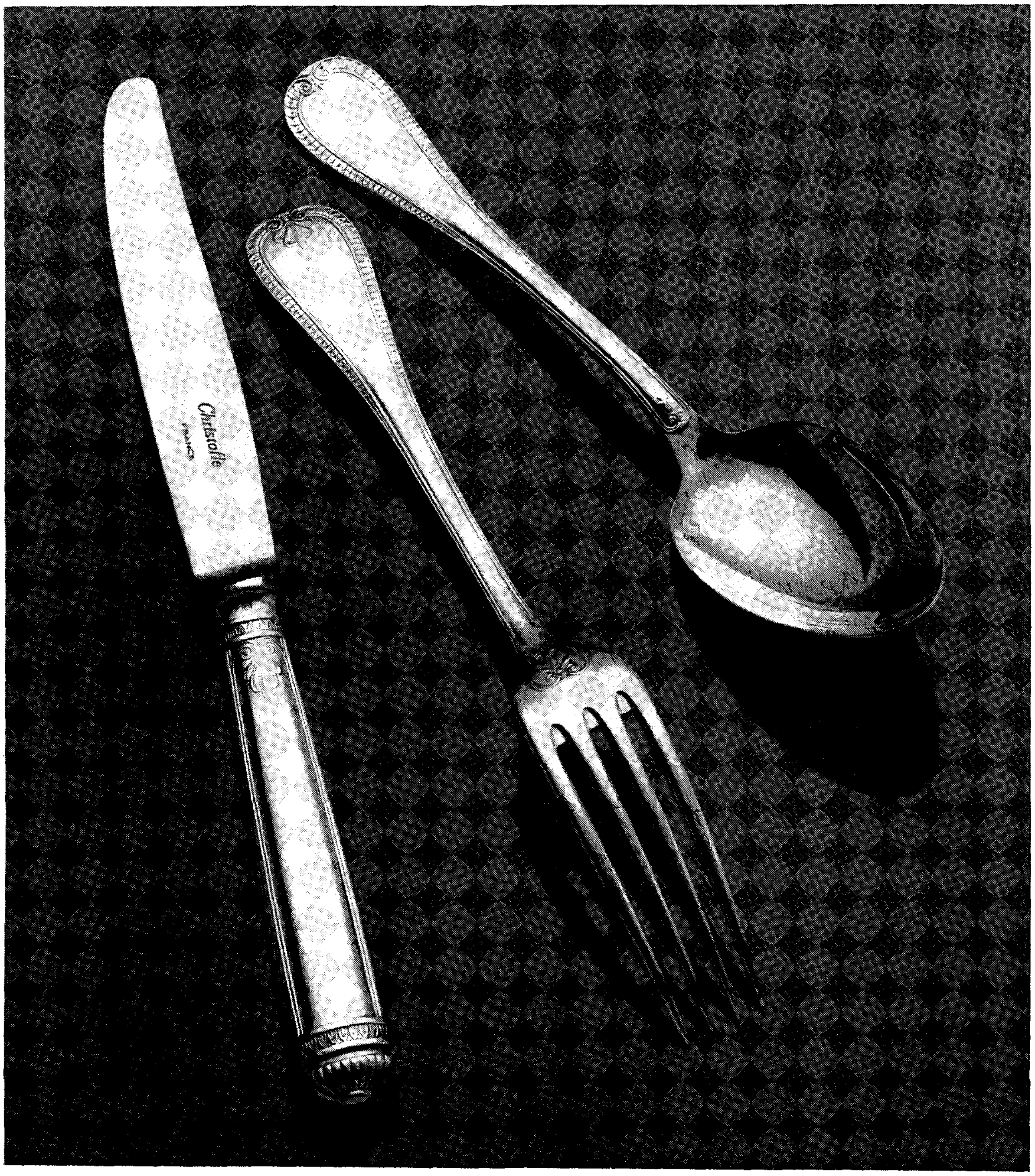
Douglas Hofmann—Sleek representational works by an artist who specializes in pretty nudes and rich fabrics. Through Nov. 8. (Jack, 138 Prince St. Opens at noon on Sundays.)

Guy Johnson—Painted-over photocollages of small-town garages, wrecked automobiles, Bonnie and Clyde outlaw heroes, done in a surrealist manner. Through Saturday, Oct. 31. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

Dennis Kardon—Large works of New Imagery, crowded with figures and suggestions of figures. Some of the pieces are in acrylics, and some are of cut paper. Through Saturday, Nov. 7. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

Margie Billstein Katz—Amorphous blobs of variegated Rhoplex and acrylics framed in plastic

The Elegant Alternative



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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boxes, to their advantage. Through Sunday, Nov. 1. (Pleiades, 152 Wooster St.)

Ken Kiff—Paintings and drawings. First one-man show in New York by an artist who was included in last spring's Museum of Modern Art show "New Work on Paper." Through Saturday, Nov. 7. (Thorp, 419 West Broadway.)

Terence LaNoue—Abstract paintings (hangings, really) made of poured paint (in a mold) and Rhoplex. Through Wednesday, Nov. 4. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Sol LeWitt—Five huge isometric drawings in bold black lines of India ink painted on white walls—a visual jolt. In a back room are forty much smaller drawings of a similar nature. Through Saturday, Oct. 31. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Martha Margulis—Panoramic landscapes that are neither wholly representational nor wholly abstract; several of them show the autumn foliage. Through Nov. 8. (Pindar, 127 Greene St. Opens Sundays at 1.)

Michael McClard—New paintings, including many done on plaster carved in low relief—demonic heads, for instance. Through Wednesday, Nov. 4. (Boone, at 420 West Broadway and—across the street, in a new addition to the gallery—at No. 417.)

Ju Ming / Mary Beth Edelson—Rough-cut figures, sculpted with a chain saw from huge cypress tree trunks. They represent, in a semi-abstract way, various positions in Tai Chi, a Chinese form of exercise. Through Saturday, Oct. 31. / Ten colored drawings from her "Trickster Rabbit" series, done on jute tagboard. Through Wednesday, Nov. 4. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

Mary Neumuth / Ilan Averbuch—Monochromatic realist paintings: leaves floating on water, bare corn fields, and other landscapes. / An arch of roughly cut granite and other sculptures. Through Saturday, Nov. 7. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

Ce Roser—New abstract paintings. Through Nov. 18. (Ingber, in new quarters at 460 West Broadway.)

Edwin Schlossberg—Lithographs, drawings, and silk screens based on Mr. Schlossberg's poems, which are incorporated into some of the works. Through Nov. 28. (Feldman, 31-33 Mercer St.)

David Stoltz—Colorful squiggles of rods, coils, ribbons, and twists of enamelled steel, arranged on the white-painted floors and walls of the gallery. Also welded-steel sculptures and preparatory drawings. Through Saturday, Oct. 31. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

Andrew Watel—Painstaking studies of usually unrewarding subjects—automobile tires, oil barrels, a carton of nails—in oils, watercolors, or charcoal. Through Nov. 18. (Judith Christian, 110 Greene St.)

Gilberto Zorio—Large sculptures, combining metal and terra-cotta, and a few drawings on varnished paper. Through Saturday, Nov. 7. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Rosemarie Castoro—Black-and-white sculptures from the past decade, ranging from eight-foot specimens of her "Flasher" series, in sheet steel, to foot-tall folded-paperboard abstractions. Through Nov. 14. (Bromm, 90 West Broadway, at Chambers St.)

Downtown / Uptown—A show of contemporary works (video, sculptures, paintings) on loan from seventeen nonprofit galleries, all but one located below Houston Street. Through Friday, Nov. 6. (City Gallery, 2 Columbus Circle. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays and Election Day.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Eugène Atget (1857-1927)—Thirty photographs from the personal collection of Julien Levy, who died earlier this year. Several of the prints are on view for the first time. Through Nov. 27. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Another thirty can be seen—through Nov. 21—at Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.) . . . ¶ A hundred and twenty-five prints of the French countryside. This is the first of four Atget shows planned by the Museum of Modern Art, which (thanks to Mr. Levy and Berenice Abbott) has more than five thousand of the photographer's prints and negatives. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Erwin Blumenfeld (1897-1969)—Work from throughout his career, including early noncommercial prints. The artist was in the forefront of European experimental photography but was best known here for his fashion work. Through Saturday, Nov. 7. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St. Open Tuesday evenings until 8.)

Lucien Clergue—Recent works. Through Nov. 17. (HMK, 112 E. 19th St. Open Mondays; open Thursday evenings until 7.) . . . ¶ *Studies of the female nude from the past twenty-five* years. Through Nov. 20. (Parsons School of Design, 2 W. 13th St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 9; Saturdays, 9 to 6.) . . . ¶ Photographs of Picasso in the last twenty years of his life. Through Friday, Nov. 6. (French Embassy, 972 Fifth Ave., at 78th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Mark Cohen—Photographs dated 1967 to the present. Through Tuesday, Nov. 3. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

John Gruen—Found objects (bottles, machine parts) are the subjects for still-life photographs. Through Nov. 14. (Photograph, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

John Gutmann / Leo Rubinfien—Portraits and documentary photographs of women, from 1933 to 1949. / Recent portraits. Through Nov. 14. (Castelli Photographs, 4 E. 77th St.)

William Larson / Joe Deal—Photographs of *small-town back yards in Arizona.* / Photographs of areas in Southern California with geological fault lines. Through Nov. 14. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

George Platt Lynes (1905-55)—About seventy-five photographs: fashion, ballet, nudes, portraits. Through Saturday, Oct. 31. (Miller, *724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.*)

Dianora Niccolini—Photographs of surgical procedures (and worse) taken by the artist in her capacity as a medical photographer for metropolitan hospitals. Through Nov. 9. (Camera Club, 37 E. 60th St. Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 5.)

Arthur Rothstein / Jack Levine—Photographs taken in China before 1945 by a former U.S. Army photographer (scenes of famine in Hunan province; Jewish refugees in Shanghai). / Photographs recording the life of the inhabitants of the Red Star agricultural and industrial commune on the outskirts of Peking. Through Nov. *21*. (Neikrug, *224 E. 68th* St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Victor Schrager—Recent photographs. Through Saturday, Nov. 7. (Freidus, 158 Lafayette St., near Grand St.)

Joel Sternfeld—Color prints. Through Saturday, Oct. 31. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

American Vision—About two hundred prints selected by a jury in a contest that attracted four thousand entries. Bonnie Grossman won first prize. Through Friday, Nov. 6. (80 Washington Square East Galleries, New York University. Tuesdays, 11 to 7; Wednesdays through Fridays, 11 to 6; Saturdays, 11 to 5.)

International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.—A show of two hundred color photographs from the past ten years. Among the forty-seven artists are Harry Callahan, Jan Groover, and Lucas Samaras. . . . ¶ *Jane Evelyn Atwood, the first recipient* of the W. Eugene Smith Memorial Grant, is showing studies of blind children and other works. (Open Tuesday evenings until 8; open Sundays.) Both shows through Nov. 11.

Group Shows—At Central Park's newly restored **DAIRY,** between the zoo and the carousel: Photographs *of the Park by Lee Friedlander, Tod* Papageorge, and Garry Winogrand. Through Dec. 13. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10 to 4:30.) . . . **MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK,** Fifth Ave. at 104th St.: Some two hundred color prints of New York by sixty-five photographers (a Chinese New Year parade by Ken Heyman, *a dog walker on* Columbus Avenue by Serge Hambourg, and the Rockettes by Roy Morsch). Through Feb. 21. (Tuesdays, except Election Day, through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Election Day, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Old Master paintings from the collection of Baron Thyssen-Bornemisza, Lugano. A 1311 panel from Duccio's Maestà altarpiece and a pair of Goyas are among the fifty-nine works. Through Dec. 6. . . . ¶ A display (in photographs) of Frederick Law Olmsted's and Calvert Vaux's plans and drawings for the creation of Central and Prospect Parks, plus historical and contemporary photographs and a topographical model of Central Park as it was in 1873, with its requisite balance of "turf, wood, and water." The show was put together by the New York City Landmarks Preservation Commission. Through Sunday, Nov. 1. . . . ¶ Nearly a hundred and twenty etchings by four seventeenth-century Dutch printmakers: Allart van Everdingen and Esaias and Jan van de Velde (genre scenes and landscapes), and Romeyn de Hooghe (portraits, cityscapes, political caricatures). Through Nov. 15. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, except Election Day, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays and Election Day, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective of the abstract work of the Swiss artist Sophie Taeuber-Arp. Through Nov. 29. . . . ¶ A show of prints and illustrated books (a copy of the almanac *Der Blaue Reiter* among them) which have been added to the museum's collections over the past five years. Through Jan. 3. . . . ¶ Five paintings and a number of drawings by the French artist Balthus; all the works, which date from the thirties, are from the museum's collection. Through Dec. 22. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** "The Work of Atget: Old France." Through Jan. 3. Complementary shows are at the Marcuse Pfeifer Gallery, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St. and at the Zabriskie Gallery, 29 W. 57th St. (*The museum is open daily,* except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—Photo-Realists Robert Bechtle, Charles Bell, Tom Blackwell, Chuck Close, Richard Estes, Audrey Flack, and Ron Kleemann showing a *total of thirty-five paintings and works on* paper. Through Nov. 8. . . . ¶ An exhibit of two hundred and sixty-eight paintings, sculptures, and works on paper by forty artists (many unknown here) of the Russian avant-garde of the early twentieth century. These works were brought out of Russia in 1977 by their owner, George Costakis. Through Jan. 3. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A permanent exhibit has been established: Maurice Prendergast, Georgia O'Keeffe, Louise Nevelson, Richard Diebenkorn, and Andy Warhol are among the more than sixty artists. The dates of these eighty-odd works range from 1913 (Prendergast's "The Promenade") to 1980 (Diebenkorn's "Ocean Park, #125"). Many were included in the permanent collection's first showing in 1931, many are recent acquisitions, and all have been installed on the third floor. . . . ¶ Just over a hundred paintings, sculptures,

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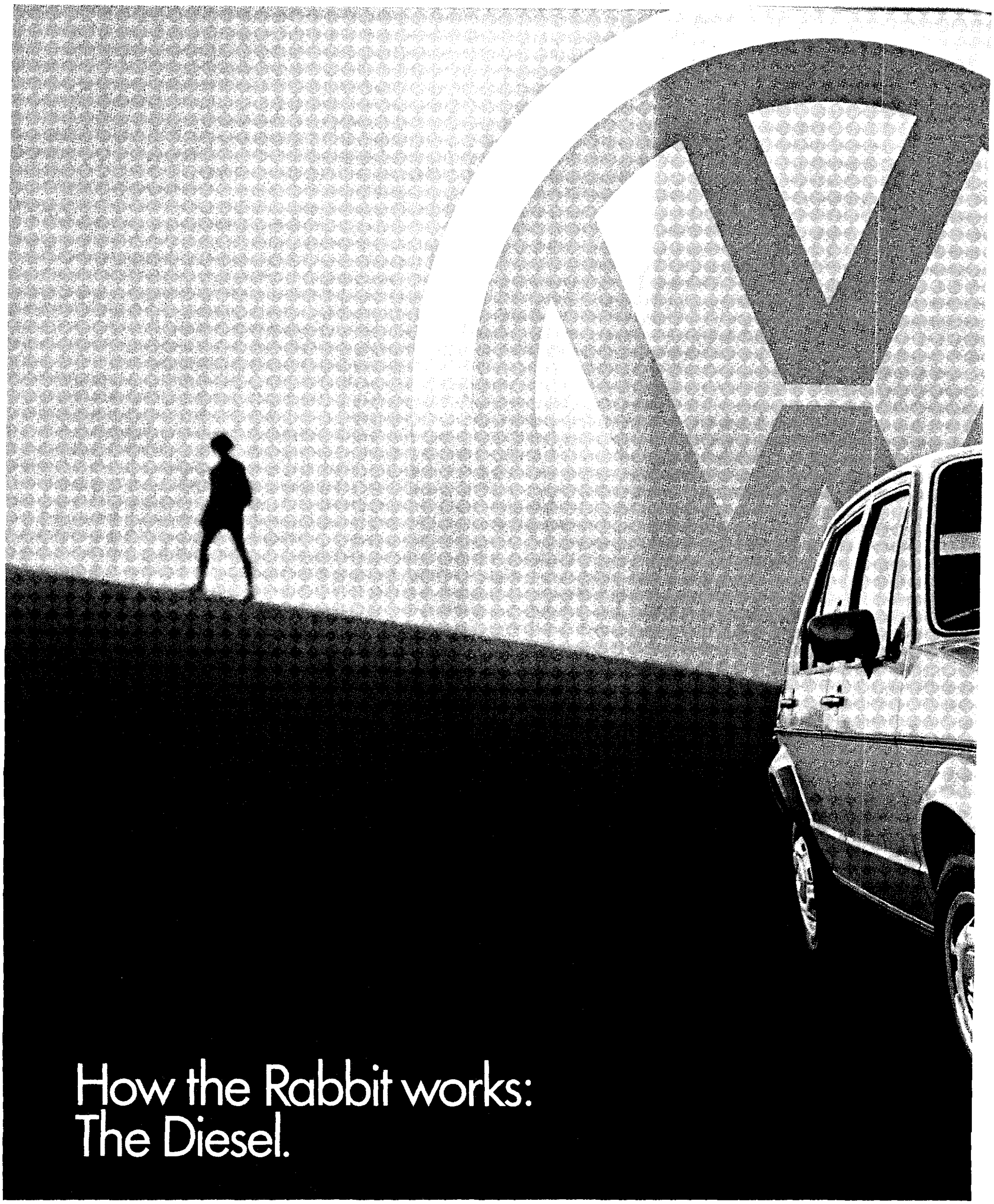

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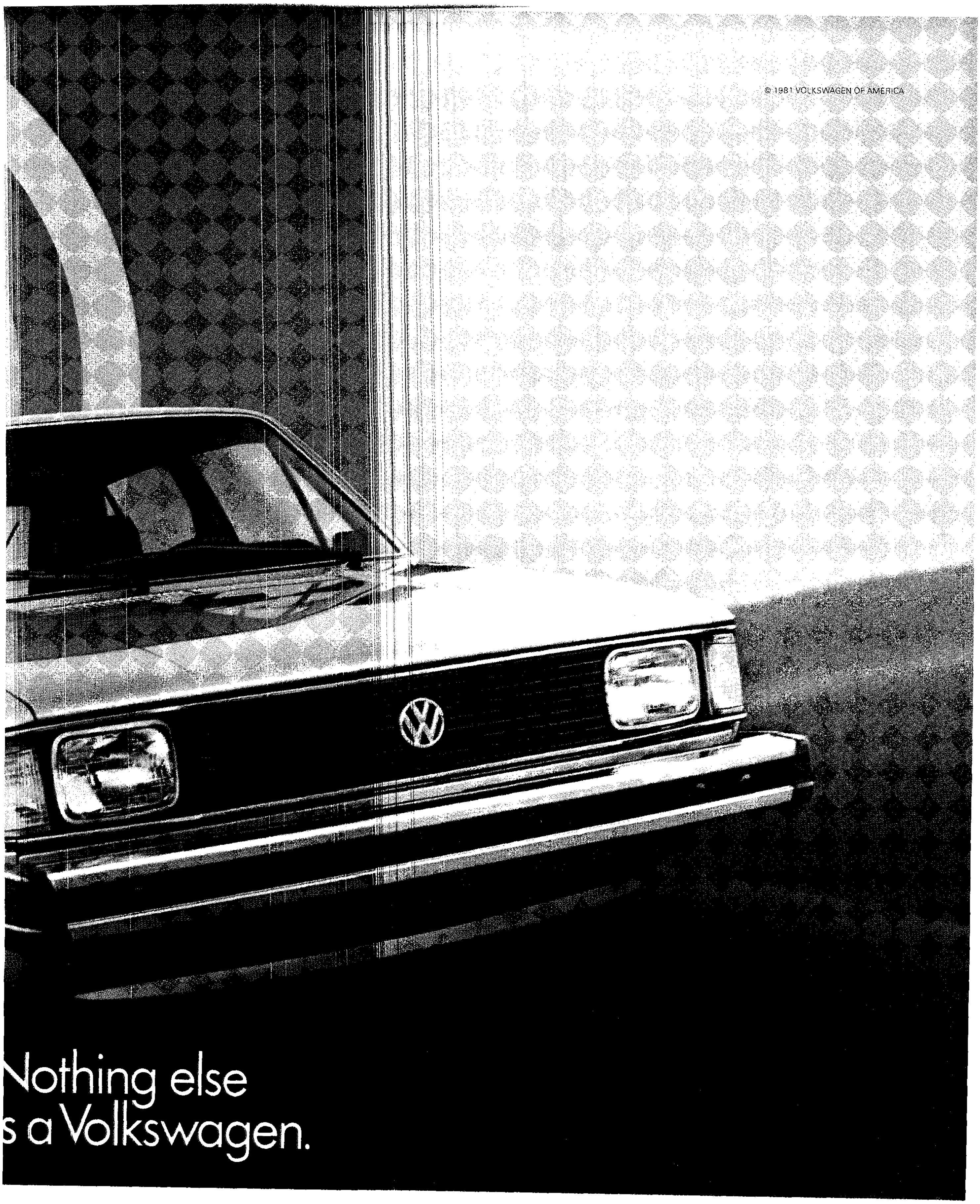

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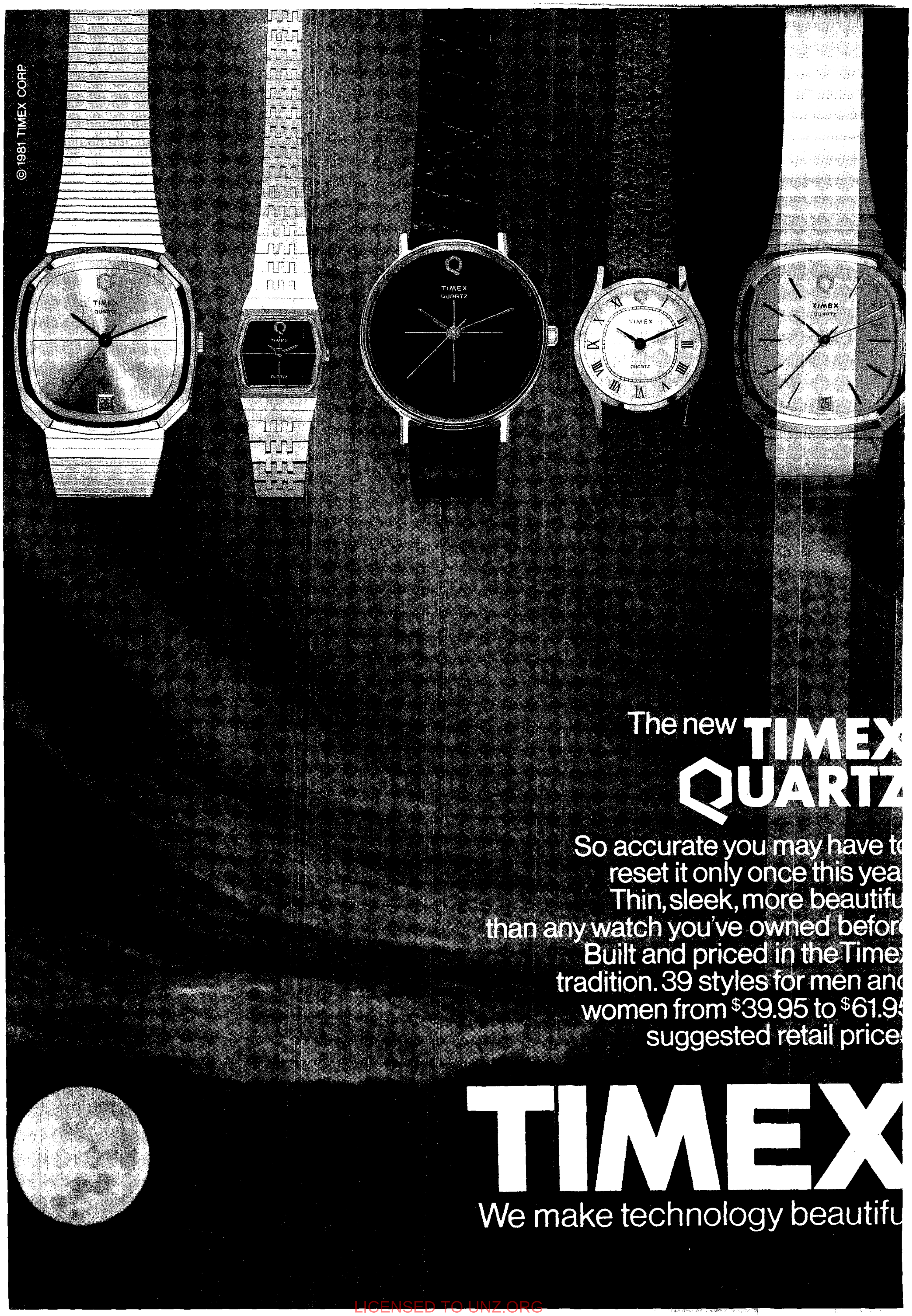

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and drawings done by Roy Lichtenstein in the nineteen-seventies. Through Nov. 29. (Complementary shows are at Getler-Pall, 50 W. 57th St.; Leo Castelli, 420 West Broadway; and at Federal Hall National Memorial, 26 Wall St., at Broad St.) . . . ¶ Nearly a hundred and fifty recent drawing acquisitions, the works of a stellar—and diverse—cast: Prendergast, Gorky, Diebenkorn, Guston, Calder, Nevelson, Reinhardt. Steinberg, Arneson, and others. Through Nov. 15. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

ROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—A retrospective of Romare Bearden's collages from the past decade. Through Nov. 29. A complementary show is at Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St. . . . ¶ Seventy-three artists are represented in the twenty-second National Print Exhibition. Through Jan. 3. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

MERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—More than three hundred and fifty objects of everyday use (a decorated canoe, carved chairs, metal spoons) made by the Surinam Maroons, who inhabit the rain forests of Surinam in northeastern South America, and who are said to "continue their way of life much as their ancestors did in Africa." Through Jan. 24. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, except Election Day, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday evenings until 8; Saturdays, Sundays, and Election Day, 10 to 6.)

SIA SOCIETY (formerly Asia House), 725 Park Ave., at 70th St.—The collection of Asian art assembled by Mr. and Mrs. John D. Rockefeller 3rd is being shown in specially designed galleries in the Society's new headquarters. The two hundred and fifty objects—bronze and stone images from India and Southeast Asia, ceramics from China and Japan, scrolls and paintings also from East Asia—will be displayed on a rotating basis, so that the entire collection can be seen within a two-year period. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, noon to 5.)

OOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A tribute to the written word, bounded at one end by a full-size replica of the inscription on Trajan's column, and at the other by a word-processor. The evolution of writing implements (styluses, quills. felt-tip pens), accessories (inkwells, pencil boxes), surfaces (papyrus, vellum), and even desks is explored, as are penmanship and the learning of one's ABC's. A section on book arts includes a fifteenth-century encyclopedia entitled "Nuremberg Chronicle," an original Beardsley drawing, and lithographs by Delacroix for an illustrated "Hamlet." Through Nov. 29. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

RICK COLLECTION, 1 E. 70th St.—Twenty-eight strangely "modern" watercolors by William Blake (1757-1827) done late in his career as illustrations for John Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," and advancing in sequence from "John Bunyan Dreams a Dream" to "The Slough of Despair," and arriving at last at "The Gates of Heaven." Through Nov. 29. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, except Election Day, through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays and Election Day, from 1 to 6.)

ROLIER CLUB, 47 E. 60th St.—Book illustrations from eighteenth-century Venice. About a hundred and thirty-five volumes are on display, opened to pages showing original drawings by, among others, Tiepolo, Novelli (poetry), and Piazzetta (poetry and a treatise on surgery). Also, twenty "presentation books"—commissioned volumes presented by the nobility as commemorative gifts. Through Dec. 5. (Open daily except Sundays. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 3.)

EWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A hundred and seventy photographs (including ninety taken in the early nineteen-sixties) and written material, all highlighting the influence of Prague on Franz Kafka (1883-1924). Through Jan. 10. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—A tribute to P. G. Wodehouse on his centenary. Manuscripts, first editions, photographs, letters, and so on. Through Jan. 10. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—An exhibit of a hundred and twenty-five seventeenth-to-nineteenth-century French drawings on loan from the Rouen Museum. Watteau, Delacroix, Géricault, Poussin, Ingres, and others. Through Nov. 15. (Open daily, except Mondays, noon to 5.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, video, dance, and so on.)

ARTISTS SPACE, 105 Hudson St., at Franklin St. 226-3970. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—A drawing directly on the wall by Glenys Johnson; a photographic installation by Meridel Rubenstein; a group show of paintings and sculptures by seven artists, including Bobby G, Ellen Cooper, and Kiki Smith. Through Nov. 21.

FRANKLIN FURNACE, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.—Hanne Tierney (performance), Thursday, Oct. 29, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Dadaist and Surrealist works in print (in Rumanian, English, and French) by writers and painters originally from Rumania. Through Dec. 12.

THE KITCHEN, 484 Broome St. 925-3615. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.—Arlene Flynn Dunlap (music), Wednesday, Oct. 28, at 8:30; Jamaican music festival, Friday and Saturday, Oct. 30-31, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Gary Hill's video installation. Through Saturday, Oct. 31.

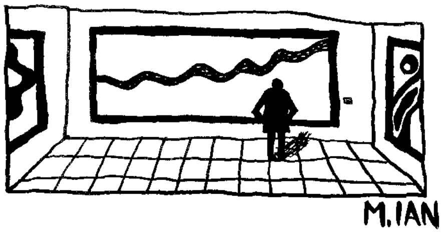
P.S. I, 46-01 21st St., Long Island City. Exhibition hours: Thursdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.—The main show is called "Figuratively Sculpting" and consists, as you will have guessed, of sculptures of figures. About forty artists. Through Dec. 13.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 580-9830; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7459; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410; and for Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Wednesday evening, Oct. 28: "Rigoletto," with Judith Blegen, Isola Jones, Matteo Manuguerra, and Juan Lloveras; conducted by Giuseppe Patanè. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 29: "Die Frau Ohne Schatten," with Birgit Nilsson, Eva Marton, Mignon Dunn, Gerd Brenneis, and Franz Ferdinand Nentwig; Erich Leinsdorf. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 30: "Il Trittico," consisting of three short operas—"Il Tabarro," with Renata Scotto, Vasile Moldoveanu, and Cornell MacNeil; "Suor Angelica," with Renata Scotto and Bianca Berini; and "Gianni Schicchi," with Renata Scotto, Gabriel Bacquier, and Giuliano Ciannella. James Levine conducting throughout. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 31: "Rigoletto," with Judith Blegen, Isola Jones, Matteo Manuguerra, and Juan Lloveras; Giuseppe Patanè. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 31: "Tosca," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Giuseppe Giacomini, and Louis Quilico; Giuseppe Patanè. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Nov. 2: "La Traviata," with Catherine Malfitano, Giuliano Ciannella, and Renato Bruson; Nicola Rescigno. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Nov. 3: "Il Trittico"—"Il Tabarro," with Renata Scotto, Vasile Moldoveanu, and Cornell MacNeil; "Suor Angelica," with Renata Scotto and Bianca Berini; and "Gianni Schicchi," with Renata Scotto, Gabriel Bacquier, and Giuliano Ciannella. James Levine conducting throughout. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Nov. 4: "Rigoletto," with Judith Blegen, Isola Jones, Matteo Manuguerra, and Juan Lloveras; Giuseppe Patanè. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 5: "Die Zauberflöte," with Kathleen Battle, Zdzislawa Donat, David Kuebler, Thomas Allen, Allan Monk, and Martti Talvela; Lawrence Foster. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 6: "Tosca," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Giuseppe Giacomini, and Louis Quilico; Giuseppe Patanè. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 7: "Il Trittico"—"Il Tabarro," with Renata Scotto, Vasile Moldoveanu, and Cornell MacNeil; "Suor Angelica," with Renata Scotto and Jocelyne Taillon; and "Gianni Schicchi," with Renata Scotto, Gabriel Bacquier, and Giuliano Ciannella. James Levine conducting throughout. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 7: "Rigoletto," with Judith Blegen, Isola Jones, Matteo Manuguerra, and Peter Dvorsky; Giuseppe Patanè. (Evenings at 8, on Thursday, Oct. 29, at 7:30. Matinées at 2.)



NEW YORK CITY OPERA—Wednesday evening, Oct. 28: "Der Freischütz" (in English), with Ellen Shade, Faith Esham, Jacque Trussel, and David Cumberland; conducted by Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 29: "Carmen," with RoseMarie Freni, Pamela Myers, Riccardo Calleo, and Robert Hale; Semyon Bychkov. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 30: "La Traviata," with Diana Soviero, Barry McCauley, and William Stone; Mario Bernardi. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 31: "La Bohème," with Suzanne Sonnenschein, Inga Nielsen, Perry Price, and Robert McFarland; Judith Somogi. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 31: "Rigoletto," with Carol Vaness, Janis Eckhart, Richard Fredricks, and Vinson Cole; Henry Lewis. . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Nov. 1: "Der Freischütz" (in English), with Ellen Shade, Faith Esham, Jacque Trussel, and David Cumberland; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Nov. 1: "La Traviata," with Diana Soviero, Henry Price, and Pablo Elvira; Mario Bernardi. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Nov. 3: "Rigoletto," with Carol Vaness, Janis Eckhart, Richard Fredricks, and Vinson Cole; Henry Lewis. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Nov. 4: "La Traviata," with Diana Soviero, Henry Price, and Pablo Elvira; Mario Bernardi. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 5: "Der Freischütz" (in English), with Ellen Shade, Faith Esham, Jacque Trussel, and David Cumberland; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 6: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with June Anderson, James Wagner, Frederick Burchinal, and Justino Díaz; Judith Somogi. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 7: "La Traviata," with Diana Soviero, Henry Price, and William Stone; Mario Bernardi. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 7: "La Bohème," with Suzanne Sonnenschein, Inga Nielsen, Perry Price, and Robert McFarland; Judith Somogi. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, Nov. 15.)

CHAMBER OPERA THEATRE OF NEW YORK—Ainslee Cox directing two performances of Mozart's "Così Fan Tutte" (in English). Staged by Thaddeus Motyka. (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. 737-9611. Thursday, Oct. 29, and Saturday, Oct. 31, at 8.)

GOLDOVSKY OPERA THEATRE—Boris Goldovsky di-

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

recting a performance of Mozart's "Don Giovanni," in English. (Lehman College Concert Hall, the Bronx. 960-8833. Friday, Oct. 30, at 8.)

"Satyagraha"—The first two of five performances of a new opera by Philip Glass based on Gandhi's years in South Africa. Christopher Keene will conduct the Brooklyn Philharmonia, with Douglas Perry, Claudia Cummings, Iris Hiskey, Linda Nichols, Bruce Hall, and Donald Miller. Staged after the Netherlands Opera production, for which it was originally commissioned. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday, Nov. 6, at 8, and Saturday, Nov. 7, at 7.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Rafael Kubelik conducting—Thursday, Oct. 29, at 8; Friday, Oct. 30, at 2; Saturday, Oct. 31, at 8; and Tuesday, Nov. 3, at 7:30: A Mozart-Bruckner program, with Murray Perahia, piano. . . . ¶ Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 5-7, at 8: A Prokofieff-Tchaikovsky-Janaček program, with Pinchas Zukerman, violin.

Zagreb Philharmonic—Pavle Despalj conducting, with Augustin Detic and Branko Kosir, violin, and Valter Despalj, cello, in the orchestra's first appearance here. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Nov. 2, at 8.)

Clarion Concerts Orchestra—Newell Jenkins conducting a program entitled "The 'Amadeus' Rivalry," with Kenneth Cooper, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 28, at 8.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Lukas Foss conducting the first in a "Meet the Moderns" series of four programs, this one devoted to music involving computers and laser and electronic innovations. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. Thursday, Oct. 29, at 8. . . . ¶ Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at *7th St. Friday, Oct. 30, at 8. For information* about tickets, call 636-4120.)

New York Pro Arte Chamber Orchestra—Raffael Adler conducting, with Paula Robison, flute. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, Oct. 31, at 8.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting a Haydn-Mozart program, with Menahem Pressler, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, Oct. 31, at 8.)

Musica Sacra—Richard Westenburg directing a Mozart-Handel-David Diamond program, with Inga Nielsen, soprano; Hilda Harris, mezzo-soprano; John Aler, tenor; and David Arnold, baritone. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 4, at 7:30.)

Metropolitan Ensemble—Mamoru Takahara conducting, with Kathleen Ashley, piano, and Julius Baker, flute. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Nov. 7, at 3.)

Y Chamber Symphony—Alexander Schneider conducting the second in a series of four concerts of baroque music, this one with Syoko Aki, violin; Ronald Roseman, oboe; and Thomas Nyfenger, piccolo. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, Nov. 7, at 8.)

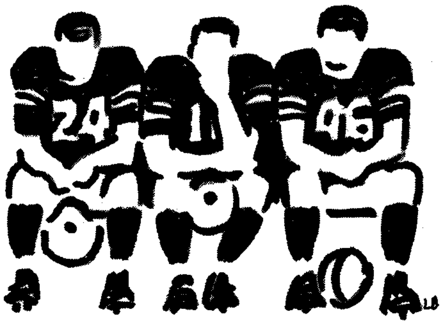
Pomerium Musices—Alexander Blachly directing a program called "English Music from the Hundred Years' War, 1337-1453." (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, Oct. 28, at 8.)

New York Choral Society—Robert DeCormier directing a performance of Dvořák's Requiem, with Eleanor Bergquist, soprano; Hilda Harris, mezzo-soprano; Gene Tucker, tenor; and David Evitts, bass-baritone. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Oct. 31, at 8.)

Collegiate Chorale—Robert Bass directing, with Michael Newman, classical guitarist; Gail Dobish, soprano; Kimball Wheeler, mezzo-soprano; Kamal Scott, tenor; William Penn, baritone; and the Mannes College Percussion Ensemble. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Sunday, Nov. 1, at 7. For information about tickets, call 245-5730.)

RECITALS

Aston Magna—A Vivaldi-Boccherini program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, Oct. 29, at 8.)



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Jupiter Symphony Chamber Players—A program devoted to the music of Georges Enesco, with Jens Nygaard, piano; Julius Baker, flute; Philip Smith, trumpet; Shirley Close, mezzo-soprano; Michael Blum, piano; and Robert McDuffie, violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, Oct. 30, at 8.)

New York Brass Quintet—Chamber music. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave. at 122nd St., Friday, Oct. 30, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Loretta O'Sullivan and Mimi Stern-Wolfe—Cello and piano. (Third Street Music School Settlement, 235 E. 11th St. Friday, Oct. 30, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Chamber Music—Oscar Shumsky, violin, Colin Carr, cello; and Lee Luvisi, piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 30-31, at 8:30, and Sunday, Nov. 1, at 2.)

Composers String Quartet—The first in a series of five concerts presenting a survey of string quartets from the eighteenth century to the present, this one devoted to the Classical period. With commentary by Piero Weiss. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, Oct. 31, at 2. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

Joseph Kalichstein—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Oct. 31, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

Ensemble for Early Music—The first in a series of five concerts, this one entitled "Medieval Halloween." (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Oct. 31, at 8.)

Ludwig Olshansky—Piano. (Whitman Hall, Brooklyn College. 434-1900. Sunday, Nov. 1, at 2.)

Taite Walkonen—Piano. (CAMI Hall, 165 W. 57th St. 582-4090. Sunday, Nov. 1, at 2:30.)

Earl Wild—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Nov. 1, at 3.)

Claude Frank—Piano, in an all-Beethoven program. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Nov. 1, at 3.)

Pinchas Zukerman and Marc Neikrug—Violin and piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Nov. 1, at 3.)

Betty-Jean Hagen—Violin. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, Nov. 1, at 3.)

Cantilena Chamber Players—Frank Glazer, piano; Edna Michell, violin; Philipp Naegele, viola; and Marcy Rosen, cello. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Sunday, Nov. 1, at 3.)

Music Before 1800—The second in a series of eight concerts will be performed by the Alliance for American Song. (Corpus Christi Church, 529 W. 121st St. Sunday, Nov. 1, at 3. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

Vladimir Horowitz—Piano. (Metropolitan Opera House. Sunday, Nov. 1, at 4:30.)

Badinage—A program of works by Bach, Rameau, and Telemann, with Julianne Baird, soprano, and Kurt Richards, bass. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House Sunday, Nov. 1, at 8.)

Toni and Rosi Grunschlag—Duo piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Sunday Nov. 1, at 8.)

Julian Bream—Classical guitarist. (Avery Fisher Hall. Monday, Nov. 2, at 8.)

Group for Contemporary Music—A program o music by Varèse, Wuorinen, Carter, an Berg, performed by Fred Sherry, cello; Benjamin Hudson, violin; Robert Miller, piano Raymond DesRoches, timpani; and others (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y Monday, Nov. 2, at 8.)

Christopher O'Riley—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Tuesday, Nov. 3, a 8.)

Phillip Evans—Piano, in an all-Bartók program (Hubbard Recital Hall, Manhattan School o Music, 120 Claremont Ave. at 122nd St Tuesday, Nov. 3, at 8. No tickets necessary.

Amiram Rigai—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall 92nd Street Y. Wednesday, Nov. 4, at 8.)

New York Philomusica—Chamber music. (Alic Tully Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 4, at 8.)

Louis Bagger—Harpsichord. (Hubbard Recita Hall, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Wednesday, Nov. 4 at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Esther Lamneck and Gary Steigerwalt—Clarine and piano, with the Mendelssohn Strin Quartet. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abrahar Goodman House. Wednesday, Nov. 4, at 8.)

Nina Lelchuk—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Nov. 5, at 8.)

Murray Perahia—Piano. (Merkin Concert Hal Abraham Goodman House. Thursday, Nov 5, at 8.)

Alexander Schneider and Isidore Cohen, Walte Trampler, and Laurence Lesser—Violin, viola and cello, in an all-Haydn program. (Grac Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolita Museum. Thursday, Nov. 5, at 8.)

Waverly Consort—The first of four programs t be presented this season will be devoted t English baroque music. (Alice Tully Hal Thursday, Nov. 5, and Saturday, Nov. 7, a 8.)

Abbey Simon—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Frida Nov. 6, at 8.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Theodore Arm and James Buswell, violin Walter Trampler, viola; Leslie Parnas, cell Paula Robison, flute; Gervase De Peyer, clarinet; Osian Ellis, harp; and André-Miche Schub, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Nov 6, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 8, at 5.)

Santiago Rodriguez—Piano. (Grace Raine Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum Saturday, Nov. 7, at 2:30.)

Nathan Milstein—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Nov. 7, at 8.)

Leon Bates—Piano. (Whitman Hall, Brookly College. 434-1900. Saturday, Nov. 7, at 8.)

Cleveland Quartet—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16t St. Saturday, Nov. 7, at 8. For informatio about tickets, call 586-4680.)

MISCELLANY

Richard Tucker Memorial Gala—Among thos taking part in a benefit concert will be Renata Scotto, Itzhak Perlman, Eugene Istomin, Giuseppe Giacomini, Renato Bruson and the American Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Nicola Rescigno and David Zinman. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Nov. 1, at 8.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Squar Garden, Seventh Ave. between 31st and 33r Sts., is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At MADISON SQUAR GARDEN: Knicks vs. Indiana, Saturday, Oct 31, at 8:05. . . . BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA (1 201 935-8888): Nets vs. Knicks, Friday, Oct 30, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Atlanta, Wednesday, Nov. 4, at 7:35.

College Football—SATURDAY, OCT. 31 (all games a 1:30): Brown vs. Harvard, at Providence . . . ¶ Fordham vs. Rochester, at Fordham . . . ¶ Holy Cross vs. Columbia, at Worces ter. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Princeton, at Philadelphia. . . . ¶ Syracuse vs. Colgate, at Syracuse. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Dartmouth, at New Haven. . . . **SATURDAY, NOV. 7** (all games at 1:30): Amherst vs. Trinity, at Amherst. . . . ¶ Army vs. Holy Cross, at West Point. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Dartmouth, at Baker Field. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Yale, at Ithaca. . . . ¶ Fordham vs. Hofstra, at Fordham. . . . ¶ Navy vs. Syracuse, at Annapolis. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Maine, at Princeton. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Pittsburgh, at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. . . . ¶ Wesleyan vs. Williams, at Middletown.

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—Giants vs. Jets. (Giants Stadium, the Meadlowlands. Sunday, Nov. 1, at 1.)

HOCKEY—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Rangers vs. Edmonton Oilers, Wednesday, Oct. 28, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Calgary Flames, Sunday, Nov. 1, at 7:35. . . . **NASSAU COLISEUM:** Islanders vs. Calgary Flames, Tuesday, Nov. 3, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Buffalo Sabres, Saturday, Nov. 7, at 8:05. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100.)

HORSE SHOW—National Horse Show. (Madison Square Garden. Tuesday through Sunday, Nov. 3-8. Competitions daily at 1:30 and 7:30.)

RACING—At **AQUEDUCT:** Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 12:30, and Sundays at 1:05; through Thursday, Dec. 31. The Stuyvesant Handicap, Saturday, Oct. 31; the Ladies Handicap, Sunday, Nov. 1; and the Discovery Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 7. . . . **MEADOWLANDS:** Weeknights at 8, except Election Day, when post time will be 1:30; through Thursday, Dec. 31. On Saturday, Oct. 31, there will be racing at both 1:30 and 8. The Young America, Thursday, Nov. 5. . . . **LAUREL,** Md.: Weekdays at 12:30; through Thursday, Dec. 31. The Washington, D.C., International, Saturday, Nov. 7.

TROTTING—At Yonkers Raceway: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Nov. 7.

ET ALIA

ELECTION DAY—Tuesday, Nov. 3; the hours for voting are from 6 A.M. to 9 P.M.

POETRY AND PROSE READINGS—Robert Creeley reading from his own poetry. (Loeb Student Center, south lobby, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Thursday, Oct. 29, at 7. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Derek Walcott, Stanley Plumly, James Tate, Tobias Wolff, and Gail Godwin reading from their own works. (West Side Y, 5 W. 63rd St. 787-6557. Thursday, Nov. 5, at 8.) . . . ¶ W. S. Merwin reading from his own poetry. (Top of the Park, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Thursday, Nov. 5, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

DISCUSSIONS—Frank MacShane, Justin Kaplan, J. P. Lash, Nancy Milford, and Ted Morgan discussing their biographies of such figures as John O'Hara, Mark Twain, Winston Churchill, Zelda Fitzgerald, and Eleanor and Franklin Roosevelt. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Monday, Nov. 2, at 8.)

AUCTIONS—At **SOTHEBY'S,** 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 9:30 to 5.) Thursday, Oct. 29, at 10:15 and 2: Nineteenth-century European paintings. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 31, at 10:15 and 2: Nineteenth-century European paintings as well as works by Old Masters. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 4, at 7, and Thursday, Nov. 5, at 2: The Julien Levy Collection of paintings, drawings, and sculptures. Exhibition starts Friday, Oct. 30. On Wednesday, admission will be by card only; for information, call 472-3628. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 5, at 7: Impressionist and modern paintings and sculptures. Admission by card only; for information, call 472-3628. Exhibition starts Friday, Oct. 30. . . . **SOTHEBY'S,** York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 9:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Wednesday, Oct. 28, at 2: Paperweights. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Oct. 30-31, at 2: Oriental rugs. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 31, at 10:15 and 2: French furniture and decorations, together with European ceramics. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 5, at 2: Chinese fan paintings, from the collection of the late Chan Yee Pong. Exhibition starts Saturday, Oct. 31. . . . **SOTHEBY'S 84TH STREET GALLERIES,** 171 E. 84th St. Friday, Oct. 30, at 10:15: Lindley Eberstadt's collection of American sporting books. (Exhibition hours: Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 28-29, from 9:30 to 5.) . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 30, at 2: Illuminated manuscripts, early books, atlases, and maps. (Exhibition hours: Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 28-29, from 9:30 to 5.) . . . **CHRISTIE'S,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Wednesday, Oct. 28, at 10 and 2: Nineteenth-century European paintings. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 29, at 10 and 2: Antique jewelry. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 3, at 7: Modern and Impressionist paintings and sculptures. Admission by ticket only; for information, call 546-1128. Exhibition starts Thursday, Oct. 29. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 4, at 2: Impressionist and modern drawings and sculptures. Exhibition starts Friday, Oct. 30. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 5, at 10: Impressionist and modern drawings and watercolors. Exhibition starts Saturday, Oct. 31. . . . **PHILLIPS,** 867 Madison Ave., at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5.) Thursday, Oct. 29, at 2: Books and autographs. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 30, at 4: European and American paintings. . . . **PHILLIPS,** 525 E. 72nd St. Thursday, Oct. 29, at 11: American and European furniture and decorations. (Exhibition hours: Wednesday, Oct. 28, from 10 to 1.)

COMING EVENTS

(A calendar for readers who plan a month or so ahead.)

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—The Knicks at **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Nov. 10 (Nets), Nov. 14 (Philadelphia), Nov. 17 (Kansas City), Nov. 19 (Atlanta), Nov. 21 (Milwaukee), Nov. 28 (Cleveland), Dec. 1 (Detroit), Dec. 3 (Washington), Dec. 5 (Boston), and Dec. 8 (Denver). . . . ¶ The Nets at the **BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA:** Nov. 8 (Indiana), Nov. 11 (Milwaukee), Nov. 14 (Kansas City), Dec. 2 (Cleveland), and Dec. 5 (Philadelphia).

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—**SATURDAY, NOV. 14:** Princeton vs. Yale, at Princeton. . . . **SATURDAY, NOV. 21:** Brown vs. Columbia, at Providence; Pennsylvania vs. Dartmouth, at Philadelphia; Princeton vs. Cornell, at Princeton; and Yale vs. Harvard, at New Haven. . . . **SATURDAY, NOV. 28:** Army vs. Navy, at Philadelphia, and Holy Cross vs. Boston College, at Worcester.

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—**SUNDAY, NOV. 8:** Giants vs. Green Bay Packers, at Milwaukee, and Jets vs. Baltimore Colts, at Baltimore. . . . **SUNDAY, NOV. 15:** Giants vs. Washington Redskins, at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands, and Jets vs. New England Patriots, at Foxboro. . . . **SUNDAY, NOV. 22:** Jets vs. Miami Dolphins, at Shea Stadium, and Giants vs. Philadelphia Eagles, at Philadelphia. . . . **SUNDAY, NOV. 29:** Jets vs. Baltimore Colts, at Shea Stadium, and Giants vs. San Francisco 49ers, at San Francisco. . . . **SUNDAY, DEC. 6:** Giants vs. Los Angeles Rams, at Giants Stadium, and Jets vs. Seattle Seahawks, at Seattle.

HOCKEY—The Rangers at **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Nov. 11 (Buffalo), Nov. 15 (Edmonton), Nov. 18 (Philadelphia), Nov. 22 (Islanders), Nov. 25 (Toronto), Nov. 29 (Quebec), Dec. 6 (Hartford), and Dec. 9 (Boston). . . . ¶ The Islanders at **NASSAU COLISEUM:** Nov. 14 (Edmonton), Nov. 21 (Rangers), Nov. 24 (Boston), and Nov. 26 (St. Louis).

SQUASH RACQUETS—Boodles Gin Squash Open. (Uptown Racquet Club. Nov. 20-22).

TROTTING—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Nov. 9-Jan. 16.

MUSIC—**METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE** (580-9830): The season continues through April 17. . . . **AVERY FISHER HALL** (874-2424): The New York Philharmonic season continues through May 12. . . . ¶ Alicia de Larrocha, piano, Nov. 8. . . . ¶ Orchestre de la Suisse Romande, Nov. 11. . . . ¶ Christa Ludwig, mezzo-soprano, Nov. 15. . . . ¶ American Philharmonic Orchestra, Nov. 16 and Dec. 7. . . . ¶ St. Paul Chamber Orchestra, Nov. 18. . . . ¶ Pittsburgh Symphony, Nov. 20. . . . ¶ Pinchas Zukerman, violin, and Marc Neikrug, piano, Nov. 29. . . . ¶ Orchestre Nationale de France, Nov. 30. . . . ¶ James Galway, flute, Dec. 6. . . . **CARNEGIE HALL** (247-7459): American Symphony Orchestra, Nov. 8. . . . ¶ Moura Lympany, piano, Nov. 9. . . . ¶ Orchestre de la Suisse Romande, Nov. 12. . . . ¶ Teresa Berganza, mezzo-soprano, Nov. 14. . . . ¶ Rosalyn Tureck, piano, Nov. 16 and Dec. 7. . . . ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, Nov. 17 and Dec. 1. . . . ¶ Pittsburgh Symphony, Nov. 18-19. . . . ¶ I Solisti di Zagreb, Nov. 20. . . . ¶ St. Paul Chamber Orchestra, Nov. 22. . . . ¶ Narciso Yepes, classical guitarist, Nov. 24. . . . ¶ Robert Goldsand, piano, Nov. 30. . . . ¶ Bohemian Virtuosi of Prague, Dec. 2. . . . ¶ Vienna Chamber Orchestra, Dec. 4. . . . ¶ James Galway, flute, Dec. 5. . . . ¶ Rudolf Serkin, piano, Dec. 9. . . . ¶ Orpheus Chamber Ensemble, Dec. 10. . . . **ALICE TULLY HALL** (362-1911): Guarneri Quartet, Nov. 11-12 and Dec. 2. . . . ¶ Music from Marlboro, Nov. 16. . . . ¶ Ensemble for Early Music, Nov. 21. . . . ¶ Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, Nov. 22-24 and Dec. 4 and 6. . . . ¶ New York Renaissance Band, Nov. 28. . . . ¶ American Composers Orchestra, Nov. 30. . . . ¶ Roberta Peters, soprano, Dec. 5. . . . **KAUFMANN CONCERT HALL,** 92nd Street Y (427-4410): Bella Davidovich, piano, Nov. 8. . . . ¶ Paul Jacobs, piano, Nov. 11. . . . ¶ Miriam Fried, violin, and Garrick Ohlsson, piano, Nov. 18. . . . ¶ Y Chamber Symphony, Nov. 21-22 and Nov. 28. . . . ¶ Jeffrey Siegel, piano, Nov. 22. . . . ¶ Chamber Music at the Y, Nov. 24-25. . . . ¶ Viktor Friedman, piano, Dec. 6. . . . **GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM,** Metropolitan Museum (570-3949): Music from Marlboro, Nov. 12. . . . ¶ Guarneri Quartet, Nov. 13 and Dec. 4. . . . ¶ Waverly Consort, Nov. 20. . . . ¶ Lynn Harrell, cello, Dec. 3. . . . ¶ Musica Aeterna Orchestra, Dec. 5.

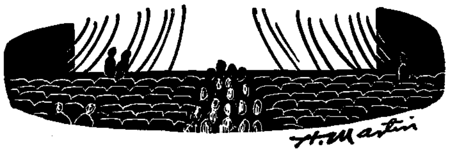
THEATRE—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: "Ned and Jack," a play by Sheldon Rosen based on the friendship of John Barrymore and Edward Sheldon. With Peter Michael Goetz and John Vickery in the title roles, and Barbara Sohmers as Ethel Barrymore. . . . ¶ A musical, "Merrily We Roll Along," with a book by George Furth and music and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim based on the 1934 George S. Kaufman-Moss Hart play of the same title. With Jim Walton, Ann Morrison, and Lonny Price. . . . ¶ "Oh, Brother!," a musical by Donald Driver (book and lyrics) and Michael Valenti (music) centered on two sets of twins separated as infants and reunited as adults. The cast includes David James Carroll, Harry Groener, Judy Kaye, Elizabeth Mastrontonio, and Larry Marshall. . . . ¶ Milo O'Shea and Michael O'Keefe in Bill C. Davis's play "Mass Appeal," which ran Off Broadway last spring with Mr. O'Shea as one of the leads. . . . ¶ A musical, "The First," focussing on Jackie Robinson's first season with the Brooklyn Dodgers. The book is by Joel Siegel, with Martin Charnin; the music is by Bob Brush; and the lyrics are by Mr. Charnin. With David Alan Grier, David Huddleston, and Lonette McKee. . . . ¶ A limited engagement of the Lerner and Loewe musical "Camelot," with Richard Harris as King Arthur. . . . ¶ Katharine Hepburn will portray a retired concert pianist, and Dorothy Loudon will play a violinist in Ernest Thompson's comedy "The West Side Waltz." With David Margulies, Regina Baff, and Don Howard also in the cast. . . . ¶ "Kingdoms," Edward Sheehan's play concerning the struggle between Napoleon Bonaparte and Pope Pius VII. It will star Roy Dotrice, Armand Assante, and Maria Tucci. . . . ¶ A musical, "Dream Girls," with thirty young singers and dancers. Tom Eyen wrote the book and lyrics, and Henry Krieger did the music. . . . ¶ Bob Dishy, Frances Sternhagen, and Harold Gould will head the cast of a new play by Jules Feiffer, "Grownups."

DANCE—New York City Ballet, at the New York State Theatre, Nov. 17-Feb. 21. . . . ¶ Alvin Ailey American Dance Theatre, at the City Center, Dec. 2-20.

OTHER DATES—Veterans Day is Wednesday, Nov. 11. . . . ¶ National Postage Stamp Show, at the Coliseum, Nov. 19-22. . . . ¶ Thanksgiving Day is Thursday, Nov. 26.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			28	29	30	31
1	2	3	4	5	6	7

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 33.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)

"Lightning Over Water" (directed by Nicholas Ray and Wim Wenders), at 6 and 8. At 10, one in a series of other films directed by Ray: "Bigger Than Life" (1956), with James Mason and Barbara Rush, Oct. 28-Nov. 1. "The Lusty Men" (1952), with Susan Hayward, Robert Mitchum, and Arthur Kennedy, Nov. 3-4. "The True Story of Jesse James" (1957), with Robert Wagner, Jeffrey Hunter, and Hope Lange, Nov. 5-8.

Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)

A James Ivory-Ismail Merchant festival:

Through Oct. 29: "The Householder." (†)

Oct. 30-Nov. 1: "Shakespeare Wallah." (†)

Nov. 2-3: "The Guru" (1969), with Rita Tushingham and Michael York.

Nov. 4-5: "Bombay Talkie." (†)

Nov. 6-7: "Savages." (†)

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)

Through Oct. 29: "First Monday in October" (Ronald Neame), with Walter Matthau and Jill Clayburgh; and "Serial." (†)

Oct. 30-Nov. 5: "So Fine" (†) and "10." (†)

From Nov. 6: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)

"Heartland." (†)

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)

Through Oct. 29: "Body Heat" (Lawrence Kasdan), with William Hurt and Kathleen Turner.

From Oct. 30: "The French Lieutenant's Woman." (†)

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)

Through Oct. 29: "Strange Behavior" (Michael Laughlin), with Michael Murphy and Louise Fletcher.

From Oct. 30: "Looker" (Michael Crichton), with Albert Finney and James Coburn.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)

Theatre 1: Through Oct. 29: ". . . All the Marbles" (Robert Aldrich), with Peter Falk and Burt Young. From Oct. 30: "Halloween II" (Rick Rosenthal), with Jamie Lee Curtis and Donald Pleasence.

Theatre 2: "Mommie Dearest." (†)

Theatre 3: "Rich and Famous." (†)

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)

"True Confessions." (†)

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)

Through Oct. 29: "Nightmare" (Romano Scavolini), with Sharon Smith.

From Oct. 30: "Halloween II" (Rick Rosenthal), with Jamie Lee Curtis and Donald Pleasence.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)

"True Confessions." (†)

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)

"Southern Comfort" (Walter Hill), with Keith Carradine and Powers Boothe.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)

"Arthur." (†)

Manhattan I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)

Theatre 1: "Prince of the City." (†)

Theatre 2: Through Oct. 29: ". . . All the Marbles" (Robert Aldrich), with Peter Falk and Burt Young. From Oct. 30: "Body Heat" (Lawrence Kasdan), with William Hurt and Kathleen Turner.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)

Theatre 1: "Beau Père" (Bertrand Blier; in French), with Patrick Dewaere and Ariel Besse.

Theatre 2: "Gallipoli" (Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Mel Gibson.

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)

Through Oct. 29: "Picnic at Hanging Rock" (†) and "The Last Wave." (†)

From Oct. 30: "The Devils Playground" (Fred Schepisi; an Australian film), with Arthur Dignam and Nick Tate.

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)

Theatre 1: "Chariots of Fire." (†)

Theatre 2: "Priest of Love" (Christopher Miles), with Ian McKellen and Janet Suzman.

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)

Theatre 1: Through Oct. 29: "Tattoo" (Bob Brooks), with Bruce Dern and Maud Adams. From Oct. 30: "Looker" (Michael Crichton), with Albert Finney and James Coburn.

Theatre 2: "Chanel Solitaire" (George Kaczender), with Marie-France Pisier.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)

"Quartet" (James Ivory), with Alan Bates and Maggie Smith.

Loews New York I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)

Theatre 1: "Rich and Famous." (†)

Theatre 2: "Paternity" (David Steinberg), with Burt Reynolds and Beverly D'Angelo.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)

"The Boat Is Full" (Markus Imhoof; in German), with Tina Engel and Curt Bois.

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)

"Only When I Laugh" (Glenn Jordan), with Marsha Mason and Kristy McNichol.

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)

Through Oct. 29: "First Monday in October" (Ronald Neame), with Walter Matthau and Jill Clayburgh.

Oct. 30-Nov. 5: "Stevie" (1978; Robert Enders), with Glenda Jackson, Mona Washbourne, and Trevor Howard.

From Nov. 6: "The Last Metro" (François Truffaut; in French), with Catherine Deneuve and Gérard Depardieu.

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)

Through Oct. 29: "Arthur." (†)

From Oct. 30: "Nightmare" (Romano Scavolini), with Sharon Smith.

Loews Orpheum I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)

Theatre 1: "Mommie Dearest." (†)

Theatre 2: "Caligula" (1980), with Malcolm McDowell.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)

Through Oct. 29: ". . . All the Marbles" (Robert Aldrich), with Peter Falk and Burt Young.

From Oct. 30: To be announced.

R.K.O. 86th St. I and 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)

Theatre 1: Through Oct. 29: "Nightmare" (Romano Scavolini), with Sharon Smith. From Oct. 30: "Looker" (Michael Crichton), with Albert Finney and James Coburn.

Theatre 2: Through Oct. 29: "Prince of the City." (†) From Oct. 30: "Halloween II" (Rick Rosenthal), with Jamie Lee Curtis and Donald Pleasence.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum I and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Theatre 1: "Lorang's Way" (1978; directed by David and Judith MacDougall; in African tribal dialects, with English subtitles).

Theatre 2: A festival of Rainer Werner Fassbinder films (all in German): Oct. 28: "Jail Bait" (1972). Oct. 29-Nov. 1: "Satan's Brew." (†) Nov. 2-3: "Katzelmacher" (1969), with Hanna Schygulla, Harry Baer, and Fassbinder himself. Nov. 4-5: "Gods of the Plague" (1969), with Harry Baer and Hanna Schygulla. Nov. 6-7: "The American Soldier" (1970), Karl Scheydt and Margarethe von Trotta.

Waverly, I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)

Theatre 1: Through Oct. 29: Theatre closed. From Oct. 30: "Body Heat" (Lawrence Kasdan), with William Hurt and Kathleen Turner.

Theatre 2: Through Oct. 29: Theatre closed. From Oct. 30: "Mommie Dearest." (†)

Greenwich Playhouse I and 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)

Theatre 1: "Stevie" (1978; Robert Enders), with Glenda Jackson, Mona Washbourne, and Trevor Howard.

Theatre 2: "Rich and Famous." (†)

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)

Theatre 1: "Prince of the City." (†)

Theatre 2: "Cutter's Way." (†)

Theatre 3: Through Nov. 5: "Prince of the City." (†) From Nov. 6: "Priest of Love" (Christopher Miles), with Ian McKellen and Janet Suzman.

Theatre 4: Through Oct. 29: "Nightmare" (Romano Scavolini), with Sharon Smith. From Oct. 30: "Halloween II" (Rick Rosenthal), with Jamie Lee Curtis and Donald Pleasence.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)

"Stevie" (1978; Robert Enders), with Glenda Jackson, Mona Washbourne, and Trevor Howard.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)

"The French Lieutenant's Woman." (†)

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)

"Chanel Solitaire" (George Kaczender), with Marie-France Pisier.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)

"The French Lieutenant's Woman." (†)

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)

"The Woman Next Door" (François Truffaut; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Fanny Ardant.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)

"Blood Wedding" (Carlos Saura; in Spanish), with Antonio Gades.

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)

"Only When I Laugh" (Glenn Jordan), with Marsha Mason and Kristy McNichol.

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)

Theatre 1: "My Dinner with Andre" (Louis Malle), with Wallace Shawn and Andre Gregory.

Theatre 2: "The Aviator's Wife" (Eric Rohmer; in French), with Philippe Marlaud and Marie Rivière.

Theatre 3: "Contract" (Krzysztof Zanussi; in Polish).

Cinema Studio I and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)

Theatre 1: "Taxi Zum Klo" (Frank Ripploh; in German).

Theatre 2: "Pixote" (Hector Babenco; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese).

Embassy 72nd St. I and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)

Theatre 1: "The Troupe" (Ari Nesher; an Israeli film, in Hebrew).

Theatre 2: Through Nov. 5: "Heartland." (†) From Nov. 6: "XXII Olympiad: Moscow 1980" (Yuri Ozerov), a documentary.

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)

Theatre 1: Through Nov. 5: "Prince of the City." (†) From Nov. 6: To be announced.

Theatre 2: Through Oct. 29: "Arthur." (†) From Oct. 30: "Looker" (Michael Crichton), with Albert Finney and James Coburn.

Theatre 3: Through Oct. 29: "Strange Behavior" (Michael Laughlin), with Michael Murphy and Louise Fletcher. From Oct. 30: "Halloween II" (Rick Rosenthal), with Jamie Lee Curtis and Donald Pleasence.

Theatre 4: Through Oct. 29: ". . . All the Marbles" (Robert Aldrich), with Peter Falk and Burt Young. From Oct. 30: "True Confessions." (†)

New Yorker I and 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)

Theatre 1: "Body Heat" (Lawrence Kasdan), with William Hurt and Kathleen Turner.

Theatre 2: "Rich and Famous." (†)

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)

Theatre 1: See listings under Revival Houses.

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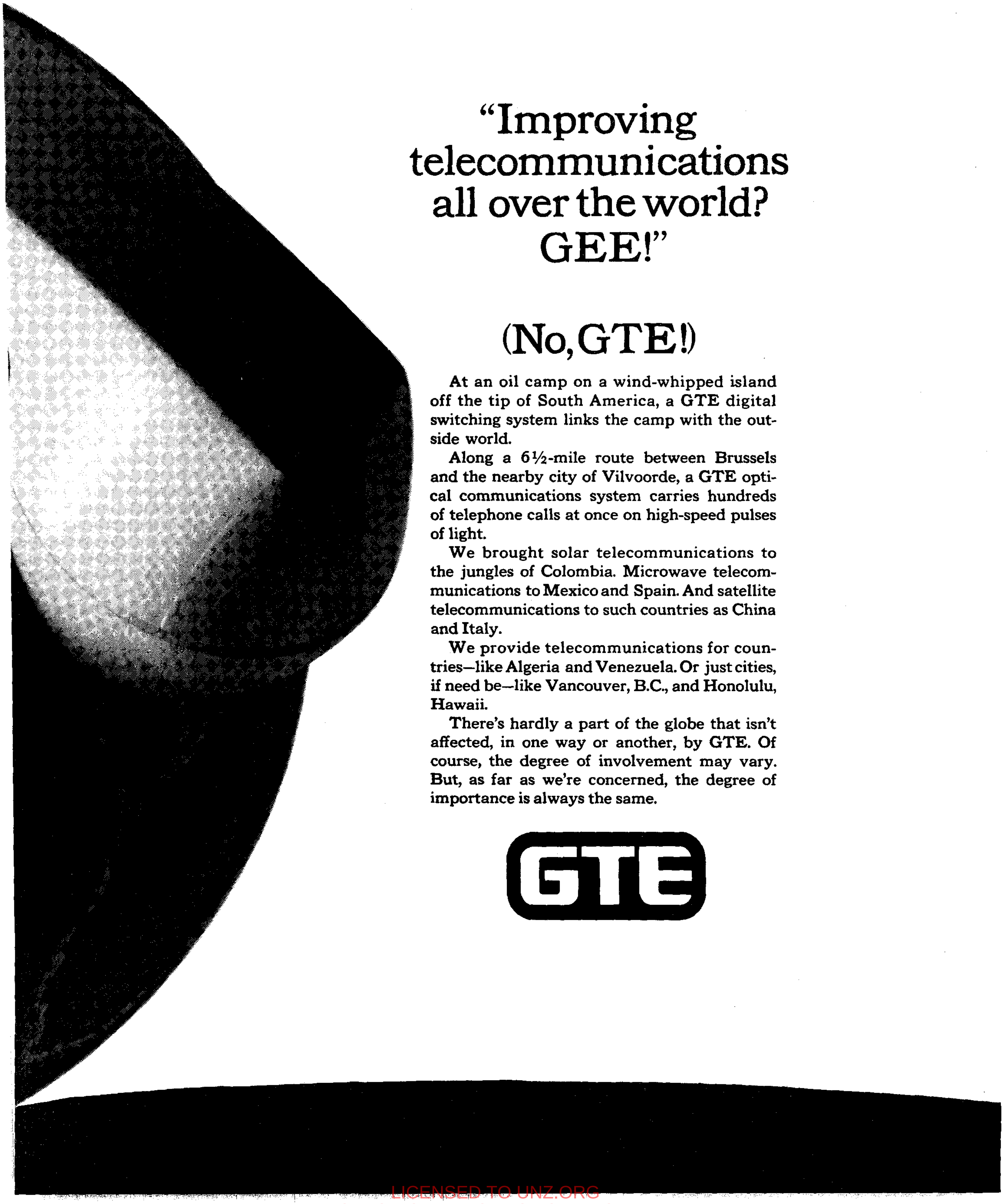

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Accept a beautiful Wiinblad poster (33" high x 19") free of charge with purchases of any Rosenthal Studio-Linie products from Bloomingdale's New York during Rosenthal's Wiinblad Week only. (A limited number will also be available for purchase at $25, while supplies last.)

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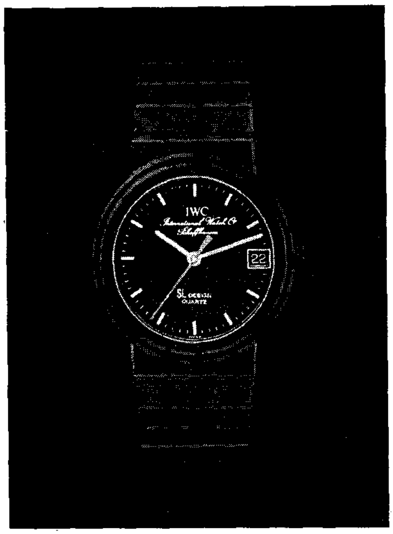

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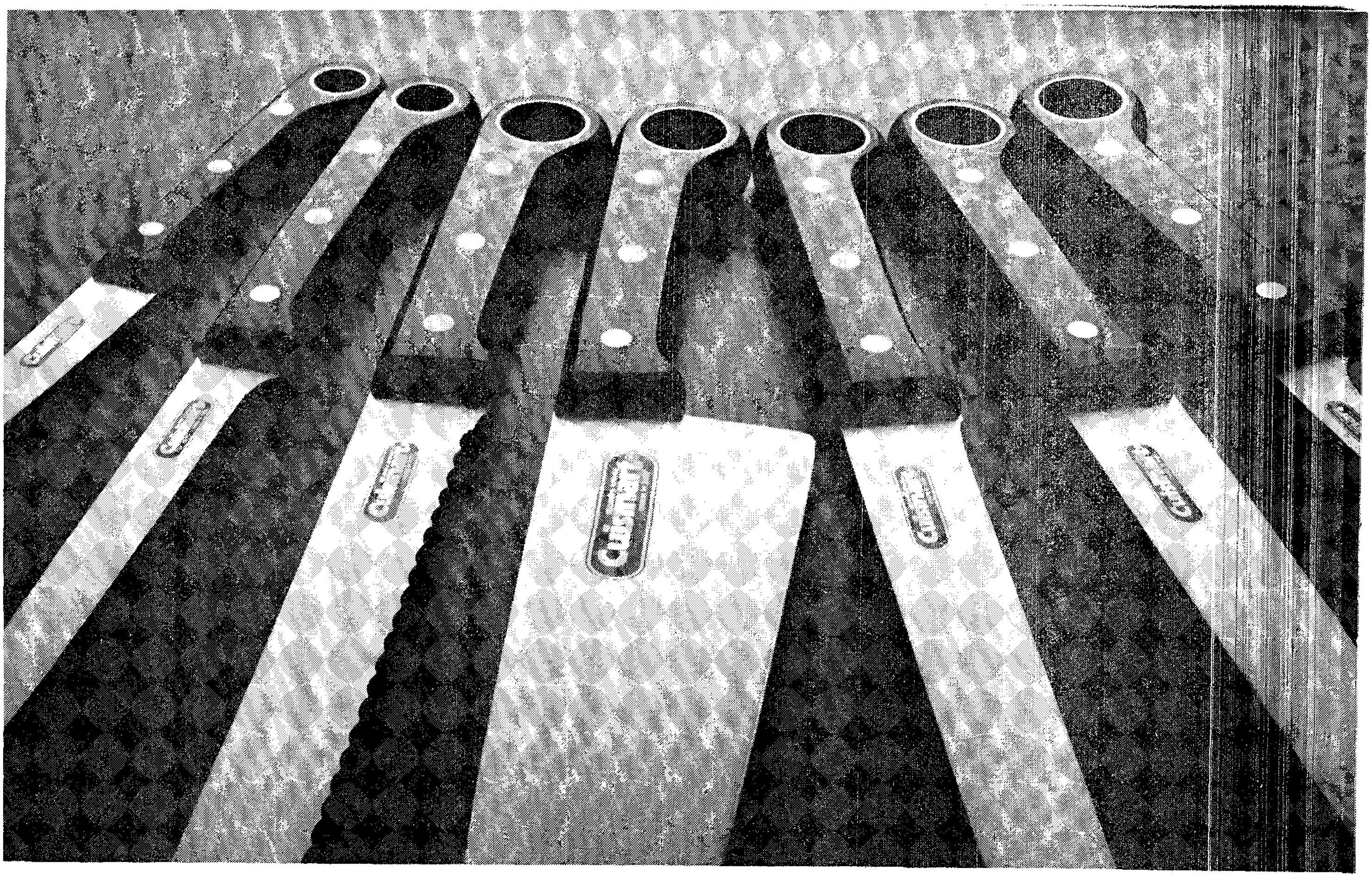

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Theatre 2: Through Nov. 5: "Arthur." (†) From Nov. 6: "Body Heat" (Lawrence Kasdan), with William Hurt and Kathleen Turner.
Theatre 3: Through Oct. 29: "Strange Behavior" (Michael Laughlin), with Michael Murphy and Louise Fletcher. From Oct. 30: "Mommie Dearest." (†)
Theatre 4: Through Oct. 29: "First Monday in October" (Ronald Neame), with Walter Matthau and Jill Clayburgh. From Oct. 30: "So Fine." (†)

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
Theatre 1: "Prince of the City." (†)
Theatre 2: "Southern Comfort" (directed by Walter Hill), with Keith Carradine and Powers Boothe.
Theatre 3: "An American Werewolf in London" (John Landis), with David Naughton and Jenny Agutter.
Theatre 4: Through Oct. 29: "So Fine." (†) From Oct. 30: "Rich and Famous." (†)
Theatre 5: "Body Heat" (Lawrence Kasdan), with William Hurt and Kathleen Turner.
Theatre 6: "Arthur." (†)

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Mommie Dearest." (†)

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Nightmare" (Romano Scavolini), with Sharon Smith.
Theatre 3: "Strange Behavior" (Michael Laughlin), with Michael Murphy and Louise Fletcher.
Theatre 4: "Carbon Copy" (Michael Schultz), with George Segal and Susan Saint James.

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Raiders of the Lost Ark." (†)

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Theatre 1: "Paternity" (David Steinberg), with Burt Reynolds and Beverly D'Angelo.
Theatre 2: "Caligula" (1980), with Malcolm McDowell.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
Through Oct. 29: "Tattoo" (Bob Brooks), with Bruce Dern and Maud Adams.
From Oct. 30: "Looker" (Michael Crichton), with Albert Finney and James Coburn.

National, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
". . . All the Marbles" (Robert Aldrich), with Peter Falk and Burt Young.

R.K.O. Cinerama 1 and 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8366/8369)
Theatre 1: "True Confessions." (†)
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 29: "Rich and Famous." (†) From Oct. 30: "Halloween II" (Rick Rosenthal), with Jamie Lee Curtis and Donald Pleasence.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Oct. 28: "Knife in the Water" (1962; directed by Roman Polanski; in Polish); and "Ashes and Diamonds" (1958; Andrzej Wajda; in Polish), with Zbigniew Cybulski.
Oct. 29: "Fortune and Men's Eyes" (1971; Harvey Hart), with Wendell Burton and Michael Greer.
Oct. 30: "The Arabian Nights" (1973) and "The Canterbury Tales" (1972), both films in Italian, directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini.
Oct. 31: "The Arabian Nights" (1973); and "The Decameron" (1971; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian).
Nov. 1: "The Decameron" and "The Arabian Nights."
Nov. 2: "The Decameron" and "The Canterbury Tales."
Nov. 3: "Dersu Uzala" (1978; Akira Kurosawa; a Soviet-Japanese co-production, in Russian).
Nov. 4: "Andrei Roublev" (1969; Andrei Tarkovsky; in Russian).
Nov. 5: "Squeeze."
Nov. 6-7: "The Devils" (1971; Ken Russell), with Vanessa Redgrave and Oliver Reed.

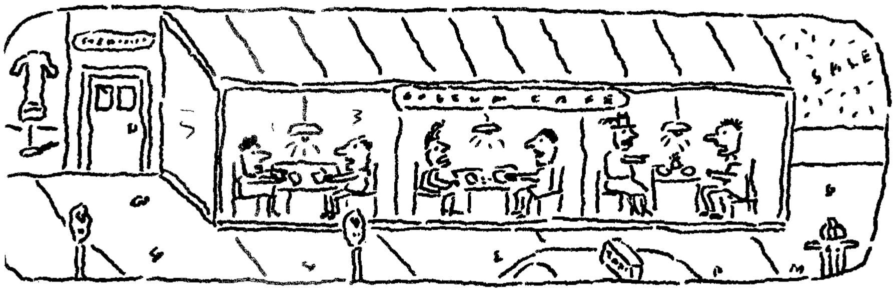
Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
A mixed bag of films, shown several times on an erratic schedule. Among them are "David Copperfield," "Tess," "Sandra," "Women in Love," "The Good, the Bad, and the Ugly," "Raging Bull," "That Obscure Object of Desire," and "Diary of a Chambermaid." Each film will be shown two or three times over a two- or three-day period. Call theatre for dates, times, and other titles.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Oct. 29: "Misty Beethoven" (1976) and "The Private Afternoons of Pamela Mann" (1975). Both films X-rated.
Oct. 30-31: "Repulsion" (1965; Roman Polanski), with Catherine Deneuve, Ian Hendry, Yvonne Furneaux, and John Fraser; and "Diabolique" (1955; Henri-Georges Clouzot; in French), with Simone Signoret, Vera Clouzot, and Paul Meurisse.
Nov. 1-3: "Taxi Driver" (1976; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro, Harvey Keitel, Cybill Shepherd, and Jodie Foster; and "Looking for Mr. Goodbar." (†)
Nov. 4-5: "Used Cars" (†) and "Car Wash." (†)
Nov. 6-7: "THX 1138" (†); and "Zardoz" (1974; John Boorman), with Sean Connery and Charlotte Rampling.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Oct. 28: "El" ("This Strange Passion;" 1952, Luis Buñuel; in Spanish), with Arturo de Cordova and Delia Garcés; "Simon of the Desert" (1965; Luis Buñuel; in Spanish), with Claudio Brook and Silvia Pinal; and "L'Amore" (1948; Roberto Rossellini; in Italian).
Oct. 29: "The Drunken Angel" (1948; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Takashi Shimura; and "The Lower Depths" (1957; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune.
Oct. 30-31: "Paisan" (1946; Roberto Rossellini; in English, French, Italian, and German); and "A Voyage to Italy" (1953; Roberto Rossellini; in Italian), with Ingrid Bergman and George Sanders.
Nov. 1-2: "The Rise of Louis XIV" (†); and "Fear" (1956; Roberto Rossellini), with Ingrid Bergman.
Nov. 3-4: "The Age of the Medici." (†)
Nov. 5-7: "Pather Panchali" (1954) and "Aparajito" (1957), both films in Bengali; directed by Satyajit Ray.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Through Oct. 31: "Stormy Weather" (1943; Andrew Stone), with Bill Robinson, Fats Waller, Cab Calloway, and Dooley Wilson; and "Cabin in the Sky" (1943; Vincente Minnelli), with Ethel Waters, Eddie Anderson, Lena Horne, Louis Armstrong, and John Bubbles.
Nov. 1-3: "Tom Jones" (†) and "Lolita." (†)
Nov. 4-7: "A Streetcar Named Desire" (1951; Elia Kazan), with Vivien Leigh, Marlon Brando, Kim Hunter, and Karl Malden; and "The Fugitive Kind" (1960; Sidney Lumet), with Marlon Brando, Anna Magnani, and Joanne Woodward.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th (246-0717)
Through Oct. 31: "Mon Oncle d'Amérique" (1980; Alain Resnais; in French), with Gérard Depardieu, Nicole Garcia, and Roger-



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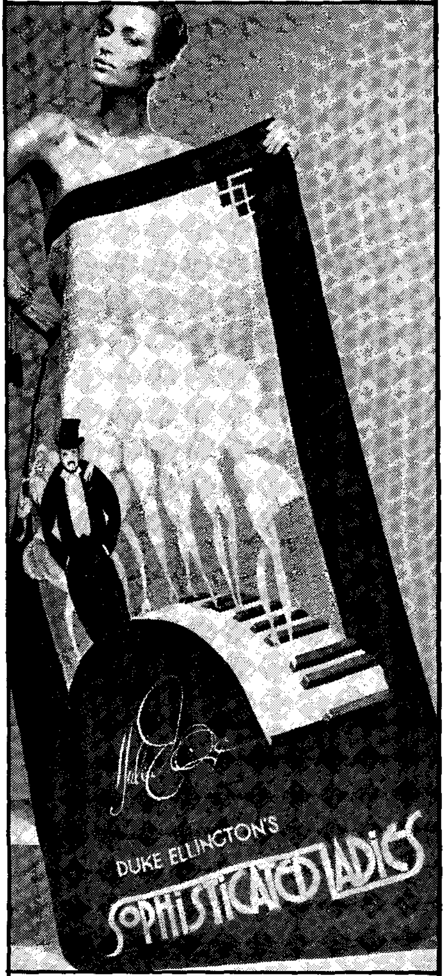

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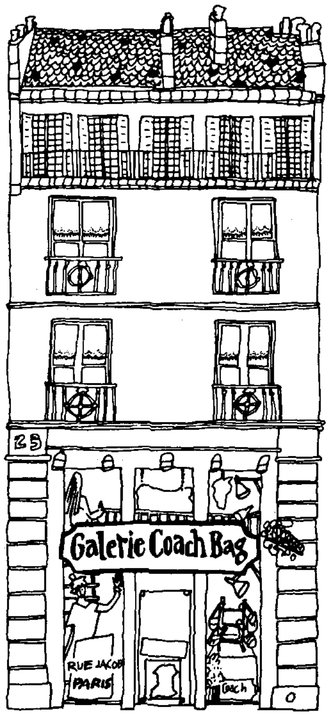

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Pierre; and "Hiroshima, Mon Amour" (1959; Alain Resnais; in French), with Emmanuèle Riva and Eiji Okada.
Nov. 1-3: "Andy Warhol's Bad" (1977); and "Heat" (1972; Paul Morrissey), with Sylvia Miles and Joe Dellesandro.
Nov. 4-7: "The Europeans" (†) and "The Go-Between." (†)

Olympia Quad I, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Oct. 29: "Crime and Punishment" (1970; Lev Kulijanov; in Russian), with Georgi Taratorkin.
Oct. 30-31: "Notorious" (1946, Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant, Ingrid Bergman, Claude Rains, and Louis Calhern; and "The Man Who Knew Too Much" (1935; Alfred Hitchcock), with Leslie Banks, Edna Best, Pierre Fresnay, and Peter Lorre.
Nov. 1-3: "Melvin and Howard" (†) and "Resurrection." (†)
Nov. 4-5: "Network" (†) and "The Hospital." (†)
Nov. 6-7: "Harold and Maude" (†); and "Play It Again, Sam" (1972; Herbert Ross), with Woody Allen.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Oct. 28: "Captains of the Clouds" (1942; Michael Curtiz), with James Cagney, Brenda Marshall, and Dennis Morgan; and "Ceiling Zero" (1935; Howard Hawks), with James Cagney, Pat O'Brien, June Travis, and Stuart Erwin.
Oct. 29-31: "Strawberry Blonde" (1941; Raoul Walsh), with Olivia de Havilland, James Cagney, and Rita Hayworth; and "San Francisco" (1936; W. S. Van Dyke), with Clark Gable, Jeanette MacDonald, and Spencer Tracy.
Nov. 1-2: "Run Silent, Run Deep" (1958; Robert Wise), with Clark Gable, Burt Lancaster, and Jack Warden; and "Mister Roberts." (†)
Nov. 3-4: "Comrade X" (1940; King Vidor), with Clark Gable and Hedy Lamarr; and "Honky Tonk." (†)
Nov. 5-7: "Footlight Parade" (†); and "Dancing Lady" (1933; Robert Z. Leonard), with Fred Astaire, Joan Crawford, Franchot Tone, and Clark Gable.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
Oct. 28: "The Wild Party" (1975; James Ivory), with Raquel Welch, James Coco, David Dukes, and Perry King; and "Shakespeare Wallah." (†)
Oct. 29: "The Blue Angel" (1929; Josef von Sternberg; in German), with Marlene Dietrich, Emil Jannings, and Hans Albers; and "Knight Without Armour" (1937; Jacques Feyder), with Marlene Dietrich and Robert Donat.
Oct. 30-31: "Night of the Living Dead" (1968; George A. Romero), with Duane Jones; and "The Brood" (1979; David Cronenberg; a Canadian film), with Oliver Reed and Samantha Eggar.
Nov. 1: "Things to Come" (†); and "Zardoz" (1974; John Boorman), with Sean Connery and Charlotte Rampling.
Nov. 2: "The Incredible Shrinking Woman" (†); and "The Incredible Shrinking Man" (1957; Jack Arnold), with Grant Williams.
Nov. 3: "Soldier of Orange." (†)
Nov. 4: "Two-Lane Blacktop" (†); and "Born to Kill" ("The Cockfighter;" 1975; Monte Hellman), with Warren Oates, Richard B. Shull, and Harry Dean Stanton.
Nov. 5: "The Boys in the Band" (†) and "Something for Everyone." (†)
Nov. 6-7: "My Brilliant Career" (1980; Gillian Armstrong; an Australian film), with Judy Davis and Sam Neill; and "Picnic at Hanging Rock." (†)

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Oct. 28: "The Sun Also Rises" (1957; Henry King), Tyrone Power, Ava Gardner, Errol Flynn, Mel Ferrer, and Eddie Albert; and "The Snows of Kilimanjaro" (1952; Henry King), with Gregory Peck, Susan Hayward, and Ava Gardner.
Oct. 29: "Evergreen" (1935; Victor Saville), with Jessie Matthews and Sonnie Hale; and "Second Chorus" (1940; H. C. Potter), with Fred Astaire, Paulette Goddard, and Burgess Meredith.
Oct. 30-31: "The Invasion of the Body

Snatchers" (1956; Don Siegel), with Kevin McCarthy and Dana Wynter; and "Night of the Living Dead" (1968; George A. Romero), with Duane Jones.

Nov. 1: "Scarlet Pimpernel" (†) and "The Son of Monte Cristo." (†)

Nov. 2: "Dr. Strangelove" (1964; Stanley Kubrick), with Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, and Sterling Hayden; and "The Wrong Box." (†)

Nov. 3: "Shoe-Shine" (†) and "Miracle in Milan." (†)

Nov. 4: "42nd Street" (1933; Lloyd Bacon), with Bebe Daniels, Ruby Keeler, Dick Powell, and Warner Baxter; and "Dancing Lady" (1933; Robert Z. Leonard), with Fred Astaire, Joan Crawford, Franchot Tone, and Clark Gable.

Nov. 5: "Conquest" (†); and "Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise" (1931; Robert Z. Leonard), with Greta Garbo, Clark Gable, Alan Hale, and John Miljan.

Nov. 6-7: "Murder Ahoy" (1954) and "Murder at the Gallop" (1963), both films directed by George Pollock, with Margaret Rutherford as Agatha Christie's Miss Marple.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Oct. 29 at 2:30: "Second Spring Mirroring the Moon" (1979; directed by Yen Jizhou; in Chinese, with English subtitles), with Zeng Songmao. . . . ¶ Oct. 29 at 6: "Song of Youth" (1959; Cui Wei and Chen Huaiai; in Chinese, with English subtitles), with Xie Fang. . . . ¶ Oct. 30 at 2:30: "Cobra" (1925; Joseph Henabery; a silent film), with Rudolph Valentino and Nita Naldi. . . . ¶ Oct. 30 at 6: "City Girl" (1930; F. W. Murnau), with Charles Farrell and Mary Duncan. . . . ¶ Oct. 31 at noon: "Suez" (1938; Allan Dwan), with Tyrone Power, Loretta Young, and Annabella. . . . ¶ Oct. 31 at 2:30: "Cobra." . . . ¶ Oct. 31 at 5: "The Cock-Eyed World" (1929; Raoul Walsh), with Edmund Lowe, Victor McLaglen, and Lily Damita. . . . ¶ Nov. 1 at noon: "Suez." . . . ¶ Nov. 1 at 2:30: "Top Hat" (1935; Mark Sandrich), with Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers. . . . ¶ Nov. 1 at 5: "Trouble in Paradise" (1932; Ernst Lubitsch), with Miriam Hopkins, Herbert Marshall, and Kay Francis. . . . ¶ Nov. 2 at noon: Three short films from India—"The House That Ananda Built" (1967), "The Lion and the Rabbit" (1974; V. G. Samant), and "Amrita Sher Gil" (1969; B. D. Garga). . . . ¶ Nov. 2 at 2:30: "Trouble in Paradise." . . . ¶ Nov. 2 at 6: "The Age of Earth" (1978-80; Glauber Rocha; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Nov. 3 at noon: "The House That Ananda Built," "The Lion and the Rabbit," and "Amrita Sher Gil." . . . ¶ Nov. 3 at 2:30: "Top Hat." . . . ¶ Nov. 3 at 6: "Marathon Woman, Miki Gorman" (1981; Ellen Fryer), "A Portrait of Maud Morgan" (1981; Nancy Raines and Richard Leacock), and "To Be a Woman Soldier" (1981; Shuli Eshel; an Israeli film). . . . ¶ Nov. 5 at 2:30: "Les Disparus de Saint-Agil" (1938; Christian-Jaque; in French, with English subtitles), with Erich von Stroheim and Michel Simon. . . . ¶ Nov. 5 at 6: "Manèges" (1950; Yves Allégret; in French, with English subtitles), with Simone Signoret and Bernard Blier. M. Allégret will be present. . . . ¶ Nov. 5 at 8:30 and Nov. 6 at 2:30: "Jenny" (1936; Marcel Carné; in French, with English subtitles), with Françoise Rosay, Albert Préjean, and Charles Vanel. . . . ¶ Nov. 6 at 6: "Quatorze Juillet" (1932; René Clair; in French, with English subtitles), with Annabella, who will be present. . . . ¶ Nov. 7 at noon: "Robin Hood" (1922; Allan Dwan; a silent film), with Douglas Fairbanks, Wallace Beery, and Alan Hale. . . . ¶ Nov. 7 at 2:30: "Gueule d'Amour" (1937; Jean Grémillon; in French, with English subtitles), with Jean Gabin and Mireille Balin. . . . ¶ Nov. 7 at 5: "Le Bonheur" (1935; Marcel L'Herbier; in French, with English subtitles), with Charles Boyer, Gaby Morlay, and Michel Simon. (A limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—Through Oct. 30: "Elective Affinities," a four-part film by Larry Gottheim—"Part I: Overture-Horizons" (1973), showing daily at noon; "Part II: Mouches Volantes" (1976), showing daily at 1:30; "Part III: Four Shadows" (1978), showing daily at 3; and "Part IV: Tree of Knowledge" (1980), showing daily at 4:30. . . . ¶ Starting Nov. 7: "Denman's Col (Geometry)" (1979-81; Mary Lucier), a video installation. Continuous showings from noon to 6. Call desk (288-9601) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Oct. 28 at 8: A program of five films by Stan Brakhage. . . . ¶ Oct. 29 at 8: A program by Francis Lee, who will be present. . . . ¶ Oct. 30 at 8: "Songs 1-22" (1964-66; Stan Brakhage). . . . ¶ Oct. 31 at 2: A video program by Barbara Buckner, who will be present. . . . ¶ Oct. 31 at 8: "Song 23" (1966-67; Stan Brakhage). . . . ¶ Nov. 1 at 8: "Scenes from Under Childhood" (1969-70; Stan Brakhage). . . . ¶ Nov. 3 at 8: "Songs 24-30" (1966-69; Stan Brakhage). . . . ¶ Nov. 4 at 8: "Les Dames du Bois de Boulogne" (1944; Robert Bresson; in French, no English subtitles). . . . ¶ Nov. 5 at 8: "Un Condamné à Mort s'est Echappé" (1956; Robert Bresson; in French, no English subtitles). . . . ¶ Nov. 7 at 2: A video program by Mitchell Kriegman, who will be present. . . . ¶ Nov. 7 at 7: "Pickpocket" (1959; Robert Bresson; in French, no English subtitles).

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

The Age of the Medici (1973)—A noble three-part history made by Roberto Rossellini, full of thought and burning inquiry. It is in the style that Rossellini perfected toward the end of his life—a style in which crucial moments of the past seem to be occurring in the present. We are in Florence, in a world of low-toned, urgent, abstract discourses, and of small-town energy and rows and droppings in. There is gossip about Brunelleschi and Donatello, a resentful mutter from Ghiberti. We feel ourselves to be bang in the midst of perhaps the most invigorating family of citizens who have ever existed. All three parts are being shown, on a schedule that can best be explained by the theatre box office: 674-6515. (8th St. Playhouse; Nov. 3-4.)

Arthur—As Hobson, the valet to a drunken millionaire playboy, John Gielgud may be the most poised and confident funnyman you'll ever see. And as the top-hatted lush, Arthur, Dudley Moore has a mad sparkle in his eyes. This is the first movie directed by Steve Gordon (who also wrote the script); he's a long way from being able to do with images what he can do with words, but there are some inspired bits, and his work has a friendly spirit. But Liza Minnelli, as the poor-girl heroine, doesn't have her share of the good lines, and she's electrifying when she needs only to be charming; as the playboy's grandmother, Geraldine Fitzgerald has the worst scenes, and the zest she gives them goes peculiarly wrong. Cinematography by Fred Schuler; he makes the New York locations look elegant, even when the staging suggests a waxworks museum. (Reviewed in our issue of 7/27/81.) (Plaza, and Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ U. A. East, and Loews 83rd Quad; through Oct. 29. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; through Nov. 5.)

Bombay Talkie (1970)—A James Ivory film about a bored English woman novelist (Jennifer Kendal) who destroys the life of a young Indian film star (Shashi Kapoor). Ivory's attempt to use the clichés of early Hollywood melodrama for an ironic effect doesn't work out, but the film is full of fine marginal details—a guru showing his followers color slides of his conquest of Los Angeles, the preparations for a musical film, with plump-bottomed Indian girls dancing on giant typewriter keys. Screenplay by R. Prawer Jhabvala and Ivory; cinematography by Subrata Mitra. Produced by Ismail Merchant. (Art; Nov. 4-5.)

The Boys in the Band (1970)—A gathering of homosexuals at a birthday party; it's like the gathering of bitchy ladies in "The Women," but with a forties-movie bomber-crew cast: a Catholic, a Jew, a Negro, a hustler, one who is butch, and one who is nellie, and so on. They crack jokes while their hearts are breaking. The message appears to be that the spirit of M-G-M in the forties still lives in the hearts and jokes of homosexuals. William Friedkin directed Mart Crowley's adaptation of his own play; Crowley preserves the text as if the quips were ageless. With Leonard Frey, Cliff Gorman, and Laurence Luckinbill. (Thalia; Nov. 5.)

Car Wash (1976)—A junk-food mixture of poetry, black anger, bathroom humor, routines that have come through the sit-com mill, and worn-to-the-stump faggot jokes. The action is centered on one workday in an L.A. car wash that is white-owned but staffed mostly by blacks. The film's specialty is yanking laughs by having adult blacks do dirtier versions of the standard pranks that naughty kids used to do in comedies. Michael Schultz directed, from a script by Joel Schumacher; the editing (by Christopher Holmes) to the music (by Norman Whitfield) was probably a big factor in the film's box-office success. With Franklyn Ajaye, Lauren Jones, Tracy Reed, Melanie Mayron, Ivan Dixon, Bill Duke, Sully Boyar, Garrett Morris, Clarence Muse, Lorraine Gary, Antonio Fargas, Jack Kehoe, and brief appearances by Richard Pryor, George Carlin, Prof. Irwin Corey, and the Pointer Sisters. Cinematography by Frank Stanley. (Cinema Village; Nov. 4-5.)

Chariots of Fire—The story of the courage and the triumph of two young runners who represented Britain in the 1924 Olympics, held in Paris. The runners—Harold Abrahams (Ben Cross), a wealthy Jewish boy who is a student at Cambridge, and Eric Liddell (Ian Charleson), a Scottish divinity student—win because they have something to run for. The unbelievably self-possessed Abrahams runs against anti-Semitic snobbery and prejudices, represented here, rather grandly, by Lindsay Anderson and John Gielgud, as a pair of gargoyles—masters at Cambridge. The devout Liddell runs in an ecstatic state, because "when I run, I can feel His pleasure," and the film is structured so that its big crisis comes when Liddell's qualifying heat is scheduled for a Sunday and he refuses to take part. The picture is a piece of technological lyricism held together by the glue of simpleminded heroic sentiment; basically, its appeal is in watching a couple of guys win their races. One good scene: a charming flirtation between Abrahams and a young D'Oyly Carte singer-actress, played by Alice Krige, whose cooing, artificial style is a little reminiscent of Joan Greenwood's purring. Produced by David Puttnam, directed by Hugh Hudson (it's his début film), from Colin Welland's script. Cinematography by David Watkin; music by Vangelis Papathanassiou. With Ian Holm, Cheryl Campbell, Dennis Christopher, Brad Davis, Nigel Havers, Nicholas Farrell, Nigel Davenport, Patrick Magee, and David Yelland as the Prince of Wales. (10/26/81) (Cinema I.)

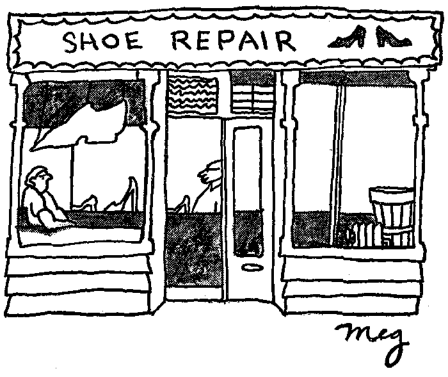
Conquest (1937)—Greta Garbo as Napoleon's mistress Countess Marie Walewska, who bore him a son, and Charles Boyer as Napoleon, who, it appears, loved Marie intensely, but briefly. The M-G-M picture cost three million and was the fourth-most-expensive movie made up to that date; it's ornate, unexpectedly tasteful, carefully detailed—and lifeless. There is some literate writing in it, but the various scenarists—Samuel Hoffenstein, Salka Viertel, and S. N. Behrman, working from Helen Jerome's version of a Polish play—don't seem too sure of what the movie is about, or where its center should be. They don't allow Marie Walewska enough shadings or enough strength; her tenderness—which is about all she *is* allowed—becomes tedious. Garbo is stunningly costumed (by Adrian), but her interpretation is muffled. This is one of the rare occasions when her melancholy beauty didn't dominate a film; there's skill but no poetry in her performance. Boyer takes over, by the force of his talent, and because Napoleon (treated less sympathetically by the writers) has more sides to him. Padded to look pudgy, and with his romantic handsomeness deëmphasized (he's even slightly bald), Boyer gives the picture traces of irony, and tension. Directed by Clarence Brown who, failing inspiration, could perhaps have used a little vulgarity, or some speed; the pacing is measured. With Maria Ouspenskaya, Dame May Whitty, Reginald Owen, Alan Marshal, Henry Stephenson, Leif Erickson, C. Henry Gordon, Vladimir Sokoloff, George Zucco, and Scotty Beckett. Cinematography by Karl Freund; art direction by Cedric Gibbons. (The retreat from Moscow in the snow was staged in the studio, with painted backdrops.) (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 5.)

Cutter's Way—In this moody fantasia on post-Vietnam bitterness, set in Santa Barbara and other parts of Southern California, John Heard is Cutter, a mutilated veteran whose conversation is a series of twisted, rasped-out gibes, and Jeff Bridges is lover-boy Bone, an Ivy League beach bum who lives on his suntanned amiability. When these two friends become involved in trying to expose and/or shake down an oil tycoon who they believe is also a sexual psychopath, the film suggests a counterculture version of the anti-fascist thrillers of the forties. Directed by Ivan Passer, from a much too literary script by Jeffrey Alan Fiskin. As Cutter's burned-out wife, Mo, Lisa Eichhorn carries a load of existential sorrow and honesty. With Stephen Elliott as J. J. Cord, and Ann Dusenberry, Arthur Rosenberg, and Nina Van Pallandt. The cinematography is by Jordan Cronenweth; the music by Jack Nitzsche. (Quad Cinema.)

The Europeans (1979)—A collaboration between director James Ivory and writer Ruth Prawer Jhabvala on a version of the Henry James novel, with Lee Remick and Lisa Eichhorn. Mrs. Jhabvala's script is adroit, New England in the autumn is a riot of Crayola, and both Remick and Eichhorn acquit themselves admirably, but the direction's a bit logy, and some of the performances are amazingly weak. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Nov. 4-7.)

Footlight Parade (1933)—This came out the same year as two celebrated Warners musicals—"42nd Street" and "Gold Diggers of 1933"—and it has some silly yet irresistibly wonderful examples of Busby Berkeley's pinwheel choreography. Based, possibly, on Berkeley himself, it's about a young director, played by James Cagney, who whips up ideas for the musical "prologues" that first-run movie palaces used to put on and stages them; in the latter part of the film, we get to see three of the finished products; they're built around the songs "Honeymoon Hotel," "By a Waterfall," and "Shanghai Lil." Cagney gives the picture some snap; he dances (in his astonishing early-vaudeville style) and rushes around and shows off his Olivier-like eyes. Joan Blondell is tough and honest, Dick Powell sings, and Ruby Keeler dances while bending down anxiously to watch her leaden feet. Also with Guy Kibbee, Billy Barty, Hugh Herbert, Frank McHugh, Ruth Donnelly, Claire Dodd, Herman Bing, Dave O'Brien, Hobart Cavanaugh, and Jimmy Conlin. Directed by Lloyd Bacon; the script is by Manuel Seff and James Seymour; the music is by Harry Warren and Al Dubin, and Sammy Fain and Irving Kahal. (Regency; Nov. 5-7.)

The French Lieutenant's Woman—Meryl Streep gives an immaculate, technically accomplished performance as Sarah Woodruff, the romantic mystery woman of John Fowles' novel, but she isn't mysterious. We're not fascinated by Sarah; she's so distanced from us that all we can do is observe how meticulous Streep—and everything else about the movie—is. Harold Pinter, the famed compressor who did the adaptation, has emptied out the story, and the director, Karel Reisz, has scrupulously filled in the space with "art;" every vocal inflection is exact, the 1867 settings seem flawless, and the cinematographer Freddie Francis's camera movements and muted colors are superbly elegant. The result is overblown spareness. It's all so controlled that everything seems to be happening punctually, even in the interpolated modern story about the actors who are performing in the movie version of Fowles' book. There are lovely moments, and a few have magical overtones, but most of the picture might be taking place in a glass case. With Jeremy Irons, Lynsey Baxter, Hilton McRae, Leo McKern, Patience Collier, Penelope Wilton, and David Warner. (In the modern scenes, Streep wears a short, straight hairdo—the most disfiguring star coiffure since Mia Farrow's thick wig in "The Great Gatsby.") (10/12/81) (Festival, and Little Carnegie. . . . ¶ Bay Cinema; starting Oct. 30.)



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The Go-Between (1971)—Harold Pinter wrote the stinging screenplay of this 1900 period piece (from an L. P. Hartley novel) about a twelve-year-old schoolboy at a posh Norfolk house party who is press-ganged into being the postman between Julie Christie, the heiress of the hall, and Alan Bates, a mere tenant farmer. Accurate about the English class sytem, pretty to look at, rather cold-hearted. With Margaret Leighton. Directed by Joseph Losey. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Nov. 4-7.)

Harold and Maude (1971)—Bud Cort is Harold, a rich, suicidal introvert with a soft, unformed face—he's nineteen but looks younger. Ruth Gordon is poor but spunky Maude, the wizened seventy-nine-year-old woman who's like a cheerleader for Life. She lives in a railway car, would like to change into a sunflower, frets over how to save an ailing tree, prankishly steals vehicles and drives crazily; she advises Harold to "reach out." In this satirical-whimsical romantic comedy, directed by Hal Ashby from a script by Colin Higgins, Harold reaches out by falling in love with Maude, and their love is consummated on the eve of her eightieth birthday. Many young moviegoers have returned to this eccentric film repeatedly (in 1974, one twenty-two-year-old claimed to have seen it a hundred and thirty-eight times); maybe this is partly because of its mixture of the maudlin and the highly sophisticated. The message is not very different from that of "Hello, Dolly!" or "Mame," but Harold's flaccid asexuality (he's like a sickly infant, a limp, earthbound Peter Pan) and Maude's advanced stage of pixiness give that message a special freaky quality. And the film has been made with considerable wit and skill. The early scenes, in which Harold tries out various gruesome methods of suicide without getting much of a rise out of his acidulous mother (Vivian Pickles), have a stylized humor, and Ashby has *directed* eccentrically. The actors are often seen at a great distance, and the dialogue often reaches us from a distance, too; the sound level varies so much that we keep losing the voices, and Harold's lines often fade away. With Cyril Cusack, Ellen Geer, and Charles Tyner. Music by Cat Stevens. (Olympia Quad 1; Nov. 6-7.)

Heartland (1979)—An account of early-twentieth-century ranching in a bleak Wyoming, with good performances from Conchata Ferrell, as a Denver widow who undertakes keeping house for a beleaguered rancher, and Rip Torn, as the stoic cattleman whom she eventually marries. The film is straightforward and compelling—a real triumph for the director, Richard Pearce, and for the National Endowment for the Humanities, which put up the bulk of the financing. (Gramercy. . . . ¶ Embassy 72nd St.; through Nov. 5.)

Honky Tonk (1941)—Practically indistinguishable from several other Clark Gable pictures featuring sheriffs, cardsharps, and girls in net stockings and feather boas. The lush, twenty-one-year-old Lana Turner is a New England lady out West to catch up with her father (Frank Morgan); she speedily becomes entangled with the town's good bad man (Gable), gets him drunk, and marries him. That's only the start of the picture; from then on it's turgidly predictable. Jack Conway directed; with Claire Trevor, Marjorie Main, Chill Wills, Albert Dekker, Esther Muir, and Veda Ann Borg. (Regency; Nov. 3-4.)

The Hospital (1971)—That great spangled ham George C. Scott in Paddy Chayevsky's farce about the killing incompetence in a modern big-city hospital. The picture strains for seriousness now and then, but even when it makes a fool of itself it's still funny. Arthur Hiller directed. With Diana Rigg, Barnard Hughes, Nancy Marchand, and Richard Dysart. (Olympia Quad 1; Nov. 4-5.)

The Householder (1963)—A romantic comedy about a college professor and his bride, with a special flavor because, although the language spoken is English, the young couple are Indian. With Shashi Kapoor and Leela Naidu. James Ivory directed, in India. (Art; through Oct. 29.)

The Incredible Shrinking Woman—An amiable, sloppy, light satirical fantasy starring Lily Tomlin as Pat, a sweetly loony happy housewife in a pretty-poison dream world. The film is an idyll of consumerism. Everything in the suburban development where Pat lives with her advertising-man husband (Charles Grodin) and their two children has a muted artificiality; the style is Necco Deco—a sort of plastic lyricism. The whole family is a little benumbed—like the people in TV commercials, who don't react to anything that doesn't roll on or come in an aerosol can or make the floor shine. Then Pat starts to shrink (because of exposure to the chemicals in the products that the family delights in). Directed by Joel Schumacher, from a script by Jane Wagner (which retains only a few incidents from the Richard Matheson novel that was the basis of the 1957 sci-fi film "The Incredible Shrinking Man"), the picture loses much of its stylized originality when it sets up a good-guys-versus-bad-guys conflict in order to give us a rooting interest in the outcome. But even when it turns into a gimcrack farce it's offhand and likable. Pat, imprisoned in a hamster's cage, finds a friend in a zonked lab technician (Mark Blankfield), and she becomes the beloved of a gorilla named Sidney (played by Rick Baker). It should be a great movie for kids; it's full of toys. With Ned Beatty, Henry Gibson, Elizabeth Wilson, and John Glover. (3/9/81) (Thalia; Nov. 2.)

The Last Wave (1978)—The plot of this Australian film is a throwback to the B movies of the thirties and early forties, and the dialogue—by the young director Peter Weir and his two co-scriptwriters, Tony Morphett and Peter Popescu—is vintage R.K.O. and Universal. Weir provides frog noises in the night, apparitions holding sacred stones, shadows in slow motion, and the kind of haunted-house acting that many of us have a certain affection for. But it's hokum without the fun of hokum; despite all the scare-movie apparatus, this film fairly aches to be called profound. The occult manifestations are linked to the white Australians' guilt over their treatment of the aborigines. The decadent white race is represented by a sickly paleface corporate lawyer (Richard Chamberlain), and the aborigines by a lithe, graceful young man (Gulpilil) and a dignified, wily shaman (Nandjiwarra Amagula). The aborigine actors, with their deep-set eyes, are by far the most vital element, yet they're kept on the margins and used as supernatural forces. Weir, who has apparently studied Nicolas Roeg's films, knows how to create an allusive, ominous atmosphere. But the film is over-deliberate and sluggish, and Chamberlain can't stop quivering his lips to connote sensitivity and contracting his nostrils for apprehensiveness and pulling in his cheek muscles for ineffable sorrow. With Olivia Hamnett as the lawyer's wife. (D. W. Griffith; through Oct. 29.)

Lolita (1962)—Wild, marvellously enjoyable comedy, adapted from Nabokov's novel. James Mason is the smiling, obsequious phony Humbert Humbert, lover of little girls; Shelley Winters is Charlotte Haze, the culture vulture rampant; Sue Lyon is her sexy daughter, Lolita; and Peter Sellers (at his most inspired) is Quilty, Humbert Humbert's walking paranoia. Stanley Kubrick directed. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; Nov. 1-3.)

Looking for Mr. Goodbar (1977)—Diane Keaton as Theresa Dunn, a teacher who cruises singles bars and is murdered by a man she picks up. Richard Brooks, who adapted the novel by Judith Rossner and directed, has laid a windy jeremiad about our permissive society on top of fractured film syntax. He's lost the erotic, pulpy morbidity that made the novel a compulsive read; the film is splintered, moralistic, tedious. With Tuesday Weld, William Atherton, Richard Kiley, Alan Feinstein, Richard Gere, and Tom Berenger. Cinematography by William A. Fraker. (Cinema Village; Nov. 1-3.)

Melvin and Howard (1980)—This lyrical comedy, directed by Jonathan Demme, from a script by Bo Goldman, is an almost flawless act of sympathetic imagination. Demme and Goldman have entered into the soul of American blue-collar suckerdom; they have taken for their hero a chucklehead who is hooked on TV game shows, and they have made us understand how it was that when something big—something legendary—touched his life, nobody could believe it. Paul Le Mat plays big, beefy Melvin Dummar, a sometime milkman, sometime worker at a magnesium-oxide plant, sometime gas-station operator, and hopeful songwriter—the representative debt-ridden American for whom game shows were created. Jason Robards plays Howard Hughes, who is lying in the freezing desert at night when Melvin spots him—a pile of rags and bones, with a dirty beard and straggly long gray hair. Melvin, thinking him a desert rat, helps him into his pickup truck but is bothered by his mean expression; in order to cheer him up (and give himself some company), he insists that the old geezer sing with him or get out and walk. When Robards' Howard Hughes responds to Melvin's amiable prodding and begins to enjoy himself on a simple level and sings "Bye, Bye, Blackbird," it's a great moment. Hughes' eyes are an old man's eyes—faded into the past, shiny and glazed by recollections—yet intense. You feel that his grungy paranoia has melted away, that he has been healed. With Mary Steenburgen, who has a pearly aura as Melvin's go-go-dancer wife, Lynda; Pamela Reed as Melvin's down-to-earth second wife; Elizabeth Cheshire as the child Darcy; Jack Kehoe as the dairy foreman; and the real Melvin Dummar as the lunch-counter man at the Reno bus depot. This picture has the same beautiful dippy warmth as its characters; it's what might have happened if Jean Renoir had directed a comedy script by Preston Sturges. Cinematography by Tak Fujimoto. (10/13/80) (Olympia Quad 1; Nov. 1-3.)

Miracle in Milan (1951)—Part social satire, part fantasy, this Vittorio De Sica film suggests a childlike view of Dostoevski's "The Idiot." A fun-loving old lady finds a newborn baby in a cabbage patch. The baby becomes Toto the Good, the happy man who loves everyone; when he is frustrated in his desire to help people, the old lady, now an angel, comes down and gives him the power to work miracles. Toto the hero, naïve and full of love, organizes a hobo shantytown into an ideal community, but the social contradictions are ludicrously hopeless—not even magic powers can resolve them. The failure of innocence here is touchingly absurd; the film is stylized poetry, and it is like nothing else that De Sica ever did. Francesco Golissano is perfect as Toto; the heroine, Brunella Bovo, is what Chaplin's heroines should have been but weren't. The film provides a beautiful role for that great, almost legendary lady of the Italian theatre Emma Gramatica (many, many years before, she had taken over Duse's roles and acted under the direction of D'Annunzio); as the supremely silly old woman of De Sica's fairy tale, she is as yielding and permissive as his Umberto D. is proud and stubborn. With Paolo Stoppa as the unhappy man. Cesare Zavattini adapted his own novel, "Toto il Buono." In Italian. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 3.)

Mister Roberts (1955)—The comic and heroic spirit went out of the famous stage success by Thomas Heggen and Joshua Logan when the play was transferred to the screen; it's a miserable piece of moviemaking—poorly paced and tearjerking. Henry Fonda re-creates his stage role as the ideal modest, quietly strong American—a Second World War lieutenant who is frustrated by the petty boredom of life on a rear-line Navy cargo ship and wants to get into action. Those on board include James Cagney as the tyrannical captain, William Powell as the weary-eyed ship's doctor, and Jack Lemmon, who provides a few enlivening moments as the laundry officer—the jokester in the crew. Also with Betsy Palmer, Ward Bond, and Nick Adams. Two directors were involved: John Ford and Mervyn LeRoy. Adapted by Frank Nugent and Logan; produced by Leland Hayward. (Regency; Nov. 1-2.)

Mommie Dearest—The best that can be said about this jumbled scrapbook of Joan Crawford's life from her middle years to the end is that it doesn't seem to get in the way of its star, Faye Dunaway, who gives a startling, ferocious performance. It's deeper than an impersonation; she turns herself into Joan Crawford, all right, but she's more Faye Dunaway than ever. Her performance is extravagant—it's operatic and full of primal anger. She invests the role with so much power and suffering that the camp horror scenes—the nocturnal rampages—transcend camp. (These destruction orgies were the most talked-about episodes in the book by Crawford's adopted daughter, Christina, on which the movie is based.) Alone and self-mesmerized, Dunaway plays the entire film on emotion. With Mara Hobel, Diana Scarwid, Steve Forrest, Howard Da Silva, Rutanya Alda, and Jocelyn Brando. Produced by Frank Yablans; directed by Frank Perry; the screenplay is credited to Yablans, Perry, Tracy Hotchner, and Robert Getchell. (10/12/81) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews Orpheum, and Embassy 1. . . . ¶ Waverly, and Olympia Quad; starting Oct. 30.)

Network (1976)—Television, according to Paddy Chayefsky, is turning us into morons and humanoids; people have lost the ability to love. Who has—him? Oh, no, the blacks, the revolutionaries, and a power-hungry executive at the fictional UBS network named Diana Christensen (Faye Dunaway). The cast of this messianic farce includes William Holden, Peter Finch, Robert Duvall, Beatrice Straight, and Ned Beatty, and they all take turns yelling at us soulless masses. Sidney Lumet directed. (Olympia Quad 1; Nov. 4-5.)

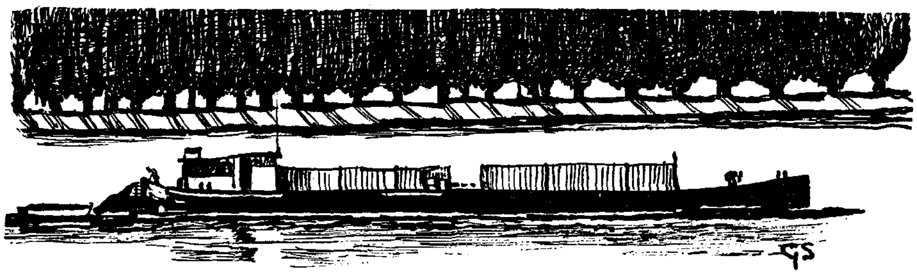
Picnic at Hanging Rock (1975)—An Australian film by Peter Weir set on St. Valentine's Day of 1900 in a prissy girls' school that attempts, under the eye of Rachel Roberts as the headmistress, to import an English way of thought into the Australian outback. The plot has to do with the occult disappearance of a gang of the schoolgirls and of their mistress; the moral matter has to do with the impropriety of trying to impose one culture on another. A very interesting film. (D. W. Griffith; through Oct. 29. . . . ¶ Thalia; Nov. 6-7.)

Prince of the City—Treat Williams as a New York police officer who agrees to be wired and to obtain evidence about corruption in his unit goes through so much teary, spiritual agony that you want to throw something at him. He acts all over the place, yet the movie—two hours and forty-seven minutes of pseudo-documentary seriousness—is so poorly structured that you keep wondering what's going on and why he has agreed to inform on his friends. There's one remarkable performance, mostly in the last section: Jerry Orbach, as the tough-minded cop Gus Levy. Directed by Sidney Lumet and based on the book by Robert Daley about the New York City police officer Bob Leuci. With Lindsay Crouse, Bob Balaban, and Ron Maccone, as Nick. The cinematography is by Andrzej Bartkowiak; the music by Paul Chihara. (Manhattan, Quad Cinema, and Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 86th St.; through Oct. 29. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through Nov. 5.)

Raiders of the Lost Ark—Steven Spielberg directed this high-powered cliff-hanger about the exploits of Indiana Jones (Harrison Ford), an adventurer-archeologist. The time is 1936, and Indy, working for the United States government, is trying to find the Ark of the Covenant (a chest holding the broken stone tablets of the Ten Commandments) ahead of his arch-enemy, the suave, amoral Belloq (Paul Freeman), who is in cahoots with the Nazis. Kinesthetically, the film gets to you, but there's no exhilaration, and no surge of feeling at the end. With Karen Allen as Marion, John Rhys-Davies as Sallah, and Ronald Lacey as Toht. Written by Lawrence Kasdan, from a story idea worked up by George Lucas and Philip Kaufman. (6/15/81) (Loews Astor Plaza.)

Resurrection (1980)—Ellen Burstyn dies, has an "out of body" experience, then returns with the gift of healing through the power of love. The picture is even and smoothly tasteful—a vat of nondenominational caramel custard. Lewis John Carlino was commissioned to write the script for Burstyn, and he shaped it to her; she bestrides the movie, glowing with love and wholesome humor. (Her simulation of beatific ordinariness is a little frightening.) The director, Daniel Petrie, does some very polished, fluid work, but you're always aware of the planning and the calculation. Mysticism doesn't come easy to him. Carlino's script, which attempts to combine holistic healing and feminism, is an amazing fusion of old corn and modern cant. With Sam Shepard, who brings the film some sexy tension as a hell-raising kid whom Burstyn heals after he has been stabbed in a drunken fight, and Richard Farnsworth, Roberts Blossom, Lois Smith, Madeleine Thornton-Sherwood, and Pamela Payton-Wright. And as Burstyn's grandmother, Eva Le Gallienne wrinkles her nose and lifts her head so she can look out of her half-blind eyes, and she spouts homilies as if she'd lived her whole life onstage. Cinematography by Mario Tosi; Maurice Jarre did the music. (12/22/80) (Olympia Quad 1; Nov. 1-3.)

Rich and Famous—Twenty years in the lives of two women writers, pals from their college days. Jacqueline Bisset is the tense "modern" artist—perpetually dissatisfied, self-conscious, hard-drinking. Candice Bergen is the gusher—as a housewife and mother, she writes a roman à clef about her Malibu Colony neighbors, and then she just keeps pouring out her fantasies and getting richer and richer. The bland Bisset is unvaryingly intense; she reads her puffed-up lines straight, and all with the same intonation. If she doesn't know that the picture is a comedy, this may be because Gerald Ayres, who wrote the script, seems to mean everything he has her say. (Her character is intended to be fearfully intelligent.) Bergen is much the livelier, but her caricature of a shallow bitch is too busy; she's a good sport rather than an actress, though she probably does as much for the role as anybody could. This remake of the 1943 film "Old Acquaintance" (which was based on John Van Druten's 1940 play) isn't camp, exactly; it's more like a homosexual fantasy. Bisset's affairs, with their masochistic overtones, are creepy, because they don't seem like what a woman would get into. And Bergen is used almost as if she were a big, goosey female impersonator. Directed by George Cukor, this movie has an unflagging pace, but it's full of scenes that don't play, and often you can't even tell what tone was



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hoped for. It's a tawdry self-parody. With David Selby, Hart Bochner, Steven Hill, Matt Lattanzi, Fay Kanin, and Michael Brandon, who makes an uncredited appearance as the man who has sex with Bisset in an airplane washroom. Among the guests in the party scenes are Christopher Isherwood, Don Bachardy, Roger Vadim, Paul Morrissey, Ray Bradbury, Nina Foch, and Gavin Lambert. (10/26/81) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews New York, Greenwich Playhouse, and New Yorker. . . . ¶ R.K.O. Cinerama; through Oct. 29. . . . ¶ Criterion Theatres; starting Oct. 30.)

The Rise of Louis XIV (1966)—Rossellini's beady-eyed and graceful chronicle about the growing up of the young monarch—from a boy who had been written off as nothing much more than an unambitious young debauchee to one of the most skillful absolutists in European history. In French. (8th St. Playhouse; Nov. 1-2.)

Satan's Brew (1977)—Rainer Werner Fassbinder's *agent provocateur* of a film about a non-writing writer (Kurt Raab) who decides to plagiarize Stefan George. The anti-hero is an irrational slob. In asking us to accept this sadomasochistic charade, Fassbinder is relying on our trust of his talent. In German. (Film Forum; Oct. 29-Nov. 1.)

Savages (1972)—A glittering film by James Ivory, written by Michael O'Donoghue and George Swift Trow and beautifully photographed by Walter Lassally. A mysteriously enticing croquet ball lures a band of mud-caked savages out of the jungle and ahead several millennia in time to inhabit a sedate empty country house. A shallow, high-bred civility between them presides through dinner and gradually disintegrates. The film is wittily sarcastic about progress, full of withering social comedy and a peculiar erratic stateliness of style. The substitution of archetypes for characters makes the total rather empty, but this is a stylish and ambitious attempt. (Art; Nov. 6-7.)

The Scarlet Pimpernel (1935)—One of the most romantic and durable of all swashbucklers—maybe because Leslie Howard was such a wonderfully unlikely hero for this sort of derring-do about spies and aristocrats and the French Revolution. With Merle Oberon, looking absolutely smashing, and Raymond Massey as the snarling villain, Nigel Bruce, Bramwell Fletcher, and Anthony Bushell. Directed by Harold Young; an Alexander Korda production. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 1.)

Serial (1980)—What may just possibly be happening among the aging swingers of Marin County, California, where everyone appears to be rich and amorous as well as foolish. Directed by Bill Persky, with Martin Mull and Tuesday Weld. (4/14/80) (St. Marks Cinema; through Oct. 29.)

Shakespeare Wallah (1965)—A bittersweet tale of a troupe of English actors down on their luck in India. Directed by James Ivory and with an excellent cast of English and Indian actors. (Thalia; Oct. 28. . . . ¶ Art; Oct. 30-Nov. 1.)

Shoe-Shine (1946)—Vittorio De Sica's lyric study of how two boys betrayed by society betray each other and themselves. It has a sweetness and a simplicity that suggest greatness of feeling, and this is so rare in films that to cite a comparison one searches beyond the medium: if Mozart had written an opera set in poverty, it might have had this kind of painful beauty. The two young shoeshine boys sustain their friendship and their dreams amid the apathy of postwar Rome, but they are destroyed by their own weaknesses and desires when they're sent to prison for black-marketeering. Cesare Zavattini wrote this study of the corruption of innocence; it is a social-protest film that rises above its purpose. In Italian. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 3.)

So Fine—This is the first film directed by the comedy writer Andrew Bergman, and it's a visual insult: crudely lighted and framed, and jumping out at you. Jack Warden is Jack Fine, a Seventh Avenue dress manufacturer in debt to the mob; his most frequent line is "Holy s - - -," which he delivers whenever Bergman thinks the movie needs a really big laugh. The central gimmick is that Jack's college-teacher son (Ryan O'Neal) splits a pair of jeans and stuffs see-through plastic into the cheeks, and that this turns into a fashion craze. There are potentially funny scenes, but Bergman doesn't know how to give timing and polish to his own jokes. The film's only freshness comes from the lovely, tiny Italian blonde Mariangela Melato, making her American début as a mobster's wife; she's an erotic imp. (10/12/81) (Criterion Theatres; through Oct. 29. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; Oct. 30-Nov. 5. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; starting Oct. 30.)

Soldier of Orange (1979)—A true-blue Second World War film from Dutch director Paul Verhoeven, with a fine, thoughtful actor, Rutger Hauer, playing the aristocratic Erik Hazelhoff Roelfzema (a real-life Resistance figure on whose memoirs the film is based). There is great sorrow here, as a band of prewar Dutch university students is gradually decimated, but also some humor—Hauer's tango with a turncoat at a Third Reich party in the midst of a clandestine mission is incongruous but carried off with great éclat. In Dutch and English. (Thalia; Nov. 3.)

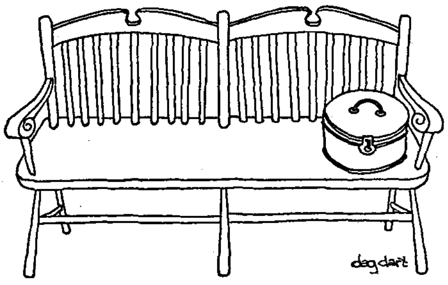
Something for Everyone (1970)—Nothing much for anyone, actually, in this film about the omnisexuality of a footman hero (Michael York), who sidles up to an Austrian countess (Angela Lansbury), and also to her son and everyone else in sight. Miss Lansbury does try as best she can for high comedy. Directed by Harold Prince. (Thalia; Nov. 5.)

The Son of Monte Cristo (1940)—The plight of the Balkan Grand Duchess (Joan Bennett), with the swordplay by Louis (crooked smile) Hayward and George Sanders. Rowland V. Lee directed the traffic in the secret passageways. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 1.)

10 (1979)—A bleak, unfunny comedy which rests on such gags as Dudley Moore's having his teeth drilled and being stung on the nose by a bee. (St. Marks Cinema; Oct. 30-Nov. 5.)

Things to Come (1936)—The most elaborate science-fiction movie ever made in England until "2001." H. G. Wells wrote the tendentious screenplay (based on his book "The Shape of Things to Come"); the celebrated designer William Cameron Menzies directed, Georges Périnal was the cinematographer, and Arthur Bliss wrote the score. Wells peers ahead through a century of devastation to the cold, abstract architecture of 2055. The whole "scientific" phantasmagoria is posh and modernistic—an amusingly dated view of the future. (It suggests the twenties.) The movie is more handsome than dramatic, with spacious sets and great costumes (they're like what actors in Greek tragedies wore in avant-garde productions of the twenties), and some wonderful howlers in Raymond Massey's and Ralph Richardson's dialogue and acting. With Cedric Hardwicke, John Clements, Ann Todd, Margaretta Scott, and Derrick de Marney. Produced by Alexander Korda. (Thalia; Nov. 1.)

THX 1138 (1971)—George Lucas's first feature—a psychedelic view of the horrors of the twenty-fifth century, which turns out to be an abstract version of "1984." The compulsorily drugged characters are shaven-headed, wear white, and are photographed against white; the effect is both gloomy and blinding. Maggie McOmie and anxious-eyed Robert Duvall are the lovers; Donald Pleasence is the nasty, as usual. Some talent but too much "art." Movie addicts may enjoy ticking off the homages or steals—Cocteau's "Orpheus," Dreyer's "The Passion of Joan of Arc," and so on. With Ian Wolfe, Marshall Efron, and Irene Forrest. Screenplay by Lucas and Walter Murch, from Lucas's story; cinematography by Dave Meyers and Albert Kihn; music by Lalo Schifrin. The executive producer was Francis Ford Coppola. (Cinema Village; Nov. 6-7.)



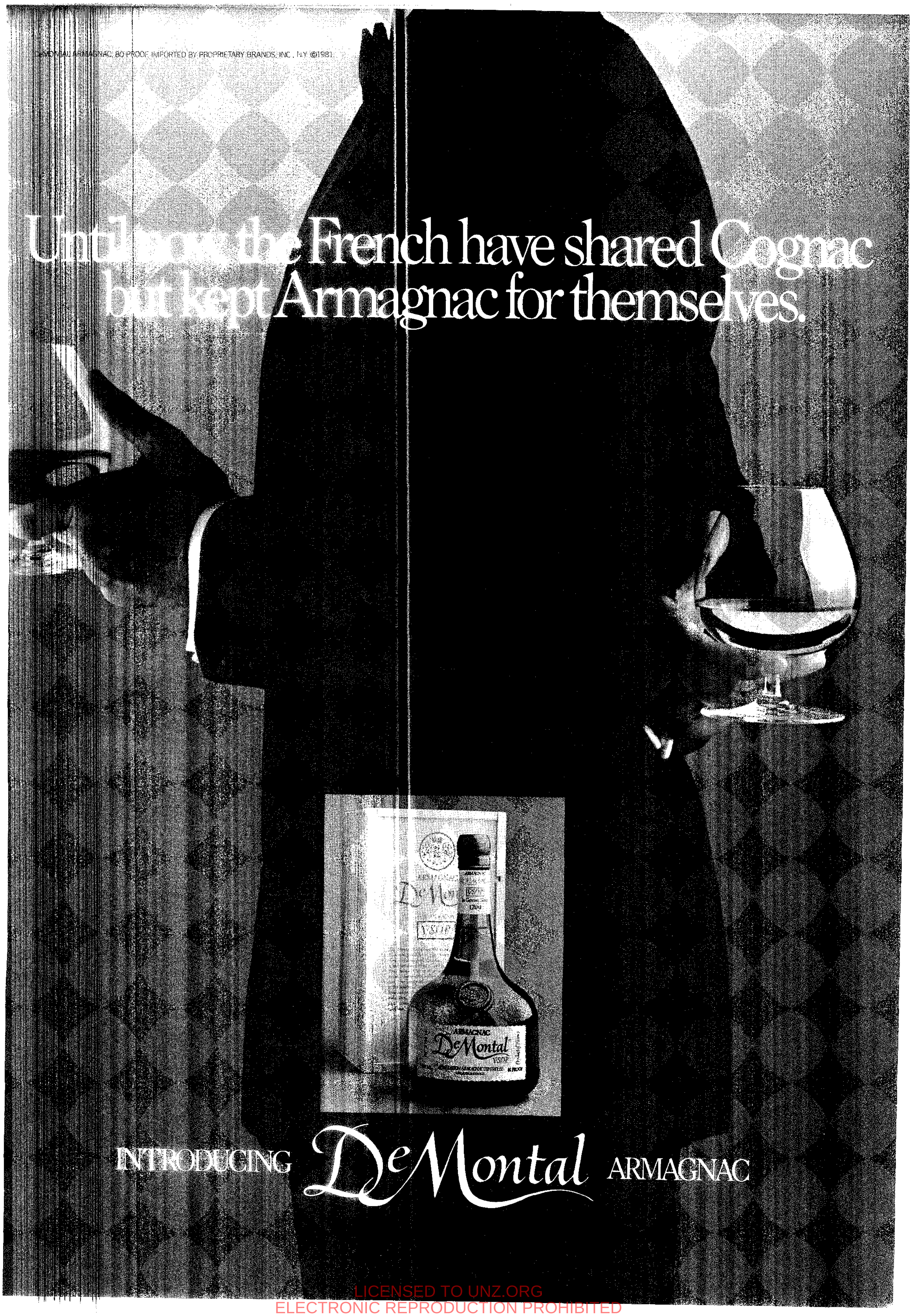
Tom Jones (1963)—Tony Richardson whizzes through the Fielding novel, but he pauses long enough for a marvellous lewd eating scene. With Albert Finney, Hugh Griffith, Edith Evans, the late, great George Devine, and many others. Shapely and eloquent script by John Osborne. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; Nov. 1-3.)

True Confessions—The idea is to take the lovable Irish brothers of thirties movies—the cop and the priest—and turn them inside out. Robert Duvall plays an L.A. police detective who finds evidence linking his brother (Robert De Niro), a monsignor who is chancellor of the Los Angeles archdiocese, to corrupt business deals and, indirectly, to the murder of a hooker. Repelled by the hypocrisy, the detective brings his brother down. But the movie is in a stupor; everything is internalized. Duvall is locked in, and De Niro is in his chameleon trance—he seems flaccid, preoccupied. The director, Ulu Grosbard, dulls out the material, and the writers—John Gregory Dunne, who wrote the 1977 novel that the film is based on, and his wife, Joan Didion, who collaborated with him on the script—carry their hardboiled detective fiction to a virtually abstract level. You have to put up a struggle to get anything out of this picture. What we need to know—what the movie is supposed to be about—is what the brothers are mulling over on their silent, troubled walks alone and together (and still alone). With Kenneth McMillan, who gives the only performance with any juice in it, and Charles Durning, Ed Flanders, Burgess Meredith, Cyril Cusack, Rose Gregorio, Jeanette Nolan, and Louisa Moritz. (10/26/81) (34th St. East, Sutton, and R.K.O. Cinerama. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; starting Oct. 30.)

Two-Lane Blacktop (1971)—Failed attempt at an "Easy Rider" on four wheels. The most fully characterized figure in the cast is a souped-up Chevy that endearingly seems to be made out of a lot of kitchen utensils. Mindless stuff. (Thalia; Nov. 4.)

Used Cars (1980)—A classic screwball fantasy—a neglected modern comedy that's like a more restless and visually higher-spirited version of the W. C. Fields pictures. (The Fields title "Never Give a Sucker an Even Break" sums up the theme.) The director, Robert Zemeckis, and his co-writer and producer, Bob Gale, have developed a home-grown surrealism out of earlier American slapstick routines. Set in the world of competing used-car dealers in the booming Southwest, this picture has a wonderful, energetic heartlessness; it's an American tall-tale movie in a Pop Art form. The premise is that honesty doesn't exist; if you develop a liking for some of the characters, it's not because of their freedom from avarice but because of their style of avarice. Kurt Russell is the hero: a fast-talking supersalesman who's so rambunctiously, ingeniously crooked that he's a standout—a star in the world of the mendacious. With Jack Warden as twin brothers who run rival lots across the street from each other, and Gerrit Graham, Frank McRae, Deborah Harmon, Al Lewis, Alfonso Arau, Harry Northup, and David L. Lander and Michael McKean as the electronics wizards who devise a way to cut into a Presidential address with used-car commercials. Cinematography by Donald M. Morgan; editing by Michael Kahn. (11/10/80) (Cinema Village; Nov. 4-5.)

The Wrong Box (1966)—Farce about a murderous competition for money, with Ralph Richardson and John Mills as heads of the competing branches of a family whose other members include Michael Caine, Peter Cook, and Dudley Moore. Peter Sellers plays a doctor, Wilfrid Lawson a butler. Directed by Bryan Forbes. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 2.)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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A FRIEND who lives in the country writes:

One morning early last spring, I stepped outdoors to look at the day and heard, from somewhere far up the road from my place, from somewhere in the woods that cover several hundred acres up that way, the awful snarl and whine of a chain saw. A poacher after firewood, I thought. Or hoped. I heard it again the next day. And the next and the next. There was then a day of reassuring silence. But then, the day after that, I heard a new and even more ominous sound. It was the roar—rising and falling, then briefly pausing, then thundering up again—of a bulldozer. It roared from early morning until almost dusk through the rest of the week, and on Sunday I decided to investigate. I expected the worst, and I found it—a clear-cut, graded swath of road. Or, rather, street. It was fifty feet wide and maybe a quarter of a mile in length, and, with all the brutal economy of a bottom-line developer, it ran as straight as a city block.

That, as I say, was early last spring. The leaves came out and summer came on and the acoustics of the countryside changed, and, whatever was happening in that heartless subdivision up the road, I couldn't hear it. Then—out of hearing, out of mind—I more or less forgot it. Until a couple of days ago. I began to wonder what the summer, the building season, had wrought. So I drove back up the road to see. I almost missed it. The opening gouge was still there, but the entrance had lost its metropolitan look. It was gullied now and overgrown with weeds, and the road, the street, the almost avenue, of last spring had vanished under a ferny green carpet of three-foot honey-locust saplings. For whatever reason or reasons—high interest rates or tight mortgage money or simply the thick-skinned ugliness of its conception—the development had failed to develop. But it wasn't failure that made me stop the car and get out and rejoice. I rejoiced at the sight of success, of a triumph of the highest order. I stood there and looked at the wonderfully transformed street. It *was* transformed, completely transformed from anything it had ever been before, and its transformation *was* a wonder. For the woods that surrounded and bordered it were entirely oak and beech. The nearest locust trees were a grove at least a mile away, on the other side of my place. But that didn't matter. This was where the opportunity was. A niche had appeared—the right kind of niche—among the lordly oaks and beeches, and somehow, in some extraordinary way, the leathery little locust seeds were there in the essential tens of thousands to weave the healing carpet. It was one of the dazzling everyday wonders of nature.

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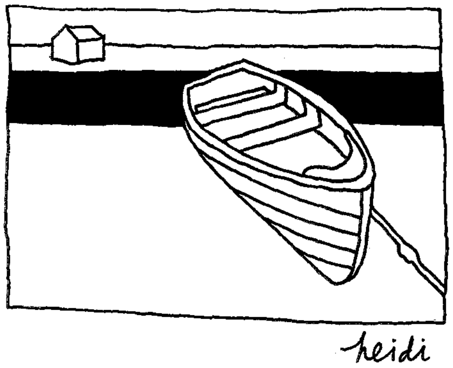
Market Basket

AND we've received the following letter from a young woman we know:



There's a new natural-foods supermarket in my neighborhood, in a shopping center near a health club. I had had no idea you could fill up a shopping cart with health food, so I got really carried away and bought a lot of things I'd never heard of before. A man in the vitamin aisle (a whole aisle for vitamins) was checking shoppers for vitamin deficiency. He asked me to raise my arm a few times while he touched some pressure points. He told me I needed Vitamin E, but I decided to get instead an all-purpose vitamin-and-mineral supplement for joggers. Here's what else I bought:

A hundred 480-mg. capsules of devil's claw (*Harpagophytum procumbens*), eight ounces of bee pollen, a pound of fructose (only fifteen calories a teaspoon), a loofah back scrubber, a box of Celestial Seasonings European red-clover tops (*Trifolium pratense*), a half ounce of Kansas snakeroot (store brand), the seven-ounce economy size of Tom's Natural Cinnamint Toothpaste, a bottle of Honey Pure wild-black-cherry soda, a six-pack of Corr's Ginseng Rush ("an Herbal Beverage Popular since 1906"), a box of stoned-wheat crackers, a package of corn tortilla strips (made with twelve vegetables and herbs), a package of tamari/tofu tortilla chips, a bag of natural potato chips made with unpeeled potatoes, a pound of sesame party mix, a package of natural fried carrots, two pounds of nitrogen-packed popcorn, a seven-ounce box of Panda licorice (all natural), 2.75 ounces of kombu (a food made from seaweed), a nineteen-ounce can of meatless Turkettes, a large box of Familia (Swiss Birchermuesli—"100% natural, no artificial anything"), a box of Orangeola, a package of Goldrush Instant Old-Fashioned Sourdough Corn Bread Mix, a pound of unprocessed fine bran, six vanilla-honey-ice-cream sandwiches, a box of frozen Michel's Famous Crêpes *au fromage* (all-natural whole wheat), some frozen stuffed soybean cakes, a frozen pizza with a whole-wheat crust, five mud-brown natural hot dogs (no nitrates, no nitrites), a pound of tofu, a carton of carob-flavored goat milk, a can of freeze-dried yogurt, some Jolly Joan egg replacer, some whole-wheat hot-dog buns, and a pound of Mother's Marvelous Muncheese (Real Aged Cheddar, Bleu, and Romano Cheese Dog Biscuits).

When I got home, I cooked up some natural hot dogs and threw the dog a Mother's Marvelous Muncheese biscuit or two, and then I settled back with my six-pack of Corr's and my unpeeled potato chips to watch the World Series. What a day!

Two Collectors

THE quintessential art collector has highly selective taste, informed prejudices concerning his chosen subject, persistence and cunning in the chase, and an acute emotional response to the paintings and drawings that arouse his interest. We arrived at this conclusion after meeting two celebrated collectors: Baron H. H. Thyssen-Bornemisza, a Hungarian-Swiss industrialist, who was in town for an exhibit of his Old Master paintings at the Metropolitan Museum, and Mr. George Costakis, a Greek former resident of Moscow, who was here to launch his collection of Russian avant-garde art at the Guggenheim. The Thyssen show—a selection of fifty-nine Italian, German, Flemish, Dutch, French, and Spanish masterworks—begins with the Sienese trecento (Duccio's "Christ and the Woman of Samaria") and ends five hundred years later with Goya's "El Tío Paquete." In between is a wondrous array of paintings by Giovanni Bellini, Carpaccio, Titian, Tintoretto, Canaletto, Memling, van Eyck, Rubens, Rembrandt, Cranach, Steen, Watteau, Boucher, Fragonard, Murillo, and El Greco and a number of lesser-known artists. We toured the exhibit, pausing to admire a sensitive praying man by Memling, an austere "Annunciation" by van Eyck, a pensive knight in armor by Carpaccio, a sloe-eyed Renaissance seductress by Baldung, a Rembrandt portrait of a bearded man, and a jolly self-portrait by Steen, showing the artist playing a lute. Then we shook hands with the Baron, a tall, aristocratic man of sixty who has wavy brown hair, hazel eyes, horn-rimmed glasses, and an air of unshakable sang-froid, and asked how his collection had been formed.

"It began with three hundred Old Masters that had been bought by my father," he said. "But after his death, in 1947, these paintings had to be divided among his four children. So I sold a number of the paintings from my share—a Memling and an Altdorfer in the National Gallery in London are mine—and used the money to buy pictures such as the Titian 'Doge' and the Gossaert 'Adam and Eve' from my sisters. Another painting—the Petrus Christus 'Our Lady of the Barren Tree'—I got from my aunt in a curious way." The Baron led us over to an exquisite fifteenth-century madonna in a red cape, and explained that it had originally been promised to him as a legacy. "Then my aunt, who lived near Regensburg, changed her mind and gave the painting to Konrad Adenauer when he visited her one afternoon. Now, if I had inherited the picture I couldn't have taken it out of Germany, because it was a national treasure. But Adenauer didn't bother about such things, and in 1964 he sent the Christus to Switzerland to be sold privately. His conditions were that the Thyssen family shouldn't know about it, that the picture should be kept in a vault for a year, and that the buyer should be American. Of course, I did hear about it. I bought the picture and, after keeping it for a year, put it in my gallery at Lugano. When Adenauer came to see it, he asked how much I'd paid for it, because he thought he'd been cheated by the middleman."

We asked the Baron if his taste had changed over the years, and he replied that he'd started buying mainly Dutch pictures, to fill a major gap in his collection ("One of my sisters married a Dutchman and she chose most of the Dutch pictures, including the four Rembrandts"), but had switched to Italian paintings because he liked them better. More recently, he has bought German Expressionists, French Impressionists, Cubists, American Abstract Expressionists ("I have a couple of Pollocks"), and British figurative art. The Old Masters hang in a special gallery next to the Thyssen villa outside Lugano, but the modern paintings are scattered around his company's European and American offices. "Some of my executives like art and study it," said the Baron, "but there are others who just say they want a green painting or a restful landscape."

"What paintings do you live with?" we asked.

The Baron pointed to two large Venetian scenes by Canaletto ("These are very early, painted when he was still doing scenery for the theatre"), a sumptuous Caravaggio portrait of St. Catherine, and two delicate Guardi scenes of a Turkish seraglio, and told us that they hung in his English country home.

"What would you like to buy that you haven't got?" we inquired.

"I'm weak in Rembrandts," the Baron said, "so I'd like to find a really good one. There are a few left in private hands—mostly in England. I recently bought a Saenredam—a very rare seventeenth-century Dutch artist who painted churches in a curious surrealistic style—and also a big round Beccafumi and an Ugolino Lorenzetti. I think that the Italians are more or less complete—several of the best paintings were too fragile to travel, though. In Lugano, I have a small Raphael, and a very lovely Ghirlandajo portrait of Giovanna Tornabuoni, which is perhaps my favorite in the entire collection. The one thing that's missing is a Perugino, but you can't have everything."

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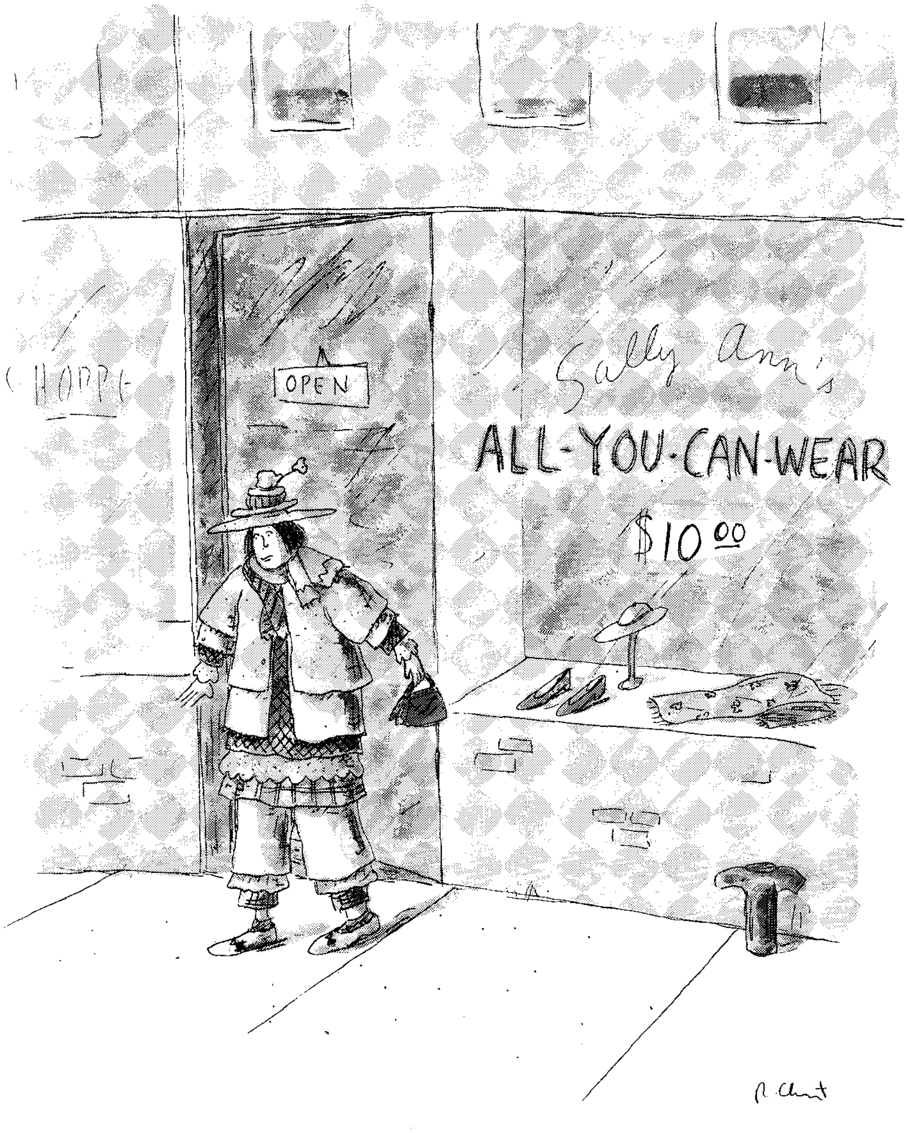
SEVEN blocks to the north, at the Guggenheim, we found Mr. George Costakis, a short, ebullient Greek of sixty-nine, who was presiding over the opening of Art of the Avant-Garde in Russia, an extraordinary group of two hundred and sixty-eight twentieth-century paintings, drawings, and constructions that were produced before, during, and after the Russian Revolution. The collection, which was assembled in Moscow during thirty years that Mr. Costakis worked there as an administrative assistant in the Canadian Embassy, has proved to be something of an embarrassment to the Soviet Union, because it demonstrates that such Russian innovations as Constructivism and Suprematism, which Stalin banned in 1934 in favor of Socialist Realism, have been received in the West as major contributions to art. We walked through the exhibit, admiring a bold Cubo-Futurist "Landscape," by L. S. Popova; two mystical "Painterly-Musical Constructions," by the painter-violinist-philosopher Mikhail Matiushin; a notable group of abstract oils, watercolors, and paper collages by the Ender family (our catalogue described them as two brothers and two sisters who collaborated with Matiushin on research into color theory); a misty red circle ("Red Light, Spherical Composition"), by I. V. Kliun; a stunning vertical-green-stripe-on-a-white-background, painted in 1917 by O. V. Rozanova, a gifted artist who died young from diphtheria; a small, spooky black canvas with multicolored dots, by A. M. Rodchenko; and a group of intricate spidery designs for loudspeakers, which were drawn by G. G. Klucis for the Fourth Comintern Congress.

We asked Mr. Costakis what had aroused his interest in Russian avant-garde art.

"Thirty-five years ago, a friend showed me an abstract painting by Rozanova," he said, "and I was so struck by it that I sold a collection of antiques and Dutch pictures that I'd assembled, and began to look for artists working from about 1900 to about 1930. I knew about Malevich and Kandinsky, of course, but as I searched out survivors from that period, such as Rodchenko and his wife, Stepanova, I began to realize that there were perhaps three hundred people doing unusual and interesting work in the early days of the Revolution and about sixty who belonged to the real avant-garde. The Russian art historians of the fifties had put painters such as Popova, Kliun, Rodchenko, and Rozanova, who are coming to be well known now, into minor positions, and everybody had decided that they weren't interesting. I looked with other eyes, because I'm not trained in art history, and I decided that Popova was a very great artist whose Cubist and Constructivist work was very typical of the period she worked in. Kliun, Rodchenko, and Rozanova were even more remarkable, because they leaped over the heads of several generations to produce abstract pictures that are closer in spirit to the work of the nineteen-sixties and seventies. Then I began to search for the paintings of these people, and I found that some of the artists, like Rodchenko, were still alive and were willing to sell me things that had been stored away for years. In other cases, the artists were dead but their families had kept their work and were delighted to find someone who valued it. And then, as I became known as a collector, things happened. For eighteen years, I had a photograph of the Rozanova painting that is in this show. It was so special—so completely ahead of its time—that I dreamed about it, but I couldn't find it. Then, one evening, a friend arrived with a parcel and said, 'Here's another piece of junk for your collection.' It was the Rozanova—one of the few masterpieces of hers that have survived." Mr. Costakis added that on another occasion he was called to a hotel room and shown a thousand sketches and paintings done by the Ender family. "I bought the entire collection on the spot," he said. "But later about eight hundred items from it were stolen from my apartment. People are beginning to realize how valuable these things are, and that was one of the reasons I decided to leave Russia." In 1977, Mr. Costakis was permitted to emigrate to Greece with his family (his wife and children were Russian citizens) and take one-fifth of his collection. The rest of it—several thousand paintings and sketches—was donated to the Tretiakov Gallery, in Moscow, where it is now stored in a basement. "I think that maybe my pictures will be shown in public in a year or two," Mr. Costakis said, with a broad smile, "because the climate for abstract art in Russia has suddenly become more comfortable. When Brezhnev visited the Moscow-Paris exhibit this summer and wrote some warm words in the guestbook, everybody relaxed a bit. The young Russian artists who began painting in the seventies are selling their pictures to diplomats, and the Russian intelligentsia are buying up Revolutionary art wherever they find it. About fifteen years ago, Chudnovsky, a famous collector from Leningrad, came to see my collection after it had been discovered by the



West. He looked around, was astonished, and immediately wrote down all the names. Then he started looking for paintings all over Russia—behind the wardrobes, in the closets, under the sofas. But in fifteen years he found only three important Maleviches, two Kandinskys, and two Popovas. Russia is like the Klondike. You have to dig and you have to be persistent. These artists worked during a very unstable period, when people were robbed, people were sent to prison, and when there were lots of fires. I wouldn't be surprised if somebody turned up thirty Rozanova sketches or one of the lost Rodchenko constructions tomorrow."

Shadow

Jim Morgan, architect, teacher, live-wire member of Community Board Five (territorial concern: most of the area from Fourteenth Street to Fifty-ninth Street, from the west side of Lexington to the east side of Eighth), and one of the key leaders in the successful two-year battle to save the Villard Houses, called us up the other day and said, "A shadow is going to be cast over your neighborhood, there on West Forty-third Street, and I'm trying to stop it."

"How so?" we asked.

"The foundation has already been dug for a twenty-seven-story tower to be built by the Republic National Bank on Fifth Avenue just below Fortieth Street, and it's going to hang over the ten-story Knox Building, a landmark building, on the southwest corner of Fifth and Fortieth. And from October to March the tower will cast a long shadow across the steps of the New York Public Library from noon until 2 P.M., just when we need the sunlight. Shadows go a long way in the winter. Tall shadows go a very long way. This is a *tall* shadow. A lot of places needing sun are going to be hit. Not just you. We took it up at the Community Board, which is supposed to worry about land use, new budgets, sanitation, the homeless—everything that affects people. I argued that all those neighborhood workers who eat and relax at lunchtime on the library steps will be out in the cold, literally. I lost at the Board by a vote of nineteen to eleven, with four abstaining. But I'm not giving up. Plans for the new building—even though the Community Board approved them—go next to the City Planning Commission for approval, before they can go to the Board of Estimate. I'm taking the fight to the City Planning Commission. Are you with me?"

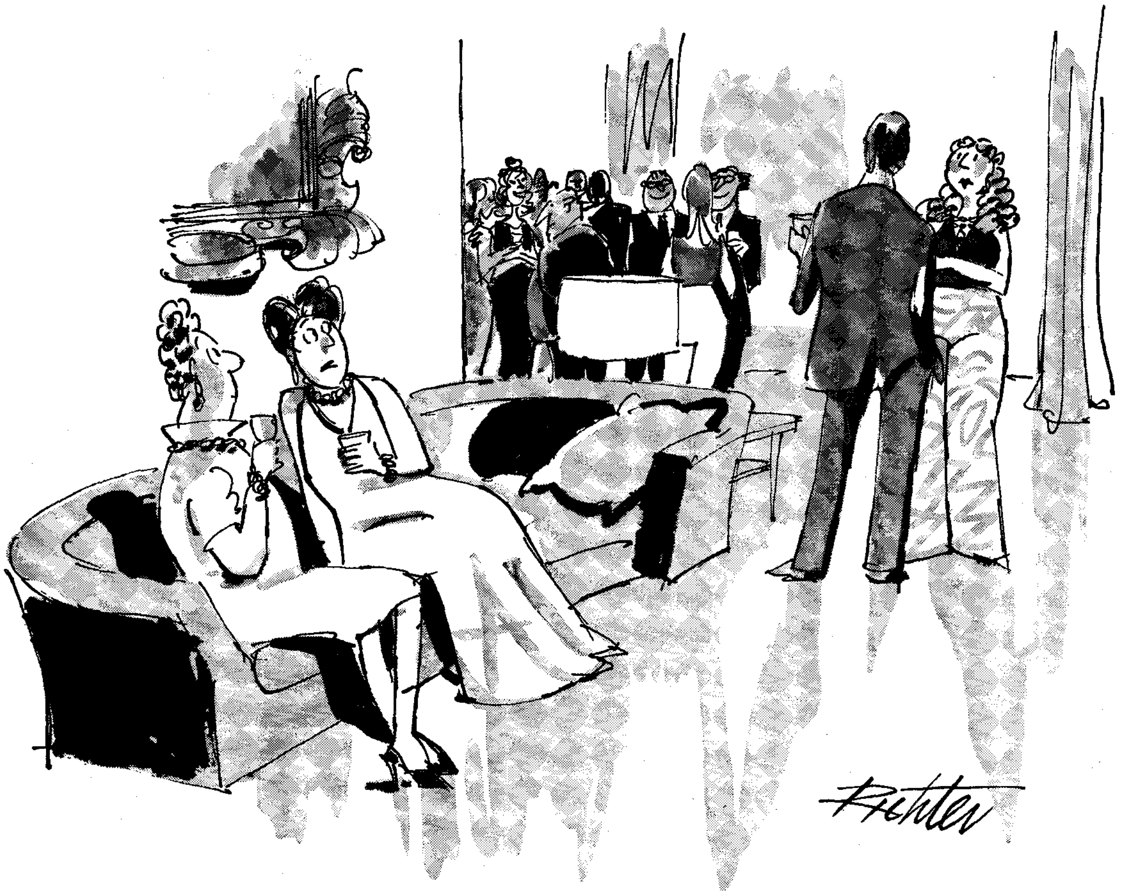
"With you," we said.

"Meet me at City Hall. Tomorrow, 10 A.M.," Morgan said. "The C.P.C. meets in the Board of Estimate Chambers. Second floor. At the top of the marble stairs."

He was waiting for us, a tall, spare, lanky, fiftyish man with wiry dark-gray hair worn in a long ponytail and held in place at his nape by a tortoiseshell barrette. He had on a gray-and-white pin-striped suit, a blue oxford shirt with button-down collar, a red-white-and-blue geometrically patterned tie, and well-shined leather boots. He had the printed C.P.C. calendar for the day in his hand.

"We're Item No. 51. O.K., let's go," Morgan said urgently, and he guided us into the chambers, with their royal-blue carpet embossed with reproductions of the New York City seal; their rows of white benches, occupied at the moment by a score or so of citizens; their white marble busts of John Jay and John Marshall facing each other from wall recesses flanking the benches; and their large oil paintings of bygone civil and military administrators of the city and the state. "I'm the only one here who registered to speak about the building at *all*," Morgan said, leading us to a seat on a bench near a small rostrum up front. He sat down next to us and looked around. "Nobody, pro or con," he said, and he gave a long, heartfelt sigh. "But I'm not keeping quiet. I'm not planning to yell or scream at them, or anything like that, but I want them to *listen* to me."

In front of us, five members of the C.P.C. sat facing the benches at tables arranged in a semicircle, all wearing dark suits, all slouching in the worst posture we have ever seen, all gazing vaguely in the direction of a big oil



"I really don't know how to talk to him. He says he's on strike, but Reagan says there is no strike."

portrait of Washington Hunt (New York State's governor from 1850 to 1852) hanging on the wall behind the benches: chairman, Herbert Sturz; vice-chairman, Martin Gallent; and Max Bond, Howard Hornstein, and Theodore E. Teah. The C.P.C. secretary, Gail Buxbaum, in a raspberry knit skirt and a top to match, sat at one end, taking notes and calling on speakers who had registered to make themselves heard on various items preceding No. 51. For the most part, the speakers were builders, accompanied by their lawyers. They stated what they wanted to build. Nobody questioned them. Gail Buxbaum quickly polled the commissioners, then announced that the hearing on each item was closed. It went fast.

Chairman Sturz kept putting on and taking off dark-rimmed eyeglasses. He leafed through papers. He rubbed his eyes.

"The C.P.C. is an arm of the mayor," Morgan whispered to us. "All these members are appointed by the mayor. They're so very midtown-development-*oriented*. They seem determined to turn midtown into a sunless forest of towers. My interest is: How do you build a community that is good for *people*? Walk up Madison Avenue from Fiftieth Street, and it's a *nightmare*. Those huge buildings pressing in on you and obscuring the sky. Nothing but shadows, shadows, shadows. Some people say, 'There are so many shadows already, what difference does another one make?' I say, 'Not one more!' "

"No. 51," Gail Buxbaum called out.

"Anyone wishing to speak?" Chairman Sturz asked.

"Yes," Morgan said, getting to his feet and moving over to the rostrum, which faced the commissioners.

"As designed, the twenty-seven-story Republic Bank tower not only visually overwhelms the landmarked Knox Building—Son of Helmsley Palace, or the Palace Stalks Again," Morgan began, and then he paused, hopefully, looking from one to another of the commissioners. Nobody laughed or smiled. Morgan cleared his throat and continued. "But from October to March each winter, and for the rest of our lives, at least, casts a shadow across the Public Library steps and plaza from noon to 2 P.M. on sunny winter days. As an architect aware of solar potential, I have noticed that there are many sunny days during those six months—probably as many as fifty or seventy workdays each year. The library plaza is where the neighborhood workers gather at lunchtime to eat and relax. Someone must protest the quiet, perhaps unwitting subtraction of this amenity before the Board of Estimate acts."

Morgan paused again. Mr. Sturz seemed to be staring at the bust of John Jay. Mr. Gallent looked drowsy but kept his head pointed at Morgan. Mr. Bond gave a small smile that seemed to be directed impartially at all the citizens on the benches.

"The question is: Must the Republic tower be built this way?" Morgan asked in a matter-of-fact tone, with no belligerence or challenge in his manner. "The twenty-seven-story building could be reduced to something much less than twice the height of the ten-story Knox Building. Why not do it that way, then?" Again, Morgan looked from commissioner to commissioner. They looked back blankly. Morgan went on. "With encouragement from the appropriate New York City agencies and from his client, I am certain that the present architect will do an excellent job of redesigning the Republic Bank expansion space. As for the time lost by the bank, its value must be weighed against the importance of preserving for future generations of New Yorkers the opportunity to enjoy the library plaza flooded with winter sunlight. Thank you."

"On closing the hearing," Gail Buxbaum said immediately.

"Wait," Morgan said. "Do any of you have any questions?"

"Yes," Commissioner Gallent said. "Have you presented your proposal to the Republic Bank?"

"They are aware of my concern," Morgan said.

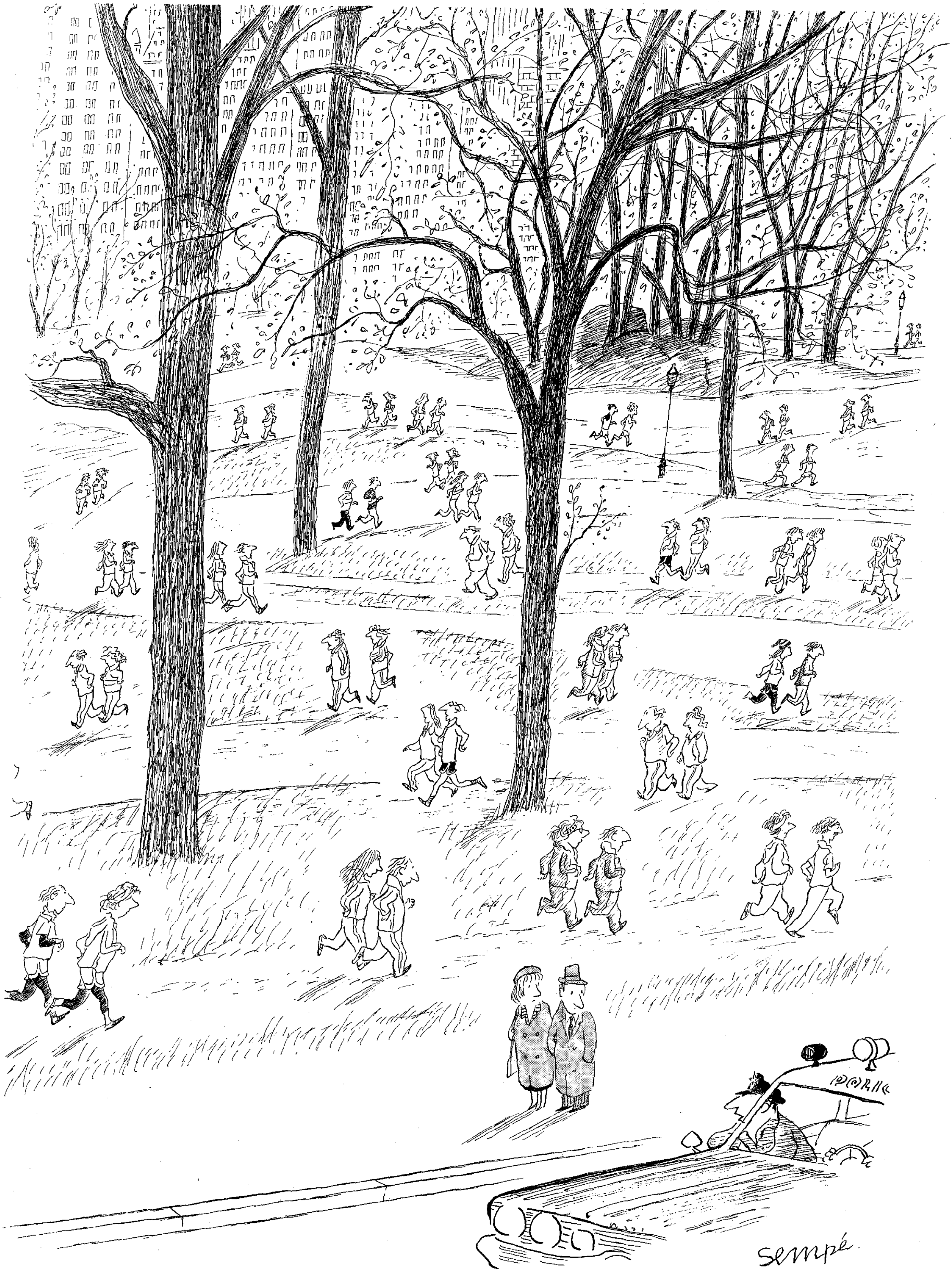
The C.P.C. members looked solemn and shook their heads in affirmative unison.

"Any other questions?" Morgan asked, very hopefully.

"The hearing is closed," Gail Buxbaum said.

"You call that a *fight*?" we asked, accompanying Morgan outside.

"Of course," Morgan said. "It's what passes for a fight these days. I think they listened."


POLICE
sempé

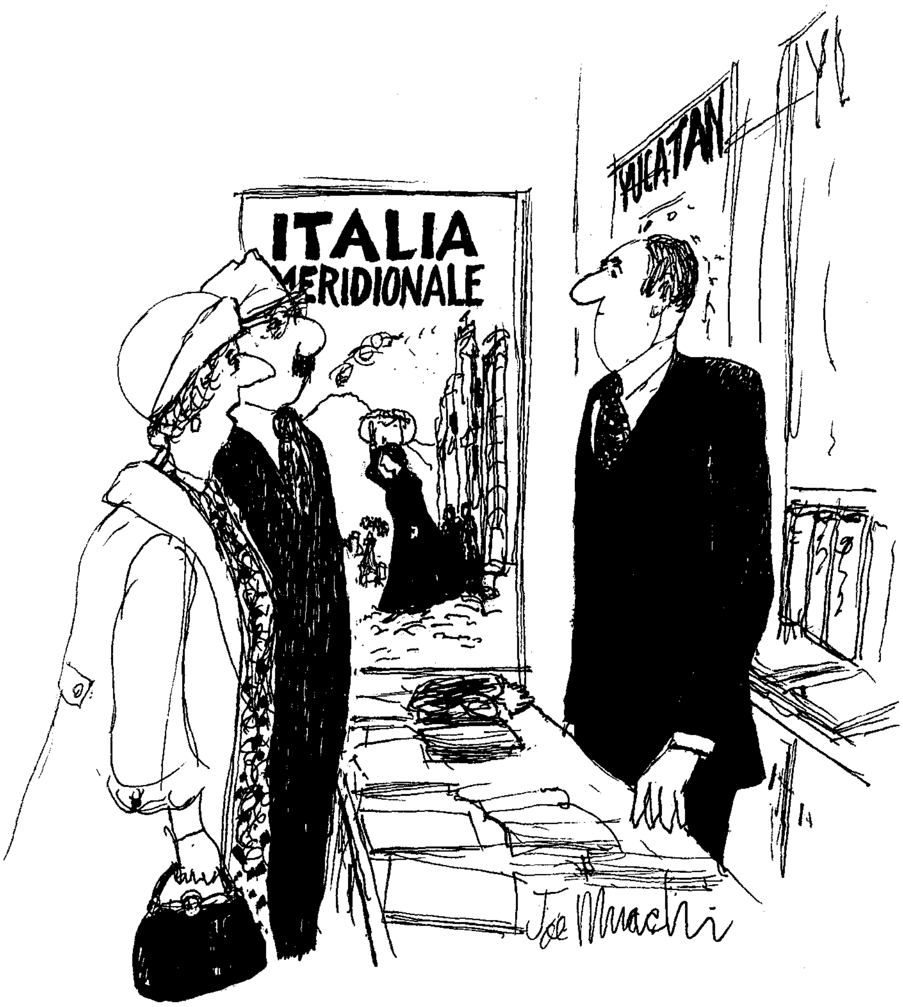
"Anything wrong?"

WHAT THE DOG DID

BY IAN FRAZIER

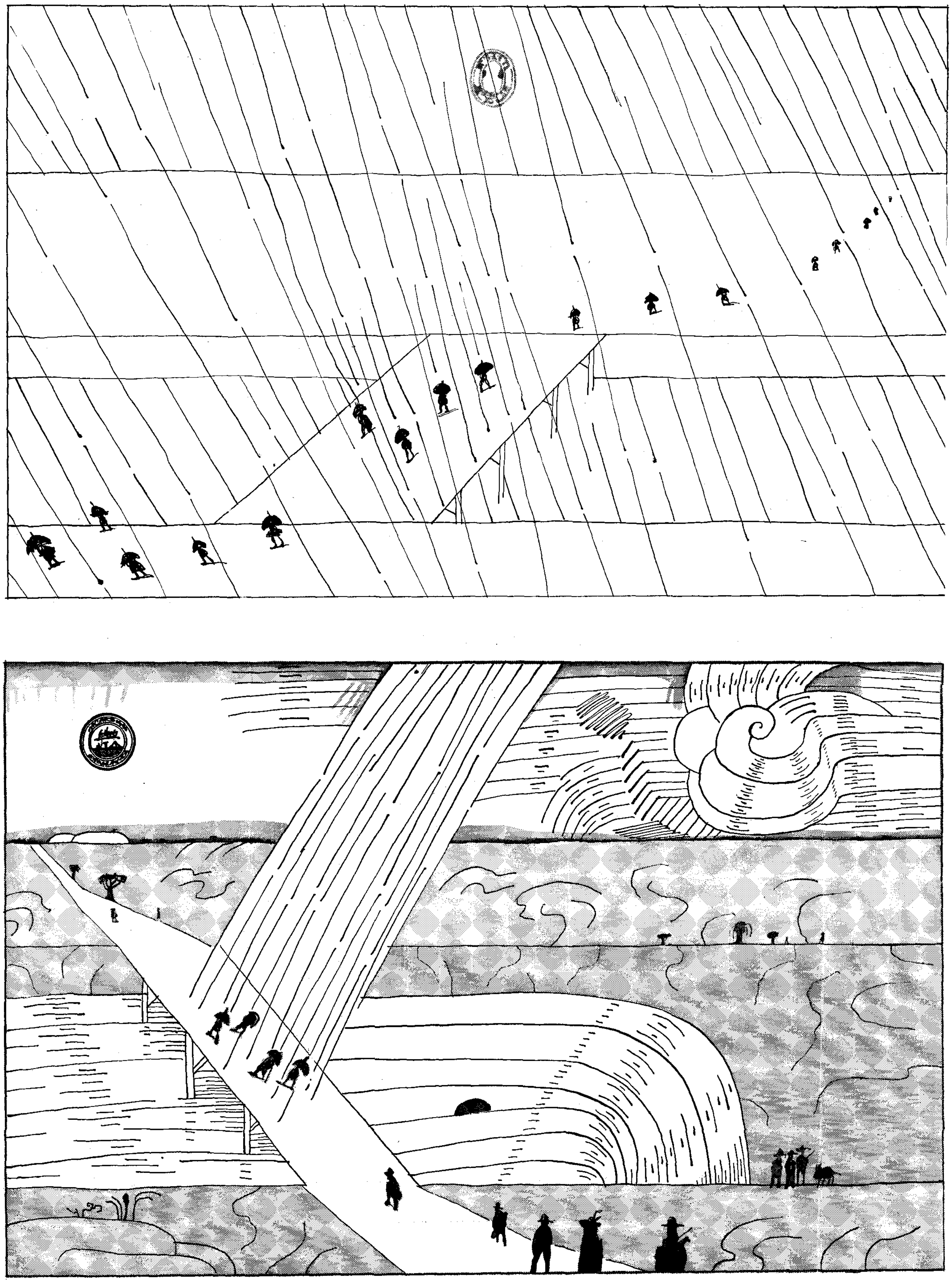
I CAME home the other day and my Saint Bernard, Tiffany, had a really guilty expression on her face, with her ears all hanging down. I got a hunch. I went into the living room, and there were all the cushions on the floor, and dog hairs all over the davenport. She knows she's not supposed to be up there. I said, "Come here, you!" and I whacked her with a rolled-up newspaper. She knew she had it coming. She went out in the mud room and lay down with her head right on the floor while I cleaned up the mess she'd made. Finally, I figured she'd had enough, so I said, "Come on, girl, you're a good dog now." I went to give her a Liv-a-Snap, and the next thing I knew she wagged her tail so hard she knocked a full ashtray right off the kitchen table!

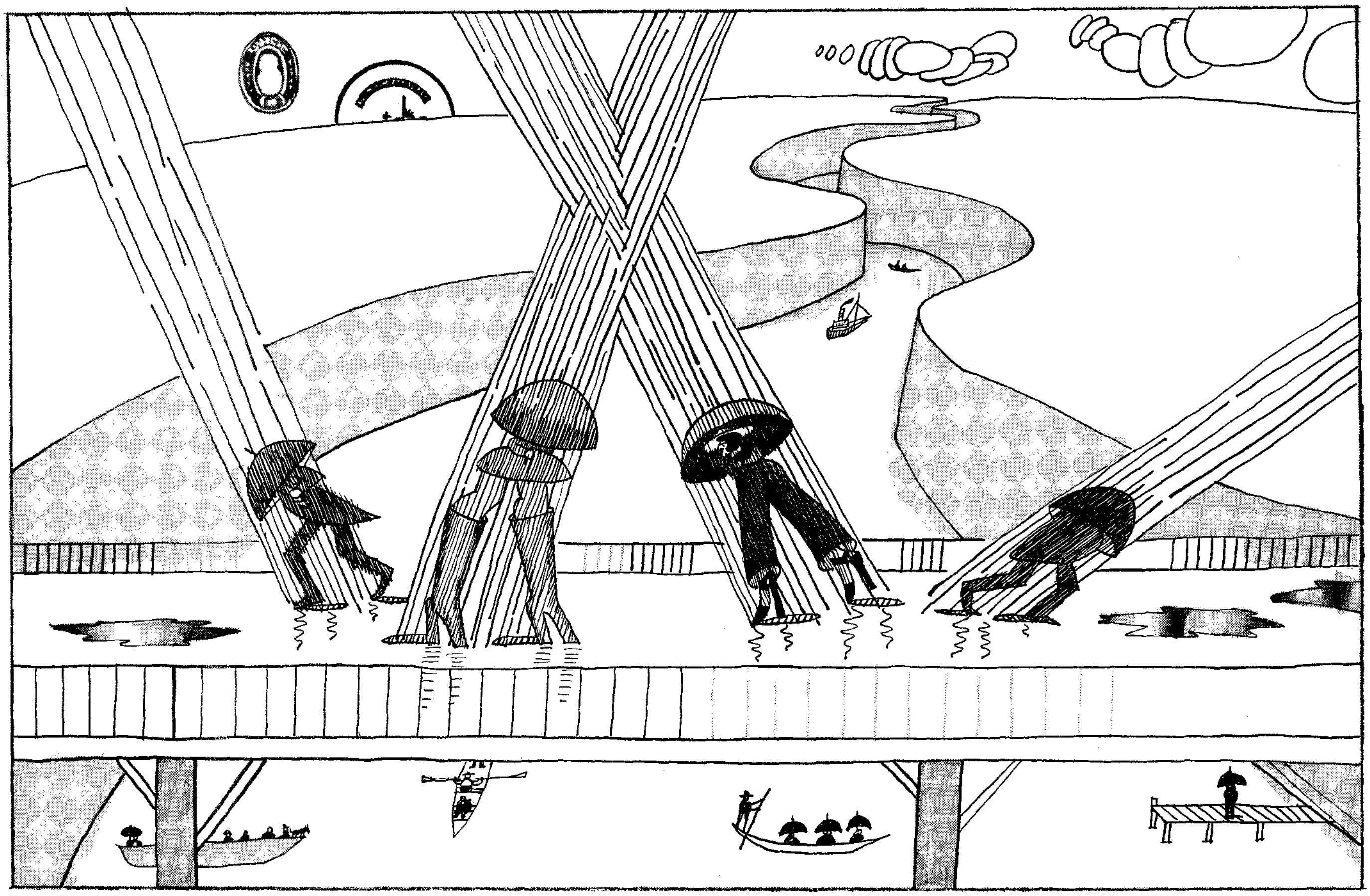
A NOTE ON THE AUTHOR: *Ian Frazier is a writer who soaks up experience like a sponge. He experiences life as vividly and adjectivally as he writes about it. His appetite for life is as large as the man himself, or even somewhat larger, since Ian Frazier is of average size and his appetite for life is way above average. He has been embracing all of experience since he was eleven years old, when he began riding his bike to school and so escaped the crushing, stultifying influence of his parents. He spent his pre-teen years travelling, hunting, and fishing as a protégé of novelist Ernest Hemingway, whom he later broke with when he noticed that the older writer continually addressed him as "Daughter." Now in his mid-thirties, a mature writer who has triumphantly found his own voice, he remains (paradoxically) very much a child in many ways. He has that type of courage which one finds so rarely in an adult in our society, and that is the courage to play. It's been said that the eminent student of he human mind Carl Jung abandoned his career and his responsibilities in his sixties and spent a year building sand castles on the beach; that would be as nothing to Ian Frazier. He is just constantly playing. Sometimes he'll give oranges to people on the subway. Sometimes he'll pull a chair out from under a friend when that friend is about to sit down. Sometimes he'll send people unnecessary packages Air Express, making sure that the package will arrive at an inconvenient time. He is blessed with a fractured vision, and a conviction that the world is mad. In spite of that (or perhaps because of that), he doesn't judge another fellow until he has walked around for a while in that fellow's shoes. And not just guys' shoes—sometimes he walks around in ladies' shoes, too: ankle-straps, Mary Janes, high heels, flats, and sling-backs. And all the people coming around his apartment trying to get their shoes back, and the confusion, the arguments—unpleasant, perhaps, but all part of a writer's life. Any experience that happens, it doesn't just have to be a good experience, and—BAM—Ian Frazier will convert it to writing of some kind. Say he's flying from New York to Miami and his plane has a layover at a Southern airport like Atlanta. Within a matter of minutes, he'll be writing a postcard, the scent of heliotrope and verbena and honeysuckle pervading his prose, and he will be infused with a tremendous sense of place. Or, to give another example, say he's sitting around at a party and someone puts an old song on the record-player and the song reminds him of eighth grade. Suddenly it will be as if he actually is in eighth grade for a while in his mind. Then maybe he'll notice a Fedders air-conditioner in the window next to where he's sitting and he'll be reminded of a Fedders air-conditioner he owned in 1975 that broke down once in the hottest part of the summer. Then something else will bring another memory to mind and off he'll go again. He'll be in the same room with you and yet not there, all at the same time. His writing shows evidence of the strong influence of Sardou, Mazo de la Roche, and Juanita Bartlett. Some critics have called him the white Paul Laurence Dunbar. He lives in Paris, France, with eight mistresses, one of whom is a former Miss Universe runner-up. Everyone he has ever met is completely crazy about him.*

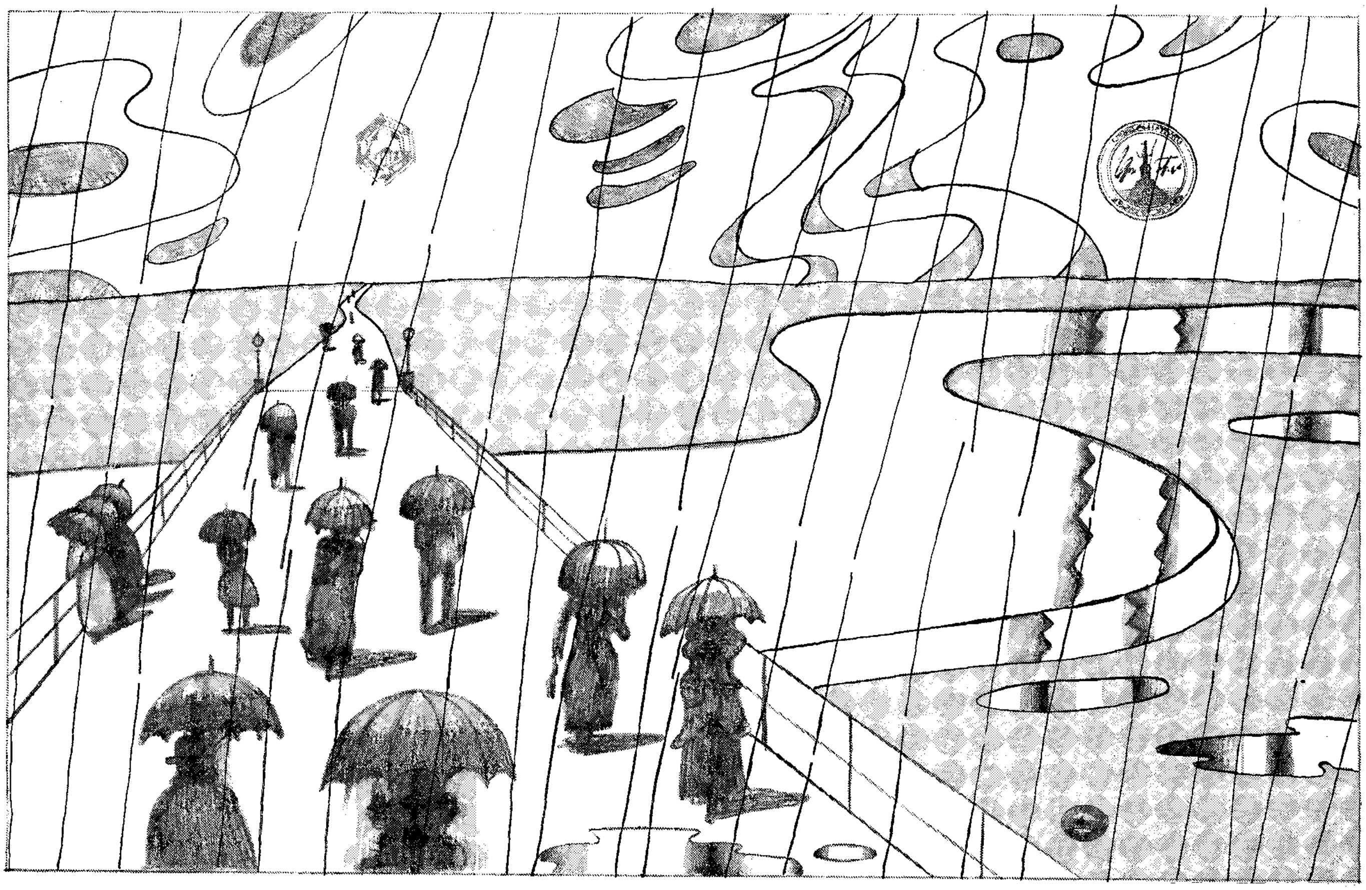


"We want a no-cobblestone itinerary."

RAIN ON HIROSHIGE BRIDGE







STEINBERG

PROJECT GENESIS

(FROM THE MEMOIRS OF IJON TICHY, SPACE TRAVELLER)

THE expedition I want to write about now was, in its consequences and scale, the greatest of my life. I am well aware that no one will believe me. But, paradoxical as it may seem, the reader's disbelief will facilitate my task. Because I cannot claim that I achieved what I intended to achieve. To tell the truth, the whole thing turned out rather badly. The fact that it was not really I who bungled but certain envious and ignorant people who thwarted my plans does not ease my conscience at all.

So, then, the goal of this expedition was the creation of the Universe. Not some new, separate universe, one that never before existed. No. I mean this Universe we live in. On the face of it, an absurd, an insane statement, for how can one create what exists already and what is as ancient and irreversible as the Universe? Could this be—the reader is likely to wonder—a wild hypothesis stating that till now nothing has existed except Earth, and that all the galaxies, suns, stellar clouds, and the Milky Way are only a mirage? But that's not it at all, because I really did create everything, absolutely everything—and thus Earth, too, and the rest of the Solar System, and the Metagalaxy, which would certainly be cause for pride, if only my handiwork did not contain so many flaws. Some of these lie in the building material, but most are in the animate matter, particularly in the human race. This has been my greatest regret. True, the people I shall mention by name interfered in my efforts, but by no means do I consider myself thereby absolved. I should have planned, supervised, seen to everything more carefully. Especially since there is now no possibility for correction or improvement. Since October 20th of last year, I am to blame for all—and I mean all—the constructional defects in the Universe and the warps in human nature. There is no escape from that knowledge.

It began three years ago, when, through my friend Professor Tarantoga, I met a certain physicist of Slavic descent from Bombay. A visiting professor. This scientist, Solon Razglaz, had spent thirty years in the study of cosmogony, that branch of astronomy which deals with the origin and early formation of the Universe. After a thorough study of the subject, Razglaz reached a conclusion that stunned even him. As we know, theories of cosmogony can be divided into two groups. One consists of those theories that regard the Universe as eternal—in other words, devoid of a beginning. The second holds that at one time the Universe arose in a violent manner from the explosion of a Proto-atom. There have always been difficulties with both views. Regarding the first: Science possesses a growing body of evidence that the visible Universe is from twelve to twenty billion years old. If something has a definite age, there is nothing simpler than to calculate back to its zero moment. But an eternal Universe can have no "zero," no beginning. Under the pressure of new information, most scientists now opt for a Universe that arose from fifteen to eighteen billion years ago. Initially, there was a substance—call it Ylem, the Proto-atom, whatever—that exploded and gave rise to matter and energy, stellar clouds, spiral galaxies, and dark and bright nebulae, all floating in rarefied gas filled with radiation. This can be precisely and neatly determined as long as no one asks, "But where did the Proto-atom come from?" For there is no answer to this question. There are certain evasions, yes, but no self-respecting astronomer is satisfied with them.

Professor Razglaz, before taking up cosmogony, had for a long time studied theoretical physics, especially the so-called elementary particles. When his interest switched to the new subject, he quickly saw that the Universe unquestionably had a beginning. It obviously arose 18.5 billion years ago from a single Proto-atom. At the same time, however, the Proto-atom from which it sprang could not have existed. For who could have placed it in that emptiness? In the very beginning, there was nothing. Had there been something, that something, it is clear, would have begun developing at once,

Gahan Wilson

"And you, sir? Do you have a request for our strolling whistler?"

and the entire Universe would have arisen much earlier—infinitely earlier, to be exact! Why should a primordial Proto-atom remain inert, waiting motionless for unknown aeons? And what in God's name could have wrenched it so, in that one moment, causing it to expand and fly apart into something so tremendous?

Learning of Razglaz's theory, I often questioned him about what led to his discovery. The origin of great ideas has always fascinated me, and surely it would be hard to find a greater revelation than Razglaz's cosmogonic hypothesis! The Professor, a quiet and extremely modest man, told me that his concept was, from the viewpoint of orthodox astronomy, quite outrageous. Every astronomer knows that the atomic seed from which the Universe is supposed to have sprung is a highly problematical thing. What do they do about this, then? They sidestep, they evade the issue, because it is inconvenient. Razglaz, on the other hand, dared to devote all his energy to it. The more he amassed facts, and the more he rummaged through libraries and built models, surrounding himself with a battery of the fastest computers, the more clearly he saw that there was something not right.

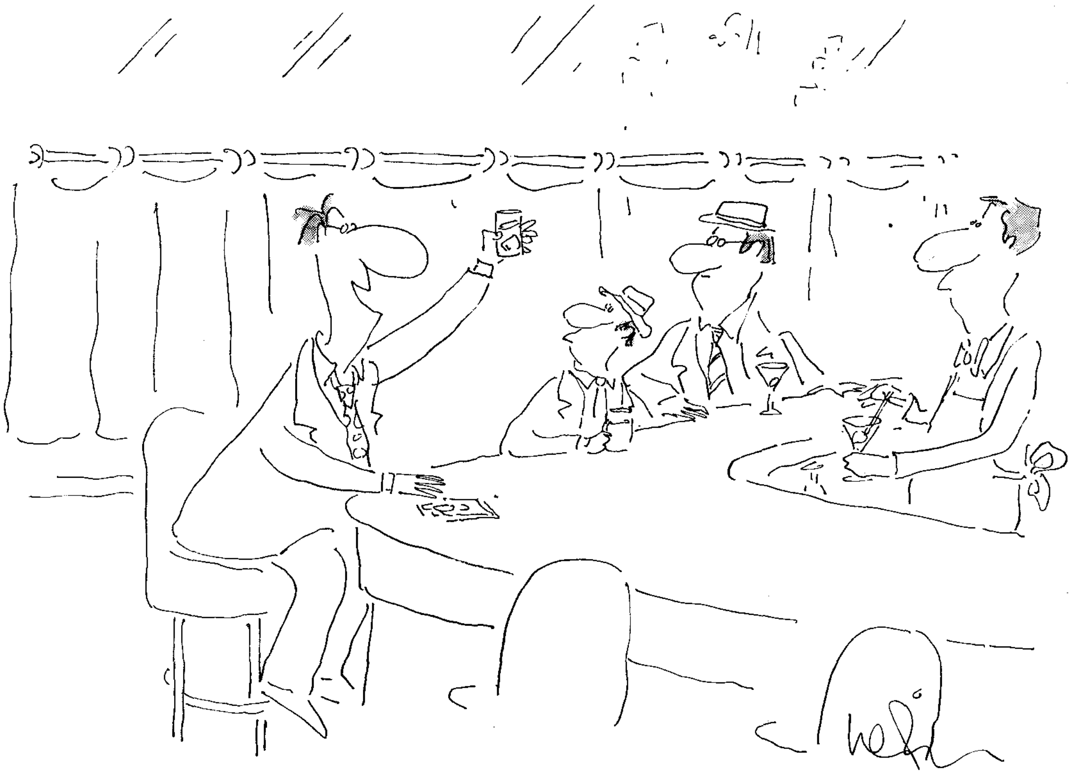
At first he hoped that he would eventually succeed in diminishing the contradiction, and perhaps even in resolving it. However, it kept increasing, because all the data indicated that the Universe arose from a single atom but also that no such atom could have existed. Here an obvious explanation suggested itself—the God hypothesis—but Razglaz set it aside as a last resort. I remember his smile when he said, "We shouldn't pass the buck to God. Certainly an astrophysicist shouldn't." Pondering the dilemma for many months, Razglaz reviewed his previous research.

Ask any physicist you know, if you do not believe me, and he will tell you that certain phenomena on the smallest scale occur, as it were, on credit. Mesons, those elementary particles, sometimes violate the laws of conservation, but they do this so incredibly fast that they hardly violate them at all. What is forbidden by the laws of physics they do with lightning speed, as though nothing could be more natural, and then they immediately submit to those laws again. And so, on one of his morning strolls across the university campus, Razglaz asked himself: What if the Universe were doing the same thing on a large scale? If mesons can behave impossibly for a fraction of a second, a fraction so minuscule that a whole second would seem an eternity in comparison, then the Universe, given its dimensions, might behave in that forbidden way for a correspondingly longer period of time. For, say, fifteen billion years.

It arose, then, although it might well not have arisen, *there being nothing from which to arise*. The Universe is a *forbidden fluctuation*. It represents a momentary aberration, but an aberration of monumental proportions. It is no less a deviation from the laws of physics than, on the smallest scale, a meson! Suspecting he was on the right track, the Professor immediately went to his laboratory and made some calculations, which, step by step, verified his idea. But even before he had finished, the realization came: the solution to the riddle of the origin of the Universe revealed a threat as great as could be imagined.

For the Universe exists *on credit*. It represents, with its constellations and galaxies, a monstrous debt, a pawn ticket, as it were, a promissory note that must ultimately be paid. The Universe is an illegal loan of matter and energy; its apparent "asset" is actually a "liability." Since the Universe is an unlawful anomaly, it will, one fine day, burst like a bubble. It will fall back into the nonexistence from which it sprang. That moment will be a return to the natural order of things!

That the Universe is so vast and that so much has taken place in it is due solely to the fact that we are dealing with a fluke on the largest possible scale. Razglaz immediately proceeded to calculate when the fatal term would come—that is, when matter, the sun, the stars, the planets, and therefore Earth, along with all of us, would plunge into nothingness as though snuffed out. He learned that it was impossible to predict this. Of course impossible, given that the Universe was a fluke, a deviation from order! The danger revealed by his discovery



"My vote, right or wrong!"

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kept him awake at night. After much inner struggle, he acquainted a few eminent astrophysicists with it. These scientists acknowledged the correctness of his theory and conclusions. At the same time, they felt that publication of his findings would plunge the world into spiritual chaos and alarm, the consequences of which could destroy civilization. What man would still desire to do anything—to move his little finger—knowing that at any second everything might vanish, himself included?

The matter came to a standstill. Razglaz, the greatest discoverer in all history, agreed with his learned colleagues. He decided, albeit reluctantly, not to publish his theory. Instead, he began searching the whole arsenal of physics for ways to assist the Universe somehow, to strengthen and maintain its debtor's life. But his efforts came to naught. It was impossible to cancel the cosmic debt by anything done in the present: the debt lay not within the Universe but at its origin—at that point in time when the Universe became the mightiest and yet most defenseless debtor to nothingness.

IT was at this juncture that I met the Professor and spent many weeks in conversation with him. First he outlined for me the essential points of his discovery; then I went back to Bombay with him, and we worked together to find some means of deliverance.

Ah, I thought, returning to my hotel with fevered head and despairing heart, if only I could have been there, fifteen or so billion years ago, for just a split second! That would be enough to place a single solitary atom in the void, and the Universe could grow from it as from a planted seed, now in a totally legitimate way, in accordance with the laws of physics and the principle of conservation of matter and energy. But how was I to get there?

The Professor, when I told him this idea, smiled sadly and explained to me that the Universe could not have arisen from any ordinary atom; the cosmic nucleus would have had to contain the energy of all the transformations and events that expanded to fill the metagalactic void. I saw my error but continued to mull the problem over. Then one afternoon, as I rubbed oil on my legs, which were swollen with mosquito bites, my mind wandered back to the old days, when, while flying through the cluster of Canes Venatici, I had read theoretical physics for lack of anything better to do. I had been especially engrossed in a volume devoted to elementary particles, and I recalled Feynman's hypothesis that there are particles that move "upstream" against the flow of time. When an electron moves in this manner, we perceive it then as an electron with a positive charge (a positron). I asked myself, with my feet in a washbasin: What if we took one electron and accelerated it, accelerated it so much that it would begin moving backward in time, faster and faster? Couldn't we give it such a tremendous impulse that it would fly back beyond the beginning of cosmic time to that point when there was still nothing? Couldn't the Universe arise from this accelerated positron?

I ran to the Professor as I was, my bare feet dripping wet. He immediately realized the magnitude of my idea and without a word began to calculate. It turned out that the project was feasible: his calculations showed that the electron, as it moved against the flow of time, would gain greater and greater energy, so that when it reached beyond the beginning of the Universe, the force accumulated within it would split it apart, and the

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MAHLER IN THE LIVING ROOM

Low to the ground, the windows are full of lake water.
Leaden, the pure slabs rise straight up into the air

From the summerhouse, where we sit watching them.
Shivering on the threshold of late fall,

The bronze hills in their shabby coats
Arch themselves over a cold radiator—

And Mahler in the living room like an earthquake. Behind the eyes
Sorrow heaves upward, the heavy planks of it gigantic

As armies at a distance, as oak trees, as the tar surface
Of a road giving way to frost, buckling under and over

To the white forces of winter: the underground tears bent
Like ribs cracking, hundreds of paralyzed veins

That are now, suddenly, released, in great silver floods.
Powerful as oceans, our whole lives rise up

Into a sky full of planets tumbling and shooting,
First lavender, then apricot, then plum-colored;

Hissing like skyrockets they streak
Over the slumberous oars in the depths voluptuously rowing,

Velvet as elephants, whose liquid footsteps wallow,
About to submerge everything: dock, landing place, lawn . . .

But there are jagged slashes, too,
Impertinent brass flourishes, horns that bite air

And bray at each other like gold rifles

Over the little pebbles, the quaint Chinese sparrows
Of the piccolos humorously yammering, trying not to listen

To the huge hesitation waltz beneath them,
The passionate kettledrums rolling

In the throbbing cradle of the gut,
Sighing over and over, "Let go,

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Abandon yourself to the pain, the wild love of it that surges,
Resistless, through everyone's secret bowels,

Till the walls almost collapse, our clothes fall from us like leaves."
Trembling, helplessly tossed

In an uncontrollable windstorm, the branches weave and sob
As if they would never stop, unbearable the sky,

Unbearable the weight of it, the loss, solitude, suffering,
The hills staring at us blindly,

The house nothing but a shell, the bare floors
Relentless, our eyes welling over with such pain

It is all absolutely uncontainable; in a few minutes
Surely everything will dissolve. . . .

When the first duck of a new movement appears

In the middle distance, the bottle-green oboe bobs,
Blue-ringed, graceful, under the little rowboat;

The invisible red feet sturdily paddle
Like webbed spoons in the chill soup of the water

That turns into a flatness now,
The agonized surface lies down

In the glass eyes of the windows,
Those solid transparencies.

We orchestrate ourselves
To keep the world framed, at bay,

As the great lake of the symphony sways
Far down, far down

The violent sun sets
Over the wet shingles, the shining flanks of the house;

The threadbare arm of the hills sinks,
The wave of feeling rests.

—PATRICIA GOEDICKE

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exploding particle would release the energy required to cancel the debt. The Universe then would be saved from collapse, since it would no longer exist on credit!

Now we had only to think about the practical side of the undertaking that was to legitimatize the world—or, actually, to create it! As a man of integrity, Razglaz repeatedly said to Professor Tarantoga and to all his assistants and colleagues that it was I who had originated the concept of the Creation, and that therefore it was I, and not he, who deserved the double title of Creator and Saviour of the world. I mention this not to boast but to humble myself. Because the endless praise and appreciation that I received at that time in Bombay—well, I'm afraid it turned my head a little and caused me to neglect my work. I rested on my laurels, thinking that the most important part had been done—the intellectual part—and that what followed now would be the purely technical details, which others could take care of.

A fatal mistake! Throughout the summer and most of the fall, Razglaz and I determined the parameters, the characteristics and properties that were to be carried by the electron—the cosmic seed, or, perhaps more correctly, the constructional quantum. As for the mechanical aspect of Project Genesis, we took a huge university synchrophasetron and rebuilt it into a cannon aimed at the beginning of time. All its power, concentrated and focussed in a single particle—the constructional quantum—was to be released on October 20th. Professor Razglaz insisted that I, the author of the idea, fire the world-forming shot from the chronocannon. Because, you see, this was a unique historical opportunity. Our machine, our mortar, was to shoot not just any random electron but a particle suitably remade, reshaped, and remodelled to bring forth a much more orderly and solid Universe than the one that existed at present. And we paid particular attention to the intermediate and late stages of cosmocreation—the human race!

Of course, to program and pack such an ungodly wealth of information into one electron was no easy task. I must confess that I did not do everything myself. Razglaz and I shared the work; I thought up the improvements and corrections, and he translated them into the precise language of physics, the theory of vacuums, the theory of electrons, positrons, and sundry other trons. We also set up a kind of incubator where we kept test particles in strict isolation. We would choose from among them the most successful particle, which, as I said, was to give birth to the Universe on October 20th.

What good, what wonderful things I planned during those hectic days! How often did I work late into the night poring over books on physics, ethics, and zoology in order to gather, combine, and concentrate the most valuable information, which the Professor, starting at dawn, fashioned into the electron, the cosmic nucleus! We wanted, among other things, to have the Universe develop harmoniously, not as before; to prevent supernovas from jolting it too much; to eliminate the senseless waste of quasar and pulsar energy; to keep stars from sparking and smoking like damp candlewicks; and to shorten interstellar distances, which would facilitate space travel and thus bring together and unify sentient races. It would take volumes to tell of all the corrections I managed to plan in a relatively short time. But these were not the most important things. I need not explain why I concentrated on the human race; to improve it, I changed the principle of natural evolution.

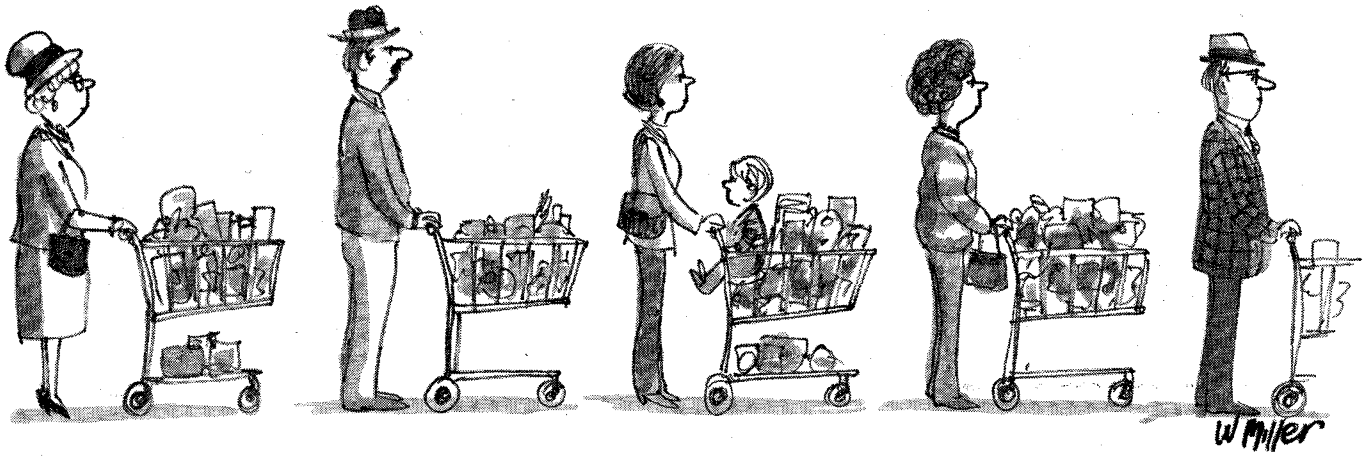
Evolution, as we know, is, in animals, either the wholesale devouring of the weaker by the stronger (zoocide) or the conspiracy of the weaker, which attack the stronger from within (parasitism). Only green plants are moral, living as they do on solar energy. I therefore provided for the chlorophyllization of all living things; in particular, I devised the Foliated Man. Since this meant that the stomach had to go, I transferred to its location a suitably enlarged nerve center. I did not do all this directly, of course, having at my disposal only one electron. I simply established, in coöperation with the Professor, that the fundamental law of evolution in the new, debt-free Universe would be the rule of decent behavior of every life form toward every other. I also designed a much more aesthetic body, a more refined sexuality, and numerous other improvements I will not even mention, for my heart bleeds at the recollection of them. Suffice it to say that by the end of September we had completed the world-creating cannon and its electron bullet. There were still some highly complicated calculations to make; these were done by the Professor and his assistants, because aiming for a target in time (or, in this case, before time) was an operation requiring the utmost precision.

I SHOULD have stayed on the premises and watched over everything, in view of my tremendous responsibility. But no, I wanted to unwind, so I went to a small resort. Actually—to tell the truth—I was all swollen with mosquito bites, and that was why I longed for a dip in the cool ocean. If it hadn't been for those damned mosquitoes . . . But I'm not going to put the blame on anything or anyone else; it was all my fault. Just before I left, I had a quarrel with one of the Professor's colleagues, a certain Aloysius Bunch. Actually, he was not even a colleague—only a lab assistant, but a fellow-countryman of Razglaz's. This individual, whose job it was to monitor the equipment, demanded—out of the blue—that he be included in the list of creators. Because—he said—if it weren't for him the cryotron wouldn't work, and if the cryotron didn't work the electron wouldn't act properly, etc. I laughed at him, naturally, and he appeared to back down, but evidently the man began to make his own plans in secret. He could do nothing intelligent himself, but he formed a conspiracy with two acquaintances, types who hung around the Nuclear Research Institute in Bombay in hopes of finding a sinecure. They were the German Ast A. Roth and the American Lou Cipher.

As was shown by the inquiry conducted after the event, Bunch let them into the lab at night, and the rest was due to the carelessness of another of Professor Razglaz's lab assistants, a doctoral candidate named Sarpint. Sarpint had left the keys to the safe on a desk, which made the intruders' task all the easier. He later pleaded illness and presented medical evidence, but the whole institute knew that the jerk was involved with a certain married woman, one Eve Addams, and was so busy grovelling at her feet that he neglected his official duties. Bunch led his accomplices to the cryotron; they removed the Dewar vessel from the cryotron, extracted from the vessel the box containing the priceless bullet, and made their infamous parametric "adjustments," the results of which anyone can see. All you have to do is look around you. Afterward, they pleaded, each upstaging the others, that they had had the "best intentions," and had also hoped for glory (!), especially since there were *three* of them.

A fine Trinity! As they admitted under the weight of evidence and under the fire of cross-examination, they had divided up the work. Herr Roth, a former student at Göttingen (but Heisenberg himself had booted him out for putting pornographic pictures in the Aston Spectrometer), handled the physical side of Creation and made a royal mess of it. It is because of him that the so-called weak interactions do not correspond to the strong, and that the symmetry of the laws of conservation is imperfect. Any physicist will immediately know what I mean. This same Roth, who made a mistake in simple addition, is responsible for the fact that the electron charge, when it is calculated now, gains an *infinite* value. It is also thanks to this blockhead that one cannot find quarks anywhere, although in theory they exist! The ignoramus forgot to make a correction in the dispersion formula! He also deserves "credit" for the fact that interfering electrons blatantly contradict logic. And to think that the dilemma over which Heisenberg racked his brains his whole life long was caused by his worst and dullest student!

But he committed a far more serious crime. My Creation plan provided for nuclear reactions, for without them there would be no radiant energy of



A NON-CHORUS LINE

stars, but I eliminated the elements of the uranium group, so that mankind would be unable to produce atom bombs in the mid-twentieth century—that is, prematurely. Mankind was to harness nuclear energy only as the synthesis of the hydrogen nuclei into the helium, and since that is more difficult, the discovery could not be expected before the twenty-first century. Roth, however, brought the uranides back into the project. Unfortunately, I was unable to prove that he had been put up to this by agents of a certain imperialist intelligence agency in connection with plans of military supremacy. The man ought to have been tried for genocide; but for him the Japanese cities would not have been A-bombed in the Second World War.

The second "expert" in this select trio, Cipher, had finished medical school, but his license to practice was revoked for numerous violations. Cipher handled the biological side and made suitable "improvements" in it. My own reasoning had gone as follows: The world is the way it is, and mankind behaves the way it does, because everything arose by chance—that is, haphazardly—through the initial violation of fundamental laws. The determining factor, after all, was randomness—the "Creator" being the fluctuational caprice of Nothingness, which contracted a monstrous and nightmarish debt by inflating, without rhyme or reason, the metagalactic bubble!

One has but to reflect a moment to see that under such conditions things could be worse! I recognized, to be sure, that certain features of the Universe could be left as they were, with a little touching up and correction, so I filled in what was needed. But as far as Man went—ah, there I became radical. I crossed out all his vileness with one stroke. The foliation I mentioned above, which replaced body hair, would have helped establish a new ethics, but Mr. Cipher thought hair more important. He "missed" it, you see. One could make such nice fringes, whiskers, and other fancy things with it. On the one hand, my morality of fellowship and humanism; on the other, the value system of a hairdresser! I assure you, you would not know yourselves if it hadn't been for Lou Cipher, who copied back into the electron from a cassette all the hideous features that you behold in the mirror.

On the Heights

• •

Finally, as for Lab Assistant Bunch, though he was not capable of doing anything himself, he demanded that his cronies immortalize his part in the Creation of the world. He wanted—and I shudder as I write this—he wanted his *name* to be visible from every corner of the firmament. When Roth explained to him that stars cannot form permanent monograms or letters, because of their movements, Bunch desired that they at least be grouped in large clusters, or bunches. This, too, was done.

On October 20th, when I placed my finger on the button of the console, I had no idea what I was actually creating. It came to light a couple of days later, when we were checking the tapes and discovered what had been recorded, by the vile trio, in our positron. The Professor was crushed. As for me, I did not know whether to blow out my brains or someone else's. Eventually, reason prevailed over anger and despair, because I knew that nothing could be changed now. I did not even take part in the interrogation of the miscreants who had befouled the world I created. Professor Tarantoga told me about half a year later that the three intruders had played in the Creation a role that religion usually assigned to Satan. I shrugged. What sort of Satan did those three asses make? But the blame is mine; I was careless and left my post. If I wanted to look for excuses, I could say the culprit was the Bombay pharmacist who sold me, instead of decent insect repellent, an oil that attracted mosquitoes as nectar does bees. But in this way you could blame God knows whom for the flaws in existence. I do not intend to defend myself thus. I am responsible for the world as it is and for human nature, since it was in my power to make both better.

—STANISLAW LEM

(*Translated, from the Polish, by Joel Stern and Maria Swiecicka-Ziemianek.*)

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On the surviving spouse's death, the estate will be ⅞Wa+aWa /)+k2+ZVW%Ktb□&iL if the survivor dies after '86), and onlythe total over the exemption will then be subject to estate tax.—*Sylvia Porter in Greenwich Time.*

That's putting it a bit strong, Sylvia.

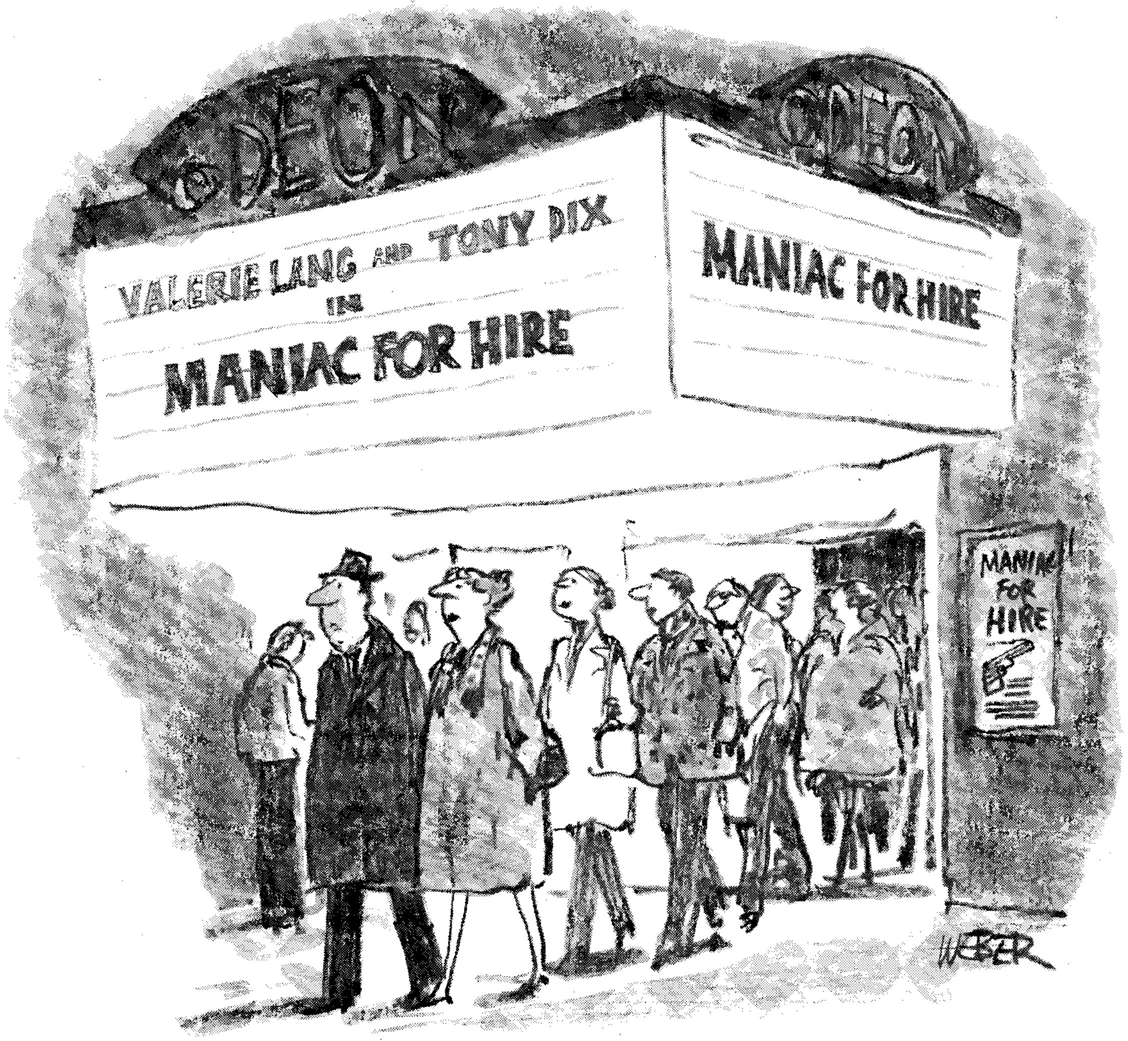
REFLECTIONS

TWO VIEWS OF THE SOVIET PROBLEM

LOOKING back over the whole course of the differences between my own view of East-West relations and the views of my various critics and opponents in recent years, I have to conclude that the differences have been, essentially, not ones of interpretation of phenomena whose reality we all agree on but, rather, differences over the nature and significance of the observable phenomena themselves—in other words, differences not about the meaning of what we see but, rather, about what it is that we see in the first place.

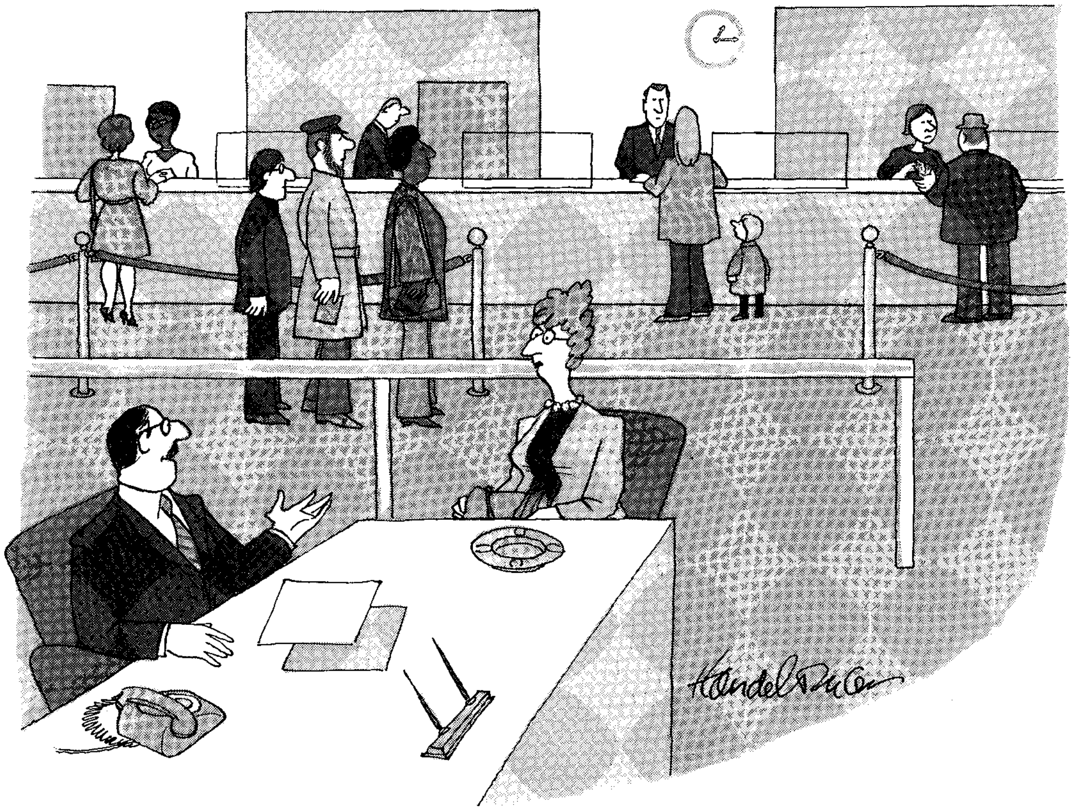
Let me illustrate this first with the example of our differing views of the nature of the Soviet regime.

My opponents, if I do not misinterpret their position, see the Soviet leaders as a group of men animated primarily by a desire to achieve further expansion of their effective power, and this at the expense of the independence and the liberties of other people—at the expense of the stability, and perhaps the peace, of international life. They see these men as pursuing a reckless and gigantic buildup of their own armed forces—a buildup of such dimensions that it cannot be explained by defensive considerations alone and must therefore, it is reasoned, reflect aggressive ones. They see them as eager to bring other countries, in the Third World and elsewhere, under their domination, in order to use those countries as pawns against the United States and other nations of the Western alliance; and they see the situations existing today in such places as Angola and Ethiopia and Afghanistan as examples of the dangerous success of these endeavors. My opponents reject the suggestion that Soviet policy might be motivated in any important degree by defensive considerations. In their view, the Soviet leaders do not feel politically encircled or in any other way significantly threatened. And though it is recognized that Moscow faces serious internal problems, it is not thought that these problems impose any very serious limitations on the freedom of the regime to pursue aggressive external intentions. What emerges from this vision is, of course, an image of the Soviet regime not greatly different from the image of the Nazi regime as it existed shortly before the outbreak of the Second World War. This being the case, it is not surprising that the conclusion should be drawn that the main task for Western statesmanship at this time must be to avoid what are now generally regarded as the great mistakes of the Western powers in the late nineteen-thirties; that is, to avoid what is called appeasement, to give a low priority to the possibilities for negotiation and accommodation, and to concentrate on the building up of a military posture so imposing and forbidding, and a Western unity so unshakable, that the Soviet leaders will perceive the futility and the danger of their aggressive plans, and will accept the necessity of learning to live side by side with other nations on a basis compatible with the security of those other nations and with the general requirements of world stability and peace. I do not question the good faith of American governmental personalities when they say that once this new relationship of military and political power has been established they will be prepared to sit down with their Soviet counterparts and discuss with them the prerequisites for a safer world; but I fear that they see the success of any such dis-



"I was glued to my seat, but I'm all right now."

cussions as something to which the Soviet leaders could be brought only reluctantly, with gnashing of teeth, and this seems to me to be a poor augury for the lasting quality of any results that might be achieved.



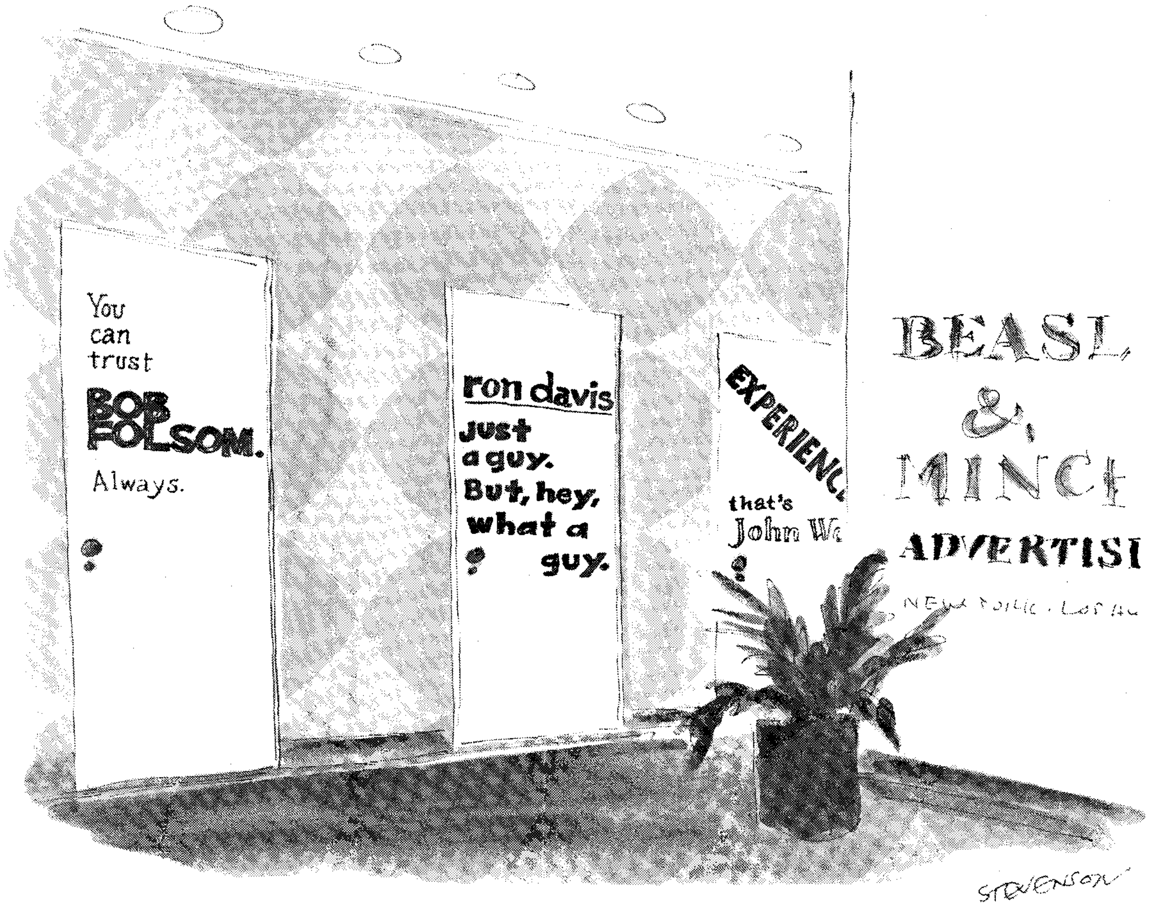
"If it were up to me, we would issue you a mortgage at five per cent and pay twenty per cent interest on your savings account, but, alas, I don't make the rules."

• •

Now, all this, as I say, is what I believe my opponents see when they turn their eyes in the direction of the Kremlin. What I see is something quite different. I see a group of troubled men—elderly men, for the most part—whose choices and possibilities are severely constrained. I see these men as prisoners of many circumstances: prisoners of their own past and their country's past; prisoners of the antiquated ideology to which their extreme sense of orthodoxy binds them; prisoners of the rigid system of power that has given them their authority; but prisoners, too, of certain ingrained peculiarities of the Russian statesmanship of earlier ages—the congenital sense of insecurity, the lack of inner self-confidence, the distrust of the foreigner and the foreigner's world, the passion for secrecy, the neurotic fear of penetration by other powers into areas close to their borders, and a persistent tendency, resulting from all these other factors, to overdo the creation of military strength. I see here men deeply preoccupied, as were their Czarist Russian predecessors, with questions of prestige—preoccupied more, in many instances, with the appearances than with the realities. I do not see them as men anxious to expand their power by the direct use of their armed forces, although they could easily be frightened into taking actions that would seem to have this aim. I see them as indeed concerned—and rather naturally concerned—to increase their influence among Third World countries. This neither surprises me nor alarms me. Most great powers have similar desires. And the methods adopted by the Soviet Union are not very different from those adopted by some of the others. Besides, what has distinguished these Soviet efforts, historically viewed, seems to be not their success but precisely their lack of it. I see no recent Soviet achievements in this direction which would remotely outweigh the great failures of the postwar period: in Yugoslavia, in China, and in Egypt.

But, beyond that, a wish to expand one's *influence* is not the same thing as a wish to expand the formal limits of one's power and responsibility. This I do not think the Soviet leaders at all wish to do. Specifically, I have seen no evidence that they are at all disposed to invade Western Europe and thereby to take any further parts of it formally under their authority. They are having trouble enough with the responsibilities they have already undertaken in Eastern Europe. They have no reason to wish to increase these burdens. I can conceive that there might be certain European regions, outside the limits of their present hegemony, where they would be happy, for defensive purposes, to have some sort of military control, if such control could be acquired safely and easily, without severe disruption of international stability; but it is a far cry from this to the assumption that they would be disposed to invade any of these areas out of the blue, in peacetime, at the cost of unleashing another world war.

It is my belief that these men do indeed consider the Soviet Union to have been increasingly isolated and in danger of encirclement by hostile powers in recent years. I do not see how they could otherwise interpret the American military relationship with Iran in the time of the Shah or the more recent American military relationships with Pakistan and China. And these, I believe, are not the only considerations that would limit the freedom of the Soviet leaders to indulge themselves in dreams of external expansion, even if they were inclined toward such dreams. They are obviously very conscious of the dangers of a disintegration of their dominant position in Eastern Europe, and particularly in Poland; and this not because they have any conscious desire to mistreat or oppress the peoples involved but because they see any further deterioration of the situation there as a threat to their political and strategic



interests in Germany—interests that are unquestionably highly defensive in origin.

I believe, too, that internal developments in the Soviet Union present a heavy claim on the attention and the priorities of the Soviet leaders. They are deeply committed to the completion of their existing programs for the economic and social development of the Soviet peoples, and I am sure that they are very seriously concerned over the numerous problems that have recently been impeding that completion: the perennial agricultural failures; the many signs of public apathy, demoralization, drunkenness, and labor absenteeism; the imbalance in population growth between the Russian center and the non-Russian periphery; the increasing shortage of skilled labor; and the widespread economic corruption and indiscipline. They may differ among themselves as to how these problems should be approached, but I doubt whether there are any of them who think that the problems could be solved by the unleashing of another world war. I emphatically reject the primitive thesis, drawn largely from misleading and outdated nineteenth-century examples, that the Kremlin might be inclined to resort to war as a means of resolving its internal difficulties. Nothing in Russian history or psychology supports such a thesis.

In saying these things, I do not mean to deny that there exist, interwoven with the rest of the pattern of Soviet diplomacy, certain disquieting tendencies, which oblige Western policymakers to exercise a sharp vigilance even as they pursue their efforts toward peace. I believe that these tendencies reflect not so much any thirst for direct aggression as an oversuspiciousness, a fear of being tricked or outsmarted, an exaggerated sense of prestige, and an interpretation of Russia's defensive needs so extreme—so extravagant and so far-reaching—that it becomes in itself a threat, or an apparent threat, to the security of other nations. While these weaknesses probably affect all Soviet statesmen to one extent or another, the evidence suggests to me that they are concentrated particularly in specific elements of the Soviet power structure—notably, in the military and naval commands, in the vast police establishment, and in certain sections of the Party apparatus. So far, these tendencies do not seem to me to have dominated Soviet policy, except in the case of the decision to intervene in Afghanistan—a decision that was taken in somewhat abnormal circumstances and is now, I believe, largely recognized, even in Moscow, as a mistake. But there will soon have to be extensive changes in the occupancy of the senior political positions in Moscow, and Western policymakers should consider that a Western policy that offers no encouragement to the more moderate elements in the Soviet hierarchy must inevitably strengthen the hand, and the political position, of those who are not moderate at all.

• •

SO much, then, for our differences of view with respect to the Soviet regime. It is not unnatural that anyone who sees the phenomenon of Soviet power so differently from certain others should also differ from those others in his view of the best response to it. It is clear that my opponents see the Soviet regime primarily as a great, immediate, and growing military danger, and that this conditions their idea of the best response. I have no argument with them about the existence of a great danger. I do differ from them with regard to the *causes* of this danger. I see these causes not in the supposed "aggressiveness" of either side but in the weapons race itself. I see it in the compulsions that this, like any other weapons race between sovereign powers, engenders within all the participants. I see it in the terrible militarization of outlook to which this sort of competition conduces: a species of obsession which causes those who have succumbed to it to direct their vision and their efforts exclusively to the hopeless contingencies of military conflict, to ignore the more hopeful ones of communication and accommodation, and in this way to enhance the very dangers against which they fan-

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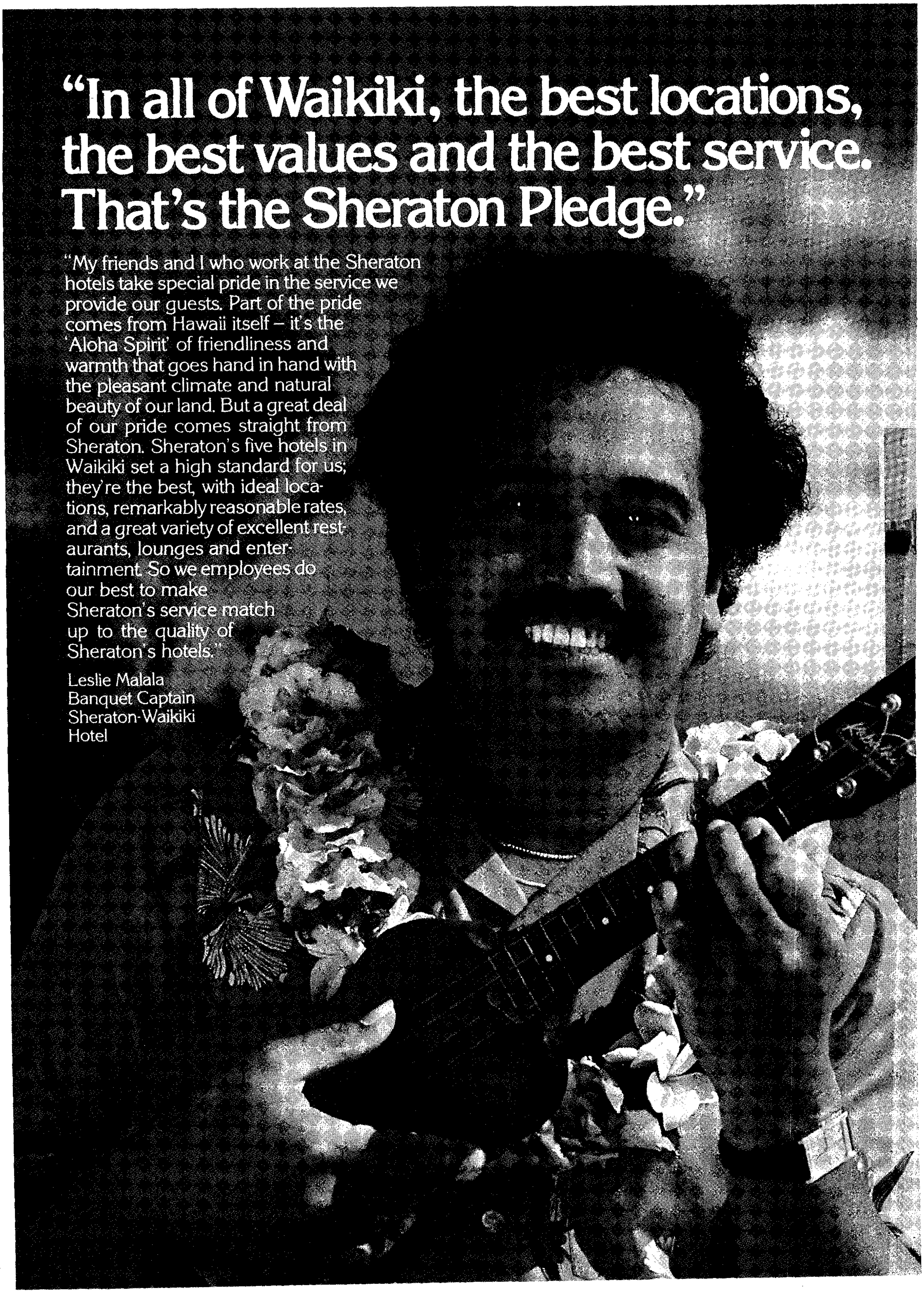

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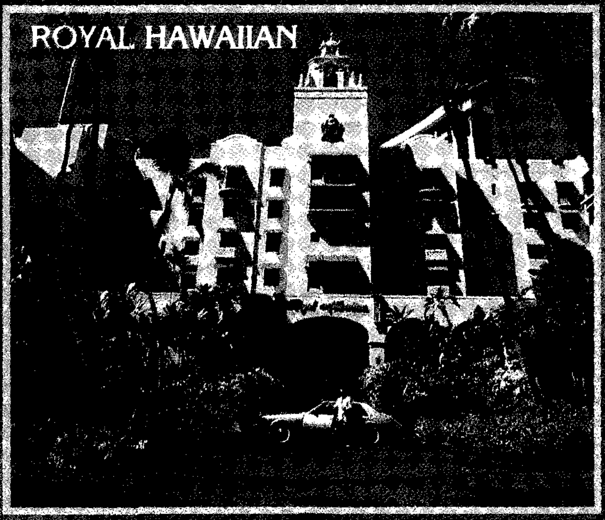
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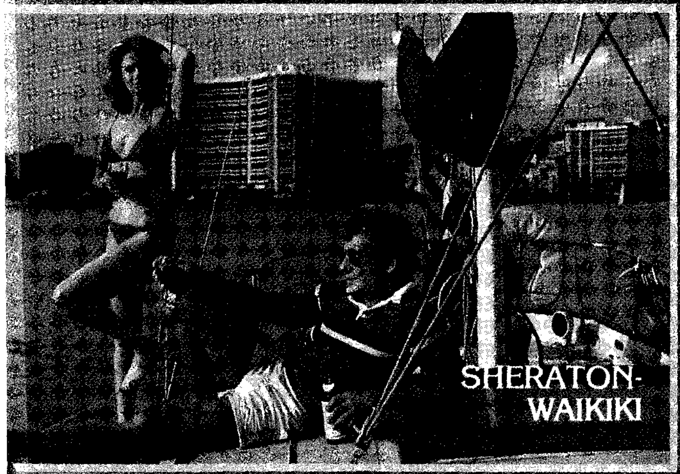
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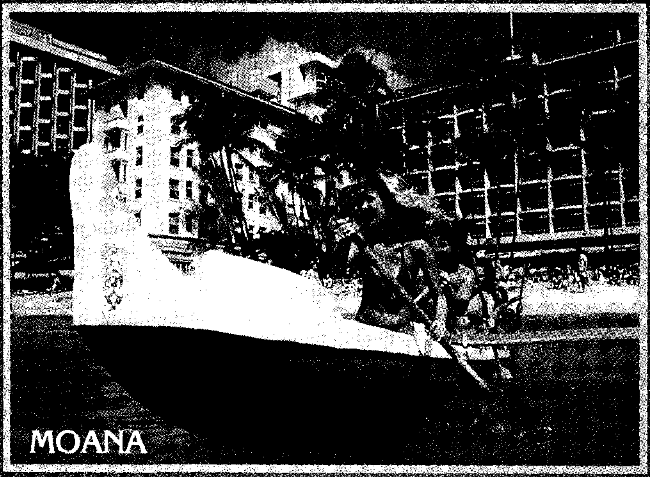

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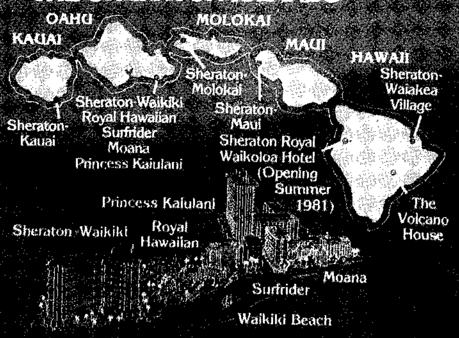
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"The Supreme Court! Well, this is a surprise."

Leaving aside for the moment the problems of nuclear weaponry, I shall say a word about the military balance in conventional weapons. An impression has been created that there has recently been a new and enormous buildup of Soviet conventional strength on the European Continent, changing the balance of forces in this respect strongly to the disadvantage of the West. This view has found expression in the statements of a number of distinguished Western personalities. I cannot flatly deny the correctness of this thesis. I am only a private citizen. I do not have access to all the information at the disposition of the governments. But, with all respect for the sincerity and good faith of those who advance this view, I am disinclined to accept it just on the basis of their say-so. I am so disinclined because I think I have made a reasonable effort, in these last few years, to follow such information as appears in the press and the other media about the military balance and I find this body of information confused, contradictory, statistically questionable, and often misleading. Most of it seems to derive from data leaked to the media by one or another of the Western military-intelligence services, and one cannot avoid the impression that it reflects a tendency to paint an exaggerated and frightening picture of Soviet capacities and intentions—a so-called worst-case image. This is done, no doubt, partly out of an excessive professional prudence but partly, too, I am afraid, with an eye to the reactions of various Western parliamentary bodies, which require to be frightened (or so it is believed) before they will make reasonable appropriations for defense. I can only say that if the NATO governments really wish us, the public, to believe in the reality of a recent dramatic increase in the Soviet conventional threat to Western Europe they will have to place before us a more consistent and plausible statistical basis for that view than anything they have given us to date. In terms neither of the number of divisions nor of total manpower nor of any of the other major indicators does the information now available to the ordinary newspaper reader prove that the balance of conventional military strength in Central Europe is significantly less favorable to the Western side than it was ten or twenty years ago.

To say this is not to claim that the present balance is satisfactory. That is not my contention. Of course there is a preponderance of strength on the Soviet side. Such a preponderance has existed since the Second World War. Of course it is not desirable. I myself favor a strengthening of NATO's conventional capacities, particularly if the strengthening be taken to mean an improvement of morale, of discipline, of training and alertness, and not just a heaping up of fancy and expensive new equipment that we do not have the manpower to operate or the money to maintain. But if this strengthening is to be effected I think it should be presented and defended to the public as a normal policy of prudence—a reasonable long-term precaution in a troubled time—and not as something responding to any specific threat from any specific quarter. The Western governments, in particular, should not try to gain support for such a program by painting on the wall an exaggerated and unnecessarily alarming image of Soviet intentions and capacities. This procedure represents, in my view, an abuse of public confidence, and one that, in the end, is invariably revenged.

So much for the conventional weapons. Now—with a sigh and a sinking of the heart—for the nuclear ones. Here, I am sorry to say, I have differences with every single one of the premises on which our government and some of the other NATO governments seem to act in designing their policies in this field. First of all, my opponents seem to see the nuclear explosive as just a weapon like any other weapon, only more destructive; and they think that because it is more destructive it is a better and more powerful weapon. I deny that the nuclear explosive is a proper weapon. It conforms, in my view, to none of the criteria traditionally applied to conventional weapons. It can serve no useful purpose. It cannot be used without bringing disaster upon everyone concerned. I regard it as the reflection of a vast misunderstanding of the true purposes of warfare and the true usefulness of weaponry.

My opponents see the Soviet Union as having sought and achieved some sort of statistical superiority over the NATO powers in this kind of weaponry. I myself have not seen the evidence that it has achieved that sort of superiority; nor do I see any reason to assume that that is what it would like to do. The evidence seems to me to suggest that it is striving for what it would view as equivalence, in the statistical sense—not for superiority. My opponents believe that differences of superiority or inferiority, in the statistical sense, have meaning: that if you have more of these weapons than your adversary has, you are in a stronger position to stand up against intimidation or against an actual attack. I challenge that view. I submit that if you are talking, as all of us are talking today, about what are in reality grotesque quantities of overkill—arsenals so excessive that they would suffice to destroy the adversary's homeland many times over—statistical disparities between the arsenals on the two sides are quite meaningless. But precisely that—the absurd excessiveness of the existing nuclear arsenals—is the situation we have before us.

My opponents maintain that the reason we must have the nuclear weapons is that in a conflict we would not be able to match the Soviet Union with the conventional ones. I would say: If this is true, let us correct the situation at once. Neither in respect to manpower nor in respect to industrial potential are we lacking in the means to put up conventional forces fully as strong as those deployed against us in Europe.

My opponents say: We must have these weapons for purposes of deterrence. The use of this term carries two implications: first, that it is the Russians who have taken the lead in the development of these weapons, and that we are only reacting to what they have done; and, secondly, that the Russians are such monsters that unless they are deterred they would assuredly launch upon us a nuclear attack, with all the horrors and sufferings that that would bring. I question both these implications; and I question in particular the wisdom of suggesting the latter implication thousands of times a year to the general public, thus schooling the public mind to believe that our Soviet adversary has lost every semblance of humanity and is concerned only with wreaking unlimited destruction for destruction's sake. I am not sure, furthermore, that the stationing of these weapons on one's territory is not more of a provocation of their use by others than a means of dissuading others from using them. I have never been an advocate of unilateral disarmament, and I see no necessity for anything of that sort today. But I must say that if we Americans had no nuclear weapons whatsoever on our soil instead of the tens of thousands of nuclear warheads we are now said to have deployed, I would feel the future of my children and grandchildren to be far safer than I do at this moment; for if there is any incentive for the Russians to use such weapons against us, it surely comes in overwhelming degree—probably, in fact, entirely—from our own enormous deployment of them.

Finally, there are many people who consider it useless, or even undesirable, to try to get rid of these weapons entirely, and believe that a satisfactory solution can somehow be found by halfway measures of one sort or another—agreements that would limit their numbers or their destructiveness or the areas of their deployment. Such speculations come particularly easily to a government such as our own, which has long regarded nuclear weapons as essential to its defensive posture and has not been willing to contemplate a future without them. I have no confidence in any of these schemes. I see the danger not in the number or quality of the weapons or in the intentions of those who hold them but in the very existence of weapons of this nature, regardless of whose hands they are in. I believe that until we consent to recognize that the nuclear weapons we hold in our own hands are as much a danger to us as those that repose in the hands of our supposed adversaries there will be no escape from the confusions and dilemmas to which such weapons have now brought us, and must bring us increasingly as time goes on. For this reason, I see no solution to the problem other than the complete elimination of these and all other weapons of mass destruction from national arsenals; and the sooner we move toward that solution, and the greater courage we show in doing so, the safer we will be. —George Kennan

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Hadden says that Falwell's overstatements are partly a result of the increasing competition among TV evangelists. Despite two recent studies that show the audience for television evangelists may have peaked in 1978, Falwell says he will continue to spread his message, expand his empire and raise the money to do both.

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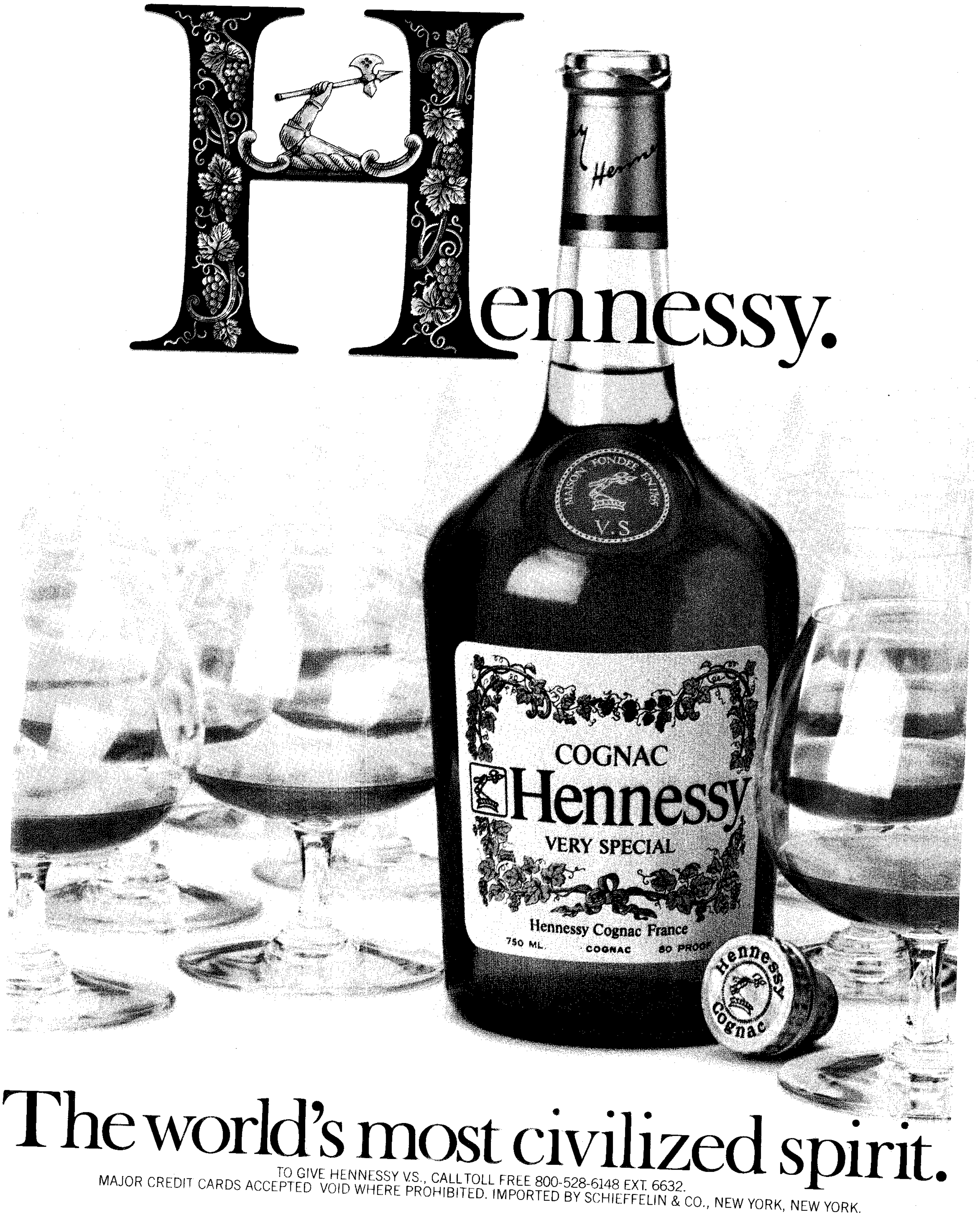
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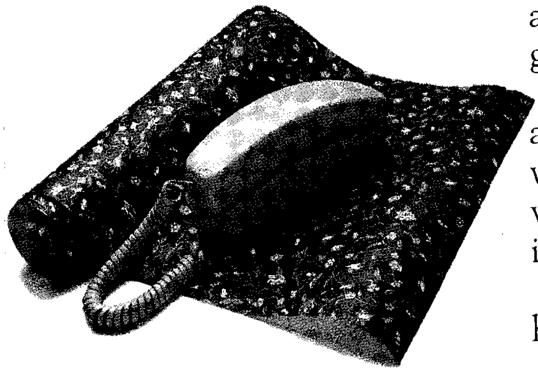

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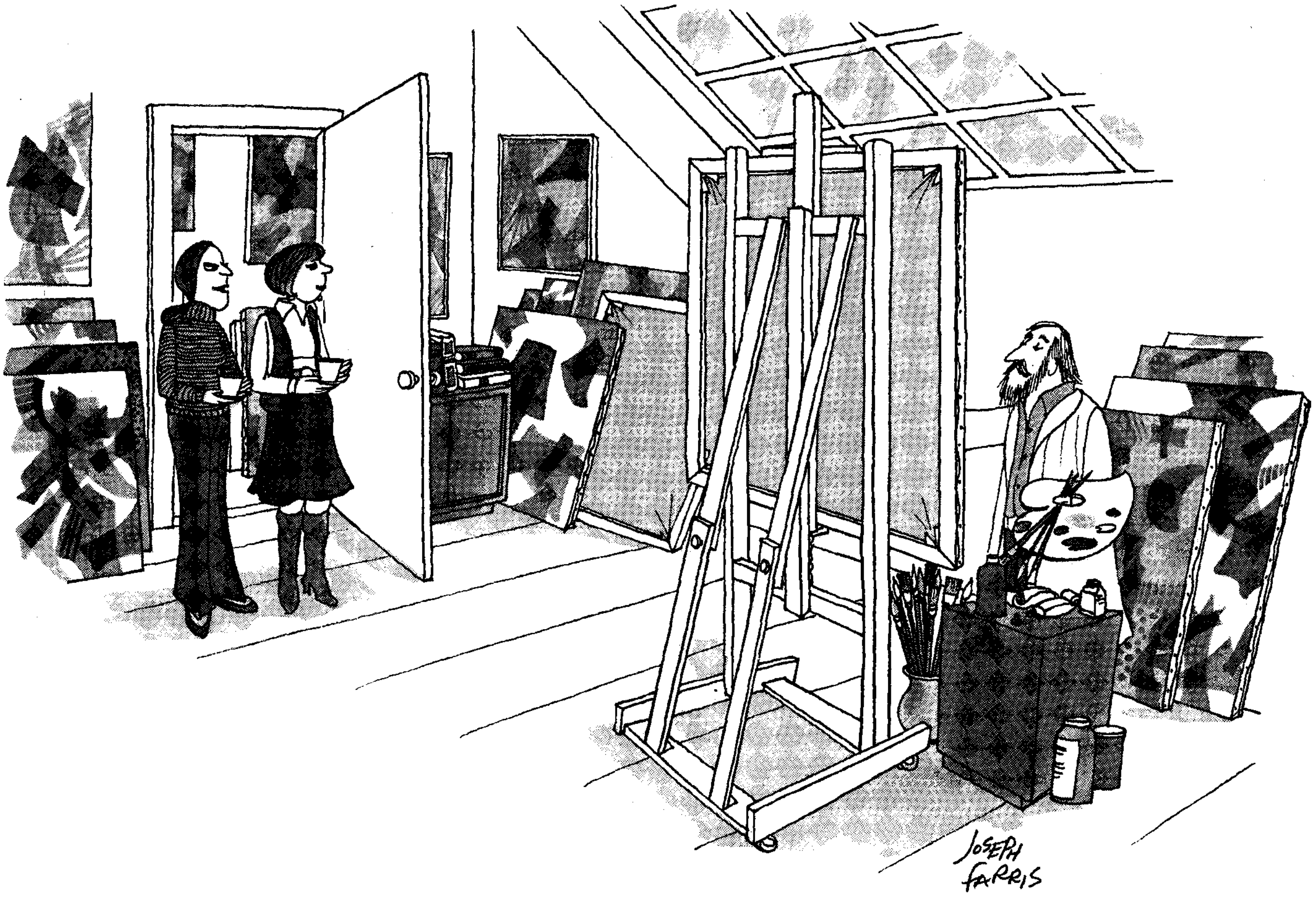
THE THEATRE

Off Broadway

DAVID HWANG, that adventurous dramatist, has written yet another fine, humorous play about Chinese immigrants in the United States, this one called "Family Devotions" (at the Public). Again the theme is the mystery, purity, and enduring power of the Chinese spirit. In "FOB" ("Fresh Off the Boat"), that spirit was embodied in a young Chinese who comes to California to attend college and runs into a couple of Chinese-American students in a local restaurant, and in "The Dance and the Railroad" (still at the Public) it is embodied in an actor-in-training who, having been kidnapped and sent here, is a member of a labor gang in nineteenth-century America. In "Family Devotions," the hero and keeper of the flame is an elderly citizen of present-day China who pays a visit to his two sisters and their well-to-do daughters and sons-in-law and grandchildren in Bel Air, a particularly natty section of Los Angeles. The two old ladies are fervent converts to Christianity—God seems to be always on their minds and lips—but not so their descendants, the men being preoccupied with tax shelters and clients (and, at one happy point, with some sort of tennis machine that sends a blizzard of balls flying through the air), and the women with careers, Cuisinarts, and cooking steaks on outdoor grills. The one exception is a young violinist grandchild; unseduced by the appurtenances of life in the Sun Belt, he is about to embark on his first job, with the Boston Symphony. He is the old man's counterpart, and both of them realize it. At the climax of the action, the elderly women wheel an altar onto the stage, and the family members testify; when the visitor is forced to do so, he speaks in Chinese (instant translation by young violinist), revealing an important secret and also the reason for his visit. In an eerie scene, his mission is achieved.

David Hwang grows more accomplished with every effort. "Family Devotions" is by far his most complex and fascinating play, and certainly his funniest, compounded of emotion and convictions, irony and humor, shrewdly observed characters, and, as I say, mystery (as distinct from confusion; there is some of that, too). It is full of buried meanings, and every line plays. Much of the irony hinges on the efforts of the émigrés, as zealous as any missionaries, to convert their visitor to their mode of living. That mode is not entirely strange to him, since he is a graduate of Columbia, but he remains impervious to their persuasion.

About the performance I have some reservations. The actors, for all their individual merits, have yet to become a company (much less a family), and some of them seemed ill at ease onstage (perhaps opening-night nerves). Nevertheless, Tina Chen and June Kim are funny and exactly right as the devout sisters, and Marc Hayashi does well as the violinist. Victor Wong, as the visitor, is perfection itself—the very spirit of the play—from the moment his round face, topped by a Communist cap, comes into view. The setting, by David Gropman (bright, airy living room; outdoor patio), is very impressive; the good lighting is by



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Tom Skelton; and Willa Kim designed the handsome, appropriate costumes. Robert Allan Ackerman was the director.

CHRISTOPHER DURANG'S "Sister Mary Ignatius Explains It All for You," a satire on Catholic education fuelled by a rage as fierce as Swift's, opened last week as one of a pair of his one-acters at Playwrights Horizons. A nun standing behind a lectern and facing the audience addresses the children at a parochial school, moving from topic to topic, explaining "Heaven, Hell, Purgatory," dwelling (with uncommon and very comic relish) on the details of the Crucifixion and the tortures of Hell. She is assisted from time to time by a seven-year-old boy, who brings her cups of water and, straight-faced, answers questions about adultery and coveting one's neighbor's wife and other Ten Commandment matters, and is rewarded by a seemingly endless flow of cookies. She then takes up written questions submitted by her pupils, which gives her a chance to discuss sexuality with a crazy, ignorant vigor that is enough to freeze the blood. When she offers a shrill rendition of "Ave Maria," in walk four of her alumni—Mary and Joseph in Biblical costume, and a couple of others as the front and rear ends of a camel—to perform a silly Christmas pageant. Then the mood changes: unmasked, the pageant players review the sexual failures in their lives in order to embarrass her and to pay her back for the permanent damage she has done them. It is at this point that Mr. Durang's comedy dissolves entirely into rage—perhaps losing some force in the doing, perhaps not. At any rate, the conclusion, which is meant to be funny, somehow isn't; we are too dismayed by what we have heard for laughter. The performance, under the direction of Jerry Zaks, who directed the play in its original brief appearance at the Ensemble Studio Theatre a couple of years ago, is flawless, Elizabeth Franz being unforgettable in the role of the crazy nun. Polly Draper, Timothy Landfield, Jeff Brooks, and Mary Catherine Wright are also good as the alumni, and so is Mark Stefan as the seven-year-old.

"The Actor's Nightmare," the curtain-raiser, is a cluster of parodies by this most adept of parodists. A fellow called George Spelvin (Mr. Brooks), an accountant by trade, dreams that he is alone on an empty stage; a stage manager (Miss Draper) enters to bring him the news that an actor named Eddie has been hurt in an accident and that he must go on instead. She answers his protests with the peremptory call of "Half hour!," and as we hear the strains of "I'll See You Again" we (and George Spelvin) are off into Noël Coward's "Private Lives." This in a matter of moments becomes "Hamlet," with quotations and misquotations from other Shakespeare plays, then a nosegay of Beckettiana, and—finally and funniest—"A Man for All Seasons." The ending (which I won't give away) is not quite right, I think; Mr. Durang is one of the funniest playwrights alive, but he is not the best play-ender. Again Mr. Zaks directed. Mr. Brooks couldn't be better, and Miss Draper, Miss Franz, Miss Wright, and Mr. Landfield, who play the supporting actors, are very good here, too.

"GRACE," by Jane Stanton Hitchcock, at the American Place, is hardly a play at all; it's an oral portrait, in two acts, of a cynical, searing, put-upon, talky, emotionally and sexually ravenous woman. In the first act, she is married to a cranky invalid and is the manager of a laundromat in God-ridden Oklahoma City; in the second act, she has become a widow and is employed as the nurse-companion of a rich old woman, struck dumb by a stroke, at some spa in Tucson. The play has no form whatever, and little tension, although it ends with melodramatic action, but Scotty Bloch is excellent as the unwieldy heroine, and some of her lines are sharp and telling. She is ably supported by James Higgins and Catherine Byers, among others. The two settings—laundromat and spa, complete with swimming pool—are the excellent work of William Barclay.

—EDITH OLIVER

•

If all this sounds bureaucratic, keep in mind that to converse with the natives, you have to speak the language.

Our last two-day session opened with a legislative report, followed byhe National Bulation testing using the new calibrated samples being distributed by ts reviewed, reau of Standards (NBS). The current status of the FTC R-value rule wasidered. The and current developments on cellulose manufacturer monitoring were conality were in proposed UF foam ban, electric conductor overheating and indoor air qulife. A pond of turn discussed, as were other topics.—*RSI* (*Roofing, Siding & Insulation*).

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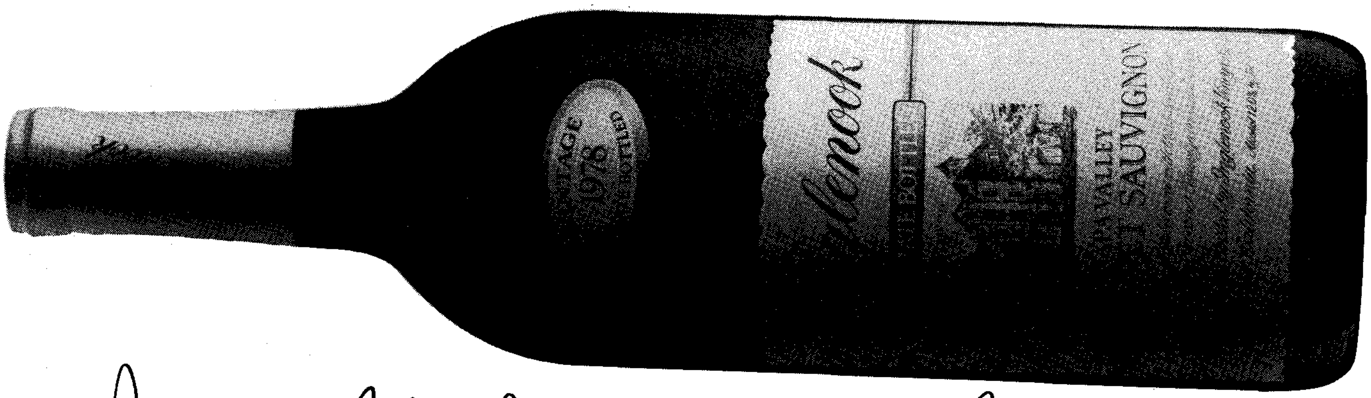
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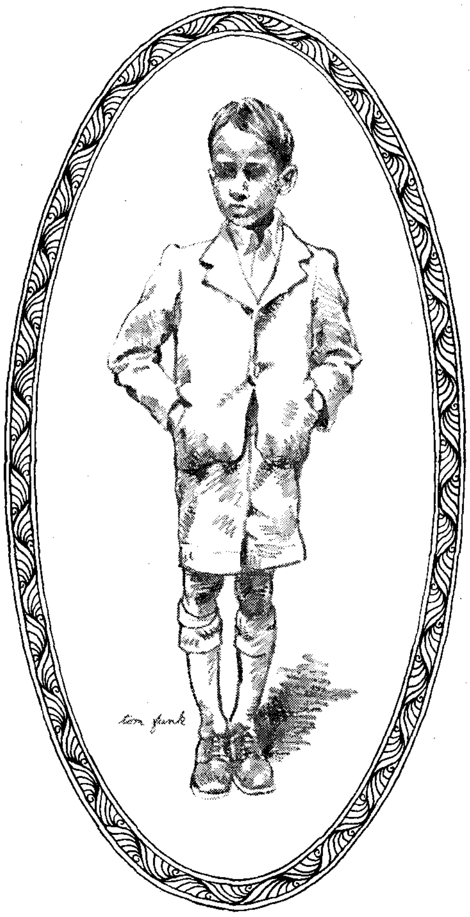


Braille Pictures

ANOTHER winter, another ride to the Lahore station, another family gathering on the platform. Again I remember the train hooting. Again I remember being passed from Daddyji's arms to Mamaji's and back and feeling frightened. I cried. I protested. I shouted over the din of the station. I screamed, "I don't want to go back to school!" Daddyji explained to me, as he had before, that he was being transferred to another public-health post, that my big sisters and my big brother, therefore, were also going to boarding school, that he had kept me back from school after the Christmas holidays for a whole year to build up my health, that I would be seven years old soon, and that every boy of seven went to school. Mamaji tried to divert me by rattling the bottle of sleeping medicine that Daddyji had given me for the Sighted Master and by enumerating the clay and wooden presents she had bought for me to give to my school friends.

A beggar came up. The coolie minding my luggage tried to shoo him away. Mamaji whispered fast to Daddyji, as if she didn't want me to hear, "Give him something. He's blind."

I remember thinking that I could end up like him, and feeling even more frightened.

Suddenly, I was in the compartment and the train was pulling away, the wheels clattering insistently as the train gathered speed, the rhythmic, steady chug and lurch sounding more and more forlorn as the familiar sounds of the station faded and vanished. I was leaving the others behind, but I felt that I had been left behind, in the train.

In the compartment with me this time was not Cousin Prakash but his garrulous younger brother Cousin Dev, who was on leave from the university where he was studying. He sang film songs, drummed on the compartment wall in accompaniment, talked to himself, and tickled me on the back of my neck. At station after station, I begged him to buy me some sugar-coated anise seeds, but he wouldn't, saying, "Vedi, you might as well ask me to throw away good money."

When we reached the school, Cousin Dev insisted that he wanted to give everyone his present himself, and he made a ceremony of presenting the sleeping medicine to the Sighted Master and choosing the clay pitcher for Deoji, the clay god for Abdul, the wooden apple for Bhaskar, the wooden horse for Tarak Nath. He spent a night at the school, staying in Mr. and Mrs. Ras Mohun's sleeping quarters.

"I've never encountered so many mosquitoes and mosquito bites in one place," he said at the breakfast table. He sat with Mr. and Mrs. Ras Mohun at their table, while I took my old place at my little separate table. "All night, I was either fighting off mosquitoes or dreaming I was fighting off mosquitoes. At last count, I had at least sixteen mosquito bites." Apparently, Mr. and Mrs. Ras Mohun did not have an extra mosquito net, for Cousin Dev's cot.

"It's the Bombay climate," Mr. Ras Mohun said.

"It's the Dadar area," Mrs. Ras Mohun said.

"But you can tell Dr. Mehta that we are spraying the school regularly with insecticide, and the mosquito conditions are getting better," Mr. Ras Mohun said.

As Cousin Dev was leaving for the station to take the train back home, he said to me, "Well, Vedi, they say boarding schools make men out of boys. No one could stay a boy long here, with all these mosquitoes."

ONE morning when I was sitting at my separate table in the Ras Mohuns' sitting-and-dining room, I started eating with my fingers.

"Not like that," Mrs. Ras Mohun said. "Eat with your spoon. Going home has made you forget everything."

"I don't like spoons," I said.

"You need to be retrained," she said.

"Overfond parents always tend to spoil blind children," Mr. Ras Mohun said.

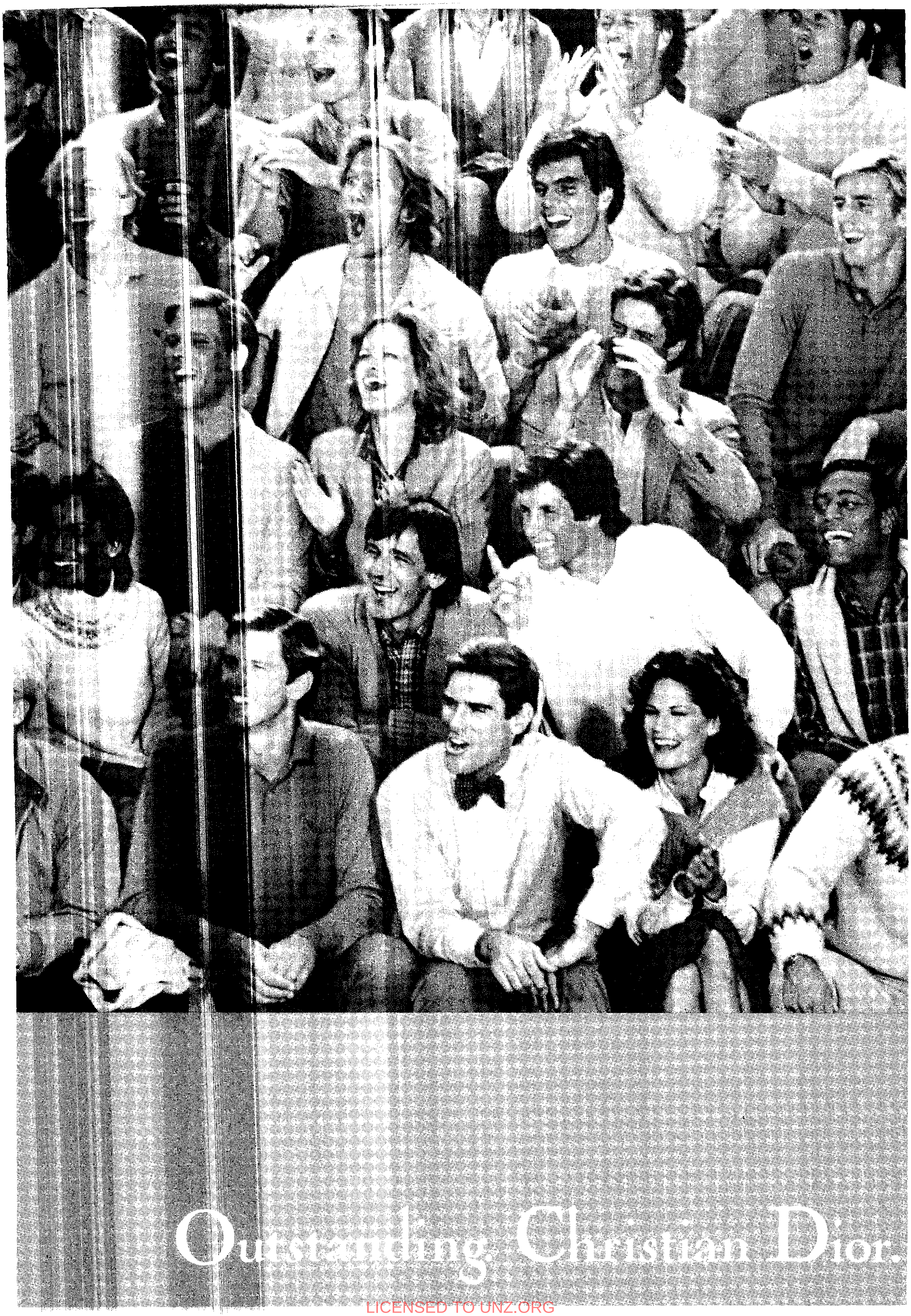
That morning, I refused to bathe under the tap of cold water and demanded a bucket of hot water from the Sighted Master.

Mr. Ras Mohun scolded me when he heard about it, saying, "Your parents are overfond. You have to be retrained."

I soon learned that there was no point in refusing to eat with a spoon or to bathe in cold water—there was no one to run to with my complaints and appeals. Besides, I wanted to be a good child, like Mr. and Mrs. Ras Mohun's little daughter, Heea. In my absence, she had grown big, and she was now talking a lot. Mr. Ras Mohun was writing a book of poems about her, and she had taken to reciting one of them:

There was a little girl
Who had a pretty curl
Falling on her forehead.
Her hair was nicely plaited
With a ribbon long and red
That sweet jasmines bedecked.

She had started school and had acquired, besides the ribbon in her hair, a set of colored pencils and a picture book. "I go to a real school," she said one day when we were waiting for Mr. and Mrs. Ras Mohun to come in for tiffin. "See, I've got a real book with a tape to mark the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page. You want me to tell you this picture?"

"No, I don't," I said.

"You have Braille pictures?"

"Of course we do," I said, trying to imagine what a Braille picture could be like.

"Can I see one?"

"You're too small."

"Heea is big now—Heea goes to school," she said. "You want me to draw you a color picture?"

"No."

"You have Braille color pictures?"

"Of course."

"Can I see?"

"Later."

"When? Today?"

"When you grow up."

"I am big. I go to a real school."

"What's the name of your school?"

"Scottish Orphanage."

"Who goes there?"

"Good families. You want to come to my school? You want to play with my colored pencils?"

I decided that, next to Paran, an eleven-year-old partially sighted girl in the school, Heea was the nicest girl about, but also that I would just as soon play with Abdul and Deoji in the boys' dormitory.

IN the Braille class, we had two new Braille books. Besides "Bible Stories for Boys and Girls," we now had the "Reading Primer for Small Children," with a rough cloth cover, and "Fairy Tales for Small Children," with a thin cardboard cover. The "Fairy Tales" had a narrow felt tape to mark the page, just like Heea's book.

One day, Deoji brought a new boy to the Braille class. "This is Raj," Deoji said. "Mr. Ras Mohun has sent him. He is here to learn Braille."

We all gathered around Raj to touch him. He was a few inches taller than I was, and his clothes were as soft as mine.

"Be careful," Deoji said. "He's a special student, from a cultured home, like Vedi."

"My father is an eye specialist," Raj said. He had a small, hesitant voice, like someone who had never gone to school before.

"Feel his eyes," Abdul suddenly said. "They're watering. He's a cry-baby."

"They water all the time," Raj said. "I can't help it."

We laughed. We were dry-eyed except when we were crying, and the

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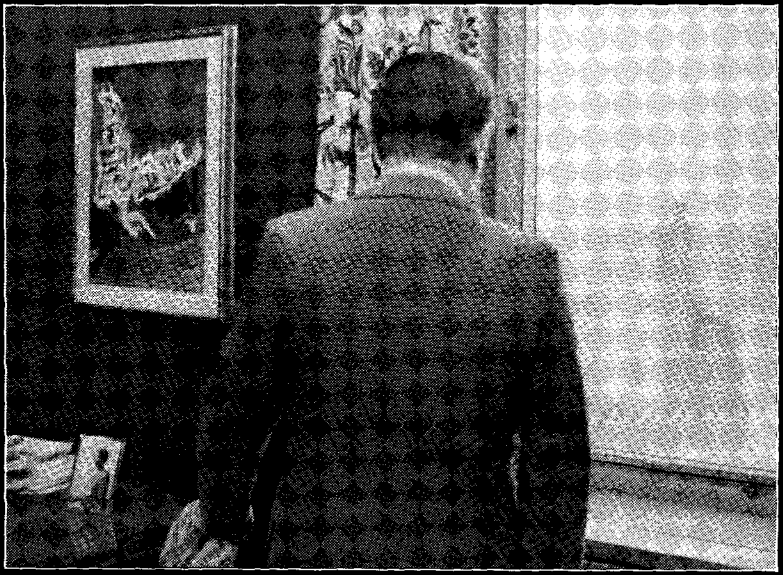

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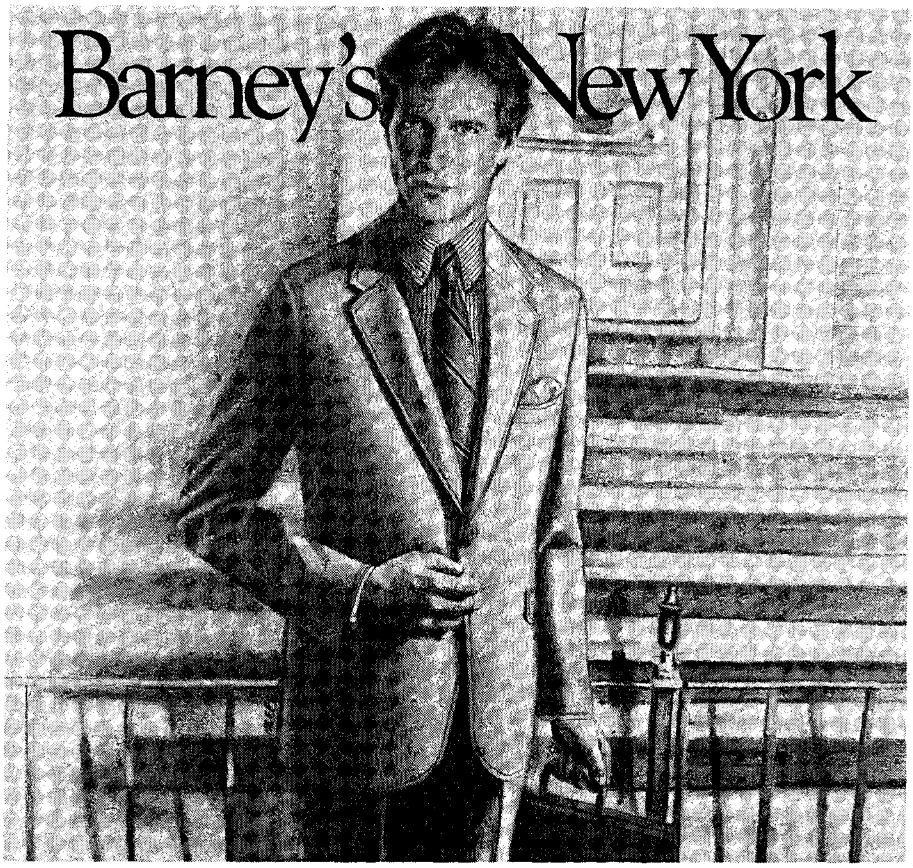
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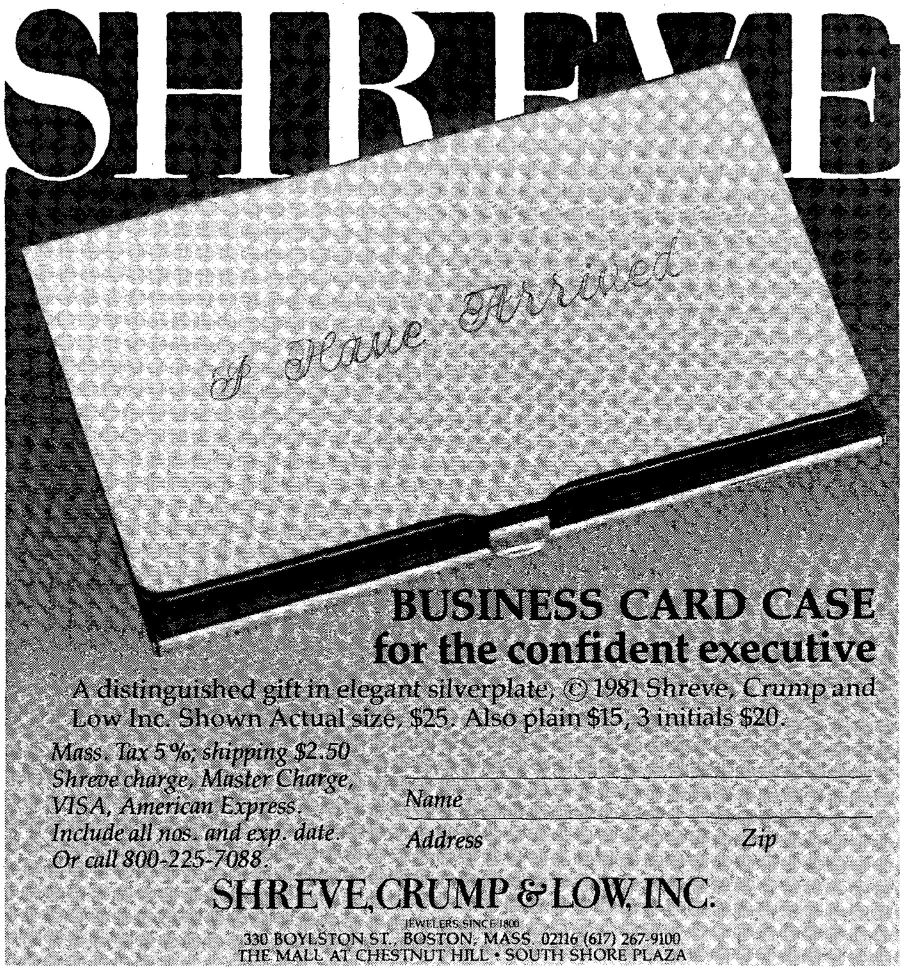
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idea of someone who cried all the time was funny.

"I know why you cry so much," Abdul said. "It's because you must rub your eyes."

"I can't help rubbing them," Raj said. "They hurt."

All of us were always banging into something and hurting someplace or other, and Raj's idea that if you rubbed what hurt, the hurt would go away sounded really funny.

"You're a very strange boy," Abdul said.

Instead of protesting, Raj said, "I'm going to be a day scholar."

"What's that?" we cried.

"You know, it's someone who comes for classes and then goes home."

Except for me, none of us boys had a home, and I had come to school by taking a train for a night and a day and more. The idea that Raj could come to classes from his home the way we came to classes from the boys' dormitory seemed extremely odd.

"I think they are going to have an empty bed in the boys' dormitory," Bhaskar said. "Sickly Ramesh is not long for the boys' dormitory. You could have his bed."

Raj didn't seem to understand what Bhaskar was saying. When he finally did, he said, "I don't want to live in your boys' dormitory. In fact, I don't want to go to your school. I am just here for six months, until I learn the fundamentals of Braille. Then I'll go back to my old sighted school. I've already studied there for four years. You see, I only just lost my sight."

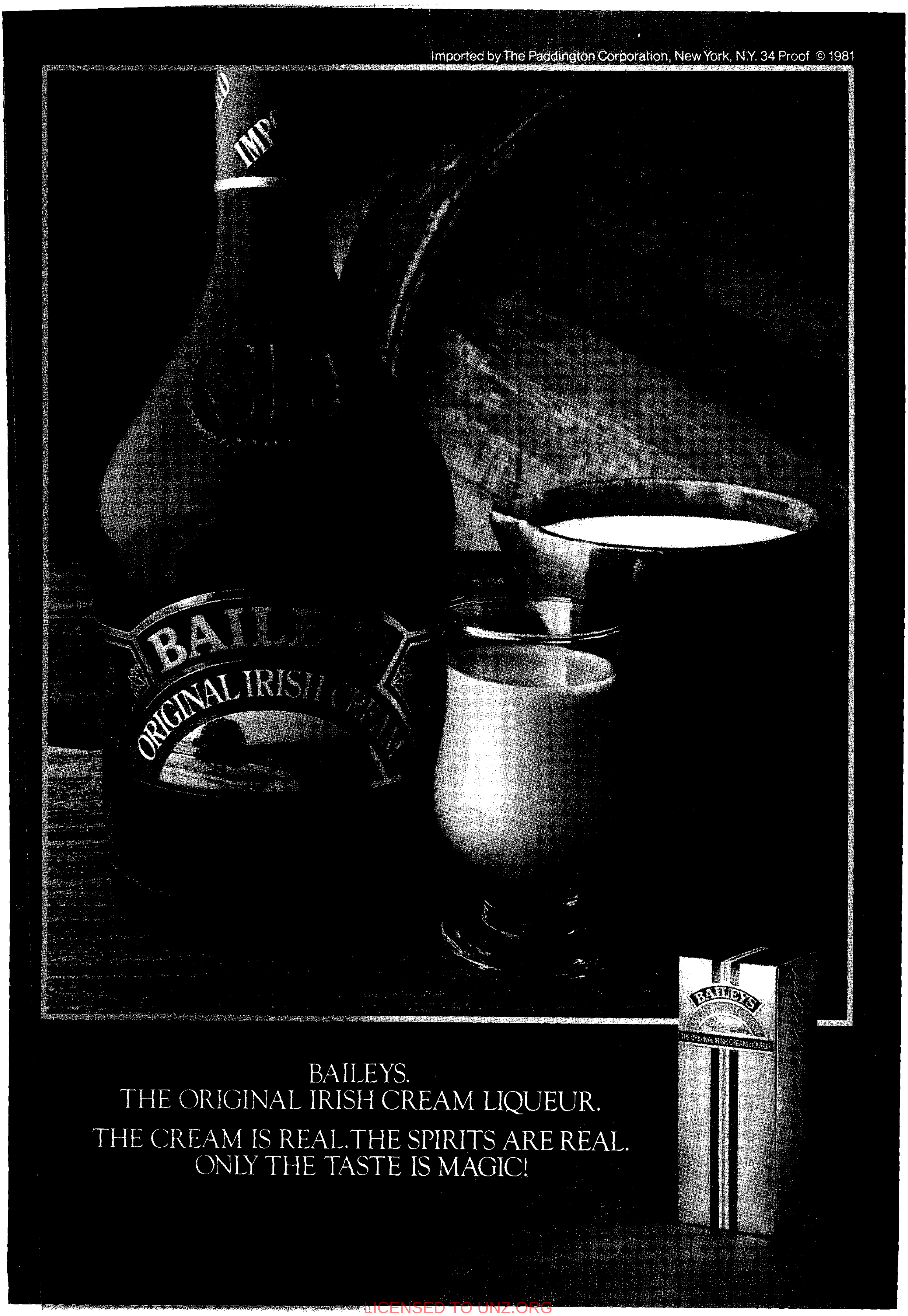
So far, no one we knew of had left the school, and we were puzzled.

"He'll think better of it," Abdul said. "He'll be here learning his funmentals, or whatever it is, until he's as old as Deoji and Reuben."

Everyone laughed.

In subsequent days, Raj, just as he had said, came for classes and left after them. Every morning, he arrived in a victoria, and every afternoon he left in a victoria—like a big sheikh. We were all impressed, because even Mr. Ras Mohun didn't take victorias. But Raj was so clumsy that he couldn't get from the victoria to the classroom, or from the classroom to the boys' common bathroom, without one of us escorting him.

Mr. Ras Mohun said to me, "Finally, you have a friend from a cultured home," and he always made Raj sit next to me. I took charge of Raj and showed him around the school. I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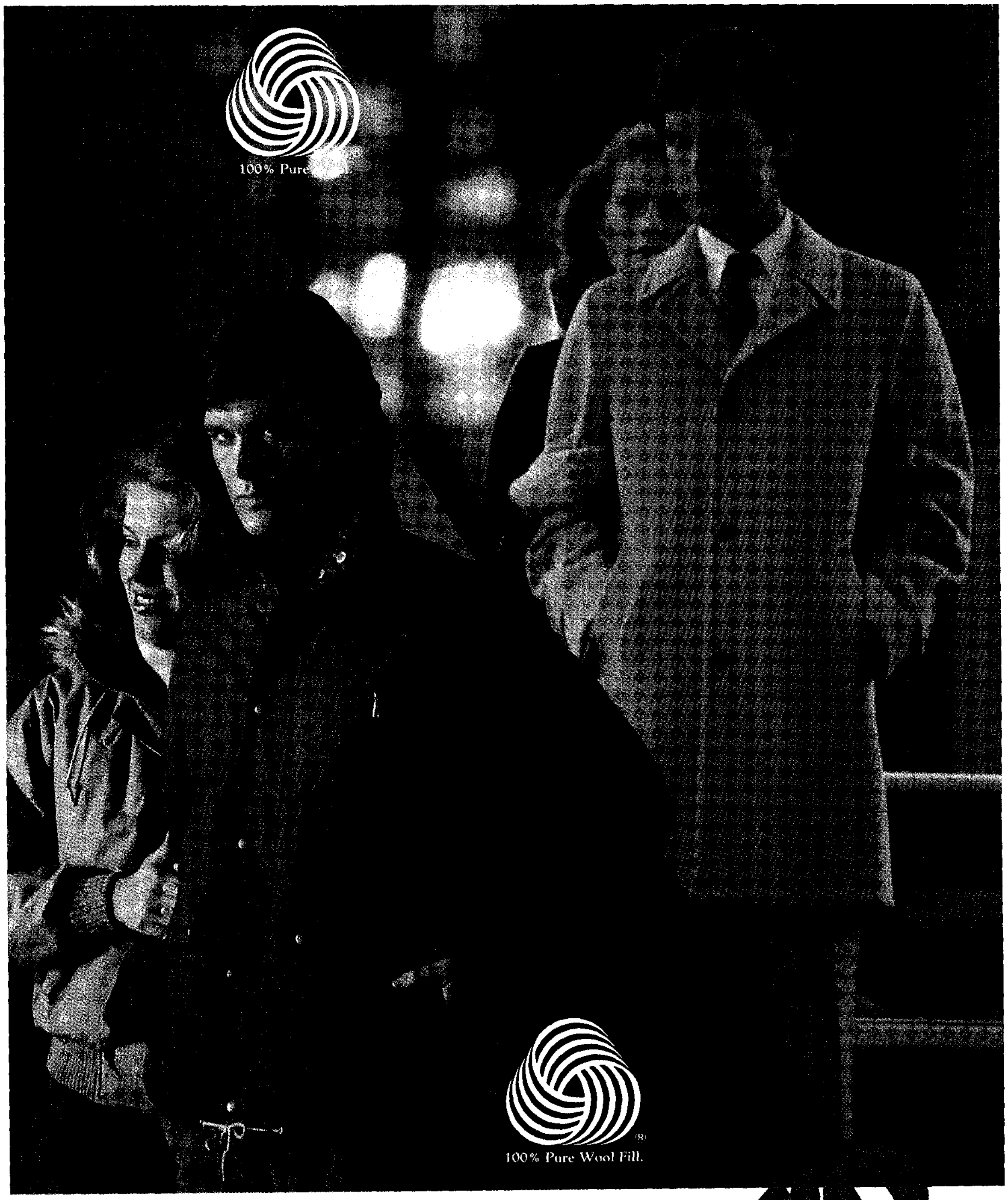

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showed him Mr. Ras Mohun's office and Mrs. Ras Mohun's flower-and-vegetable bed. I told him about the Sighted Master's snoring and the school ghosts at night. I took him up to the boys' dormitory and introduced him as best I could to the deaf, dumb, and blind boy, Jaisingh. I told him about walks to Mahim Sea Beach, about the annual trip to Juhu Beach, about running at the racing track behind the school with the dogs and the sighted boys. I even told him something I hadn't thought of until the moment I said it—that when I grew up I was going to marry Paran. But Raj didn't get excited about any of it.

And the most surprising thing of all was that one day, after a few months, he stopped coming, without even saying goodbye. Every day, we waited for the sound of his victoria at the gate, but it never came.

THE class in which we learned to identify birds and animals was now held only on alternate days, and on the other days we had a new class with Miss Mary, the pupil-teacher—geography and arithmetic. In one of the first geography-and-arithmetic classes, Miss Mary introduced us to a new toy—a boxlike affair with a needle on it that we could push around and fix at any point. It was called a teaching compass, and we all took turns playing with it.

"When the needle points to me, it's pointing north," Miss Mary told us. "When it points to you, it's pointing south."

With the help of the compass, she taught us not only north and south but also east and west, northeast, northwest, southeast, and southwest.

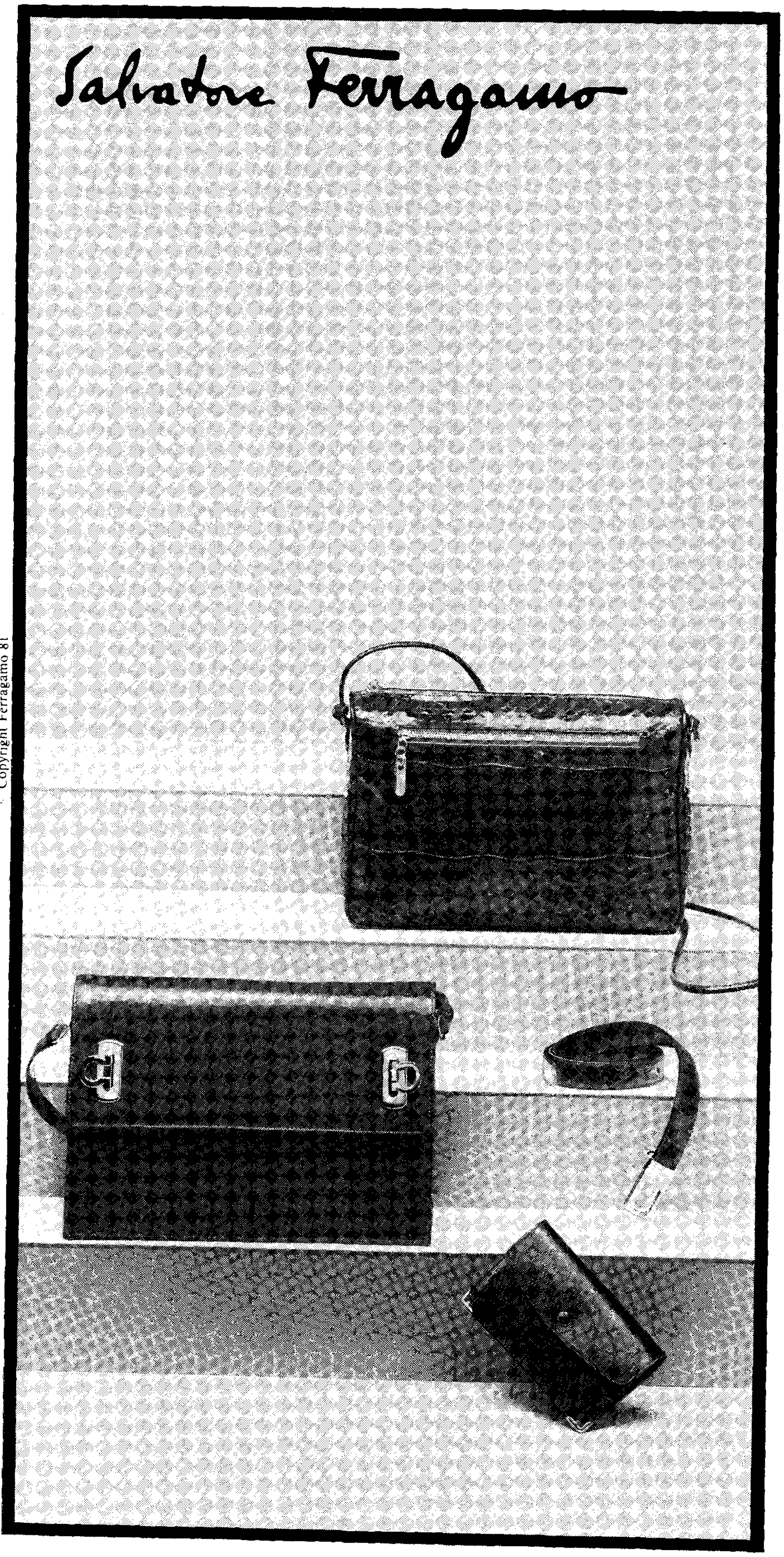
Then, one day, she gave each of us what felt like the oblong brass tray that Sher Singh generally used when he collected glasses at home. The top of the traylike thing, however, was punched out with rows upon rows of little holes, like a pegboard.

"Those are arithmetic slates," Miss Mary told us.

"But it doesn't have any beads," Paran said.

"You are all too advanced for an abacus now," Miss Mary said. "Instead of beads, an arithmetic slate has type."

Miss Mary went around the room and gave us each a handful of type. Each type was a little square peg with a raised edge on one end and two prongs on the other. Miss Mary showed us that when a type was in-



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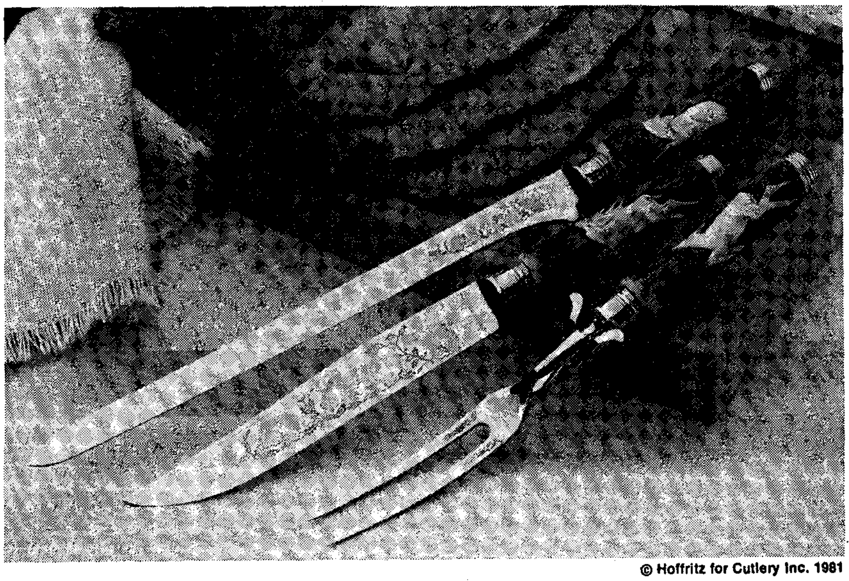

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serted at different angles in a hole in the arithmetic slate, either with the raised edge up or with the prongs up, it felt different under our fingers. In subsequent lessons, we learned that the different directions a raised edge faced signified different numbers: 1 was made by facing the raised edge northeast; 2 by facing it due east; 3 by facing it southeast; 4 by facing it due south; 5 by facing it southwest; 6 by facing it due west; 7 by facing it northwest; 8 by facing it due north. To make 9, we inserted the type prongs up, with the prongs facing northeast, in the manner of 1. Similarly, 0 was made by facing the prongs due east, in the manner of 2. When 1 and 0 were placed next to each other in a row, they made 10, and so on. The other angles with the prongs up were used as signs for addition, subtraction, multiplication, and division. When we wanted to add or subtract numbers, we were to place numbers on rows, one under another, and skip a row of holes before putting in the answer. We were to follow a similar procedure for multiplication and division.

At first, we had trouble separating directions from numbers. I remember that once Miss Mary asked us to add 21 and 24, and I quickly cried out, "The answer is south-southwest!"

"Forty-south," Paran corrected me.

"I wish I had never mentioned directions to you along with numbers," Miss Mary said. "Southwest was only an analogy."

"What is an analogy, Miss Mary?" Abdul asked.

"Never you mind, Abdul. What is the answer?"

"I don't know," Abdul said. "It's three."

"What's wrong with your coconut, Abdul?" Miss Mary scolded. "Bhaskar, what is the answer?"

Miss Mary went around the classroom, asking everyone, but no one gave the correct answer.

"The correct answer is forty-five," Miss Mary said.

"I think it would be much easier if we did our sums in Braille," Abdul said.

"In Braille, you can't erase," she said. "On an arithmetic slate, you can change numbers almost with the flick of a finger. The whole process is twenty times as fast and easy."

THE boys' dormitory was a changed place, thanks to some new indoor games. Almost the first

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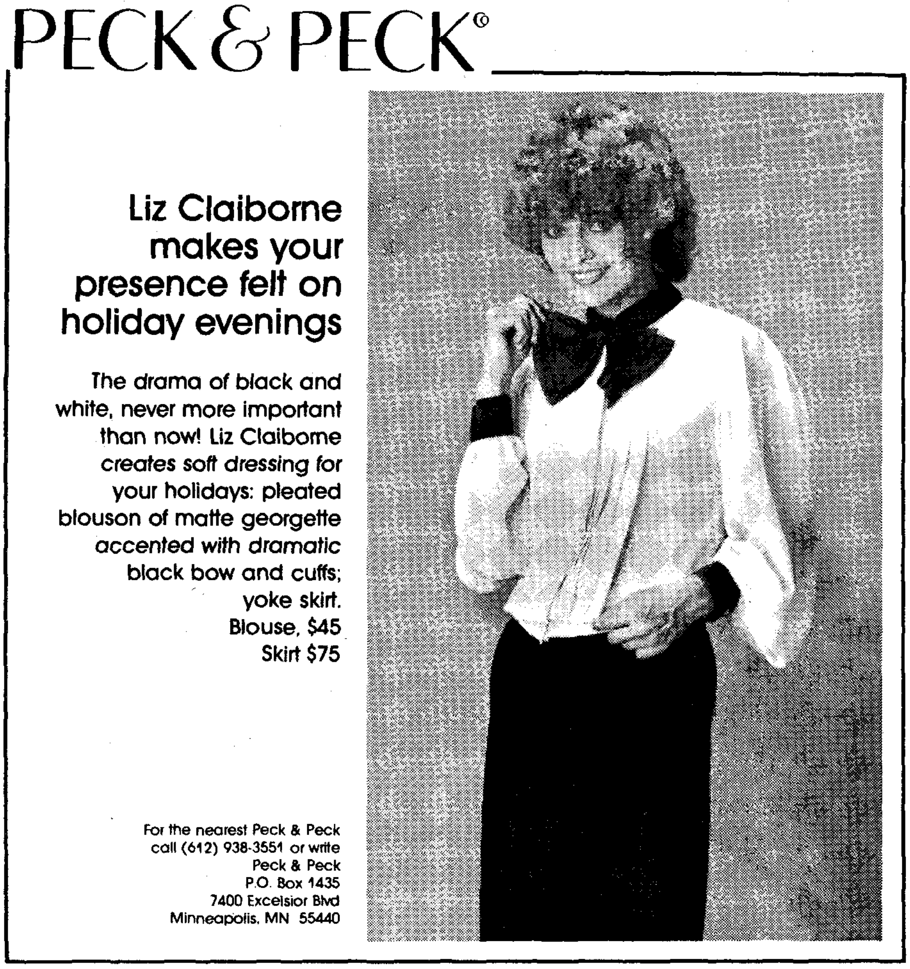

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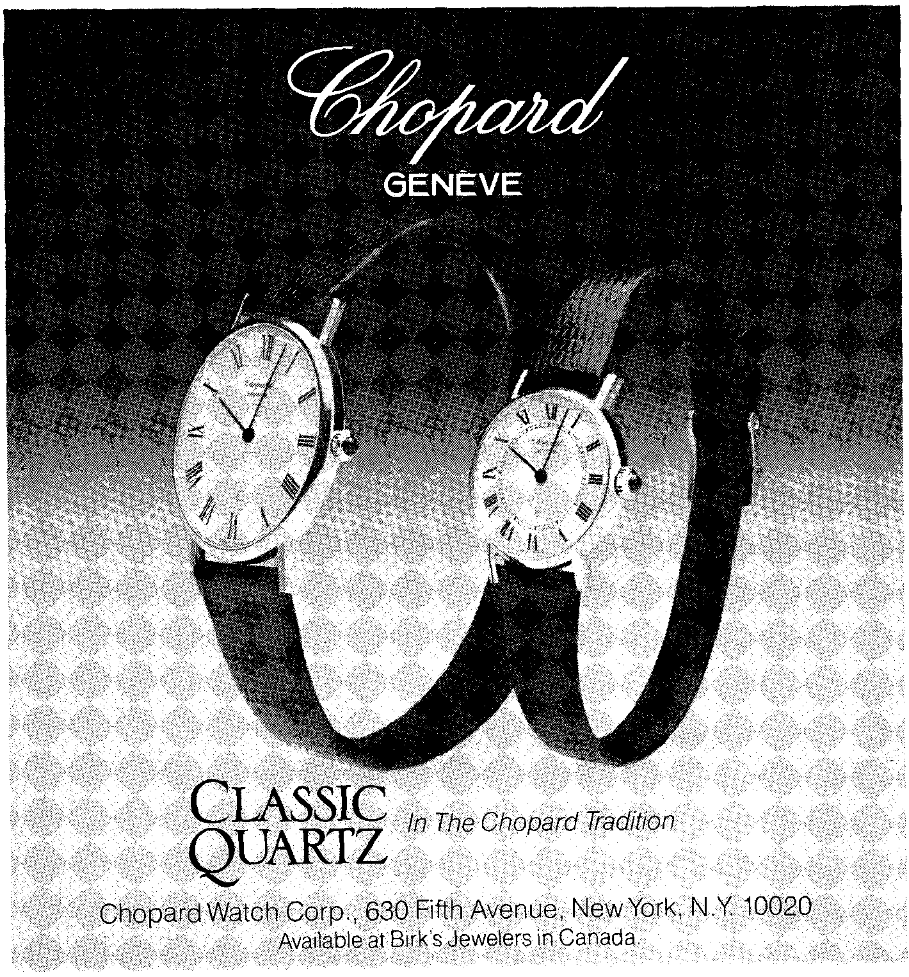

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day I was back at school, Deoji said, "Let me teach you how to play cards."

"Cards? What kind of cards?"

"Playing cards."

I was surprised. I had thought that only grownups could play cards, and then only grownups who could see. At home, Mamaji would play rummy with a circle of friends. I would stand at her elbow and ask, "What card did you put down? You promised to call out its name."

"Oh, I forgot. Ten of spades."

The next time, she would again forget to call out the card. Her friends didn't even try. If I asked them what cards they had put down, they would say, "Go outside and play with your mouth organ."

Whenever I asked Mamaji questions about how the game was played, she would say, "It's not for you. It's a grownup game."

"But is the ace higher than the king?" I would ask.

"Sometimes it's higher than the king, and sometimes it's lower than the deuce."

"How can it be both?"

"It just is—it depends."

"It depends on what?"

"It depends on what you want it to be—on what else you have in your hand."

No matter how often I asked her, it seemed that she couldn't explain the game to me, and after a while I lost interest in it. I made up my own game in my head, in which diamonds were Mamaji's jewelry, hearts were tokens of naughty love, a club was where Daddyji went, and a spade was what we used to turn the soil in Mrs. Ras Mohun's flower-and-vegetable bed.

Then Mamaji got the idea that if I touched the cards it would bring her good luck, and now and again she would call me and give me the deck to shuffle. At first, I was clumsy and would either spill the cards or shuffle them in batches. But I quickly learned to hold the two halves of the deck edge to edge and flip them rapidly. I came to love the sound. It was like the sound of dozens of sparrows flying away from a tree.

Now Deoji handed me a playing card. On the top left corner was "gd" in Braille, and the same letters were written on the bottom right corner.

"That is the seven of diamonds," Deoji said. He explained that "g" stood for seven (in Braille, letters also have to stand for numbers) and "d" for diamond, that "a" was ace and "k" was king and "q" was queen and "j"

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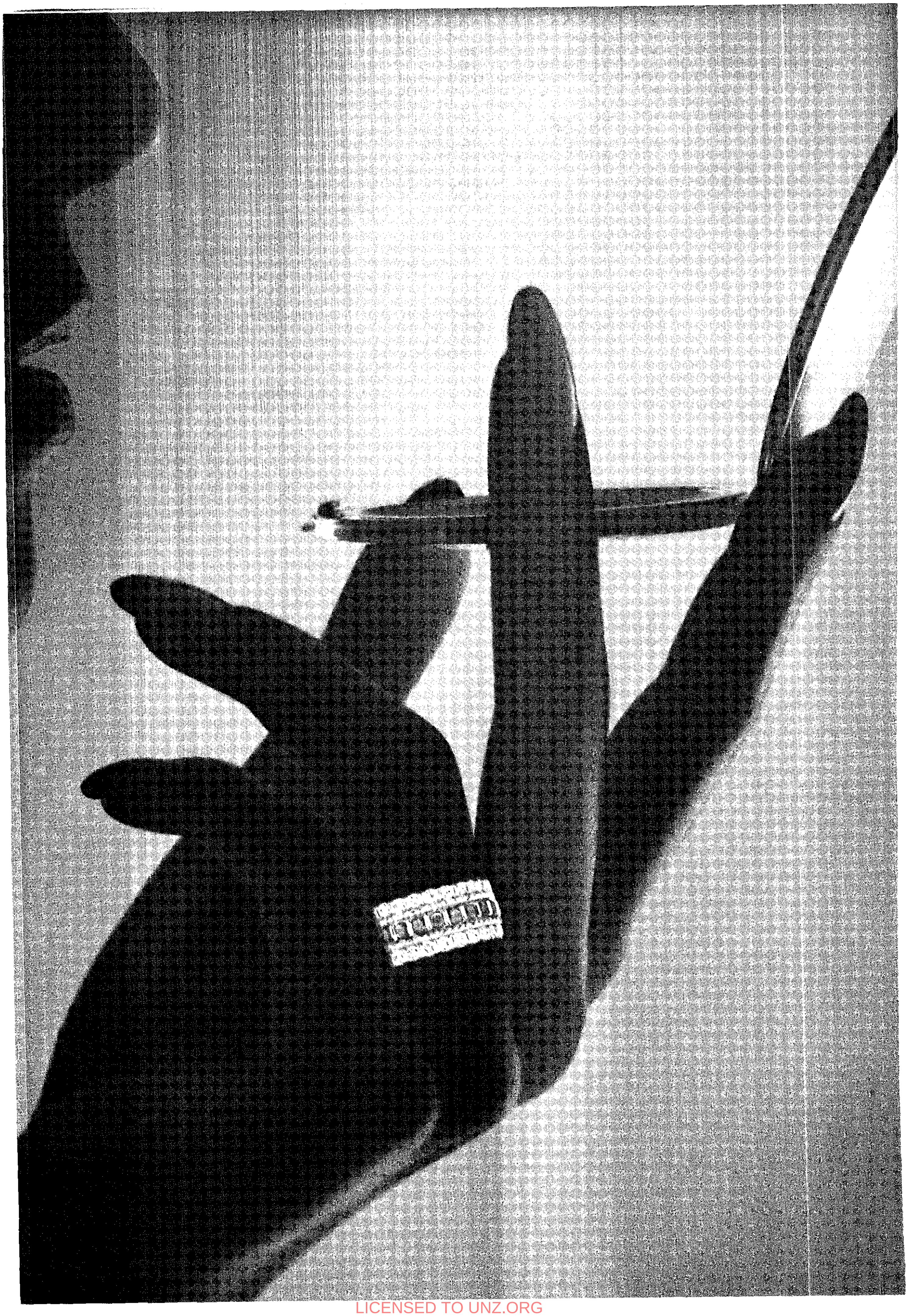

was jack, and that "h" was hearts and "c" was clubs and "s" was spades.

In the following days, he taught me rummy, and we started playing it. It seemed so simple. Every time we put down a card, we had to call out its name; for the rest, the game was a matter of collecting three of this and a sequence of that.

After one of our early games, I shuffled the deck.

"I didn't know you could shuffle," Deoji said.

I told him about Mamaji.

"But Braille cards should not be shuffled as ordinary cards are, because then you might rub out the Braille dots," Deoji said. "Braille cards are best shuffled by pulling out a batch at a time and putting it on top."

Playing cards became a common pastime for me in the dormitory, stopped being magical, stopped conjuring up Mamaji's diamonds and Daddyji's clubs.

In my absence, the boys, in addition to learning to play cards, had learned a new indoor game called draughts. I picked up the game quickly. It had a big cardboard playing board with recessed circles and was played with many small discs, called men, and a few double-height discs, called kings. A man could "eat" an enemy's man by jumping over him if that man's back was left unprotected, and a man was crowned a king when he reached the back row of the enemy's side. Half the men and half the kings were marked with smooth metal buttons on top and were called white. The other half had no buttons on top and were called black. In the boys' dormitory, there was only one draughts set—Mr. Ras Mohun had obtained it from the Royal National Institute for the Blind, in England—and on weekends we used to sit around on our beds waiting to take our turn, rushing along the boys who were playing with shouts of "Hurry up!" and "Why are you taking so long with your move?"

As I waited for my turn, I would remember my big sisters and my big brother and my cousins gathered around a ludo or Monopoly board, talking in rapid English, their games as mysterious as their language. They would give me a few counters and pieces to play with. I would move them on the floor and show an imaginary blind partner where I had put everything, but it had never occurred to me that there could be an indoor game like ludo or Monopoly which I could play with real people. And now

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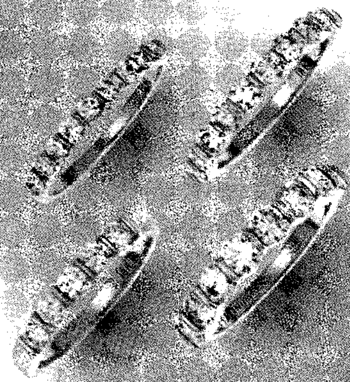

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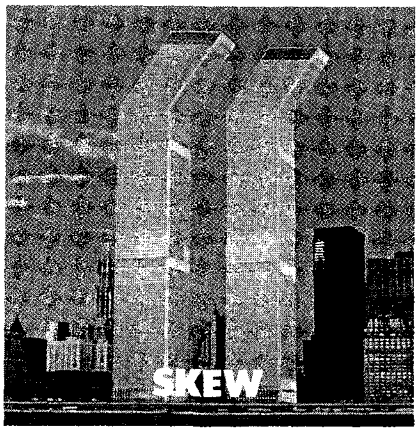

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here was draughts, and I was being called to play with Abdul. We tossed a coin and I got the white, and our hands covered the board, feeling all the men in their recessed circles—like so many soldiers in foxholes, as Deoji said. At one point, one of my men jumped and ate one of Abdul's men, and as I waited for Abdul to make his next move I thought of my men as Englishmen with smooth metal helmets and Abdul's men as bareheaded Indians. I imagined I was a king myself, waiting to be crowned in Abdul's back row.

THERE was also a new outdoor game that had been introduced in my absence—one for which Mr. Ras Mohun had bought a special ball. The ball was a hollow thick-rubber thing about four inches across with big round holes cut into it here and there. In through the holes Mr. Ras Mohun had forced a few bottle tops, which clinked when the ball rolled along the ground.

When I first felt the ball, I was disappointed. "I want a ball like Brother Om's," I said to Deoji, and I told him about Brother Om's ball. It was three or four times the size of Mr. Ras Mohun's ball. It had a bladder with a tube and had to be filled with a bicycle pump. It had a little hollow for tucking in the tube, a tongue for closing up the hollow, and a lace for tying down the tongue. All around the ball were seams that made a nice design on it. It had such a lively bounce that you could hear it bouncing along all the way down the *gulli* and follow it by the sound. Sometimes it kept bouncing until I couldn't hear it anymore. Mr. Ras Mohun's ball had hardly any bounce. It rolled along the ground like a kicked stone.

"For a ball like your brother's, you would need a long *gulli* or a huge compound to play in," Deoji told me. "Mr. Ras Mohun's ball is right for us, because what the blind sort here need is a ball that rolls slowly in our little front courtyard."

After that, I began to enjoy playing the ball game that Mr. Ras Mohun had thought up for us. He would stand on the steps of the veranda and throw the ball toward the gate. We would take turns, in twos and threes, dashing to find the ball by the clinks of the bottle tops. We would run into one another, fall over one another, and fight to be the first to grab the ball and run with it to Mr. Ras Mohun, while he cheered us on in his little falsetto:

"Come on, boys! . . . Go after it! . . . That's it! . . . This way! . . . Here is my hand!"

If I got the ball before Abdul, he would cry out "You dog!" In fact, sometimes, when we were sure Mr. Ras Mohun was not within earshot, one of us would stand on the veranda steps, hold back the school dogs, Bobby and Robby, throw the ball, let go of the dogs, and shout like Mr. Ras Mohun (we had no trouble imitating his voice, since many of us had high, thin voices), "Come on, dogs! Go after it!" Then we would stand on the steps with our hands outstretched for the ball as the dogs scurried and leaped, growled and barked.

A DISTANT PROSPECT

DADDYJI had been corresponding with Mr. Ras Mohun, asking him for his help in getting me out of Bombay and out of India as soon as that was practicable:

22 March, 1941

11 Temple Road
Lahore, Punjab
MY DEAR MR. RAS MOHUN,

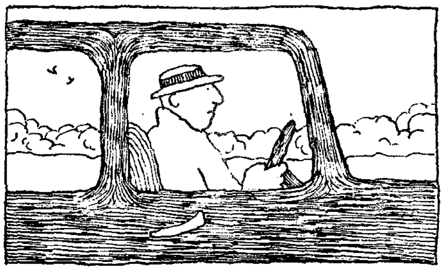
As we have discussed before, I would like Vedi to go to the West, where I received some of my education. I have been worried about the child's health, and I'm sure it will improve in the cooler, Western climate. We Punjabis thrive in it. I'm also sure Vedi would benefit by living in a society where people have a much more enlightened attitude toward blindness than we Indians do.

Mr. Ras Mohun had written to the Reverend Dr. Gabriel Farrell, the director of the Perkins Institution, in the United States, which Mr. Ras Mohun used to refer to as "the Eton of the blind."

April 19, 1941

As from
Dadar School for the Blind,
Dadar, Bombay, (India).
DEAR DR. FARRELL,

I am writing this letter on a very important problem regarding the future of a bright visually handicapped boy of whom I wrote to you some time ago for a Hall Braillewriter. [Thanks to Mr. Ras Mohun, I had become the proud first owner in India of a Hall Braillewriter, the latest American machine for the blind. It had seven keys—six for embossing dots and a



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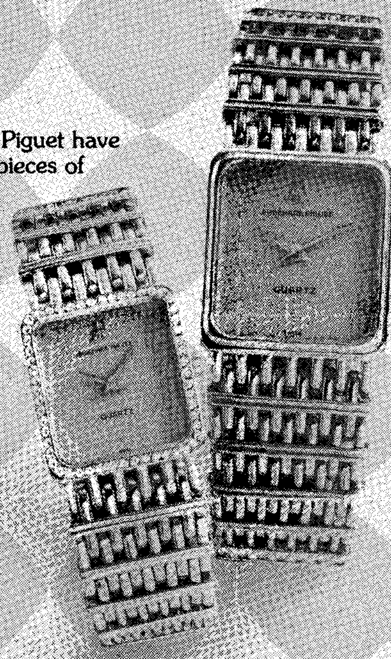

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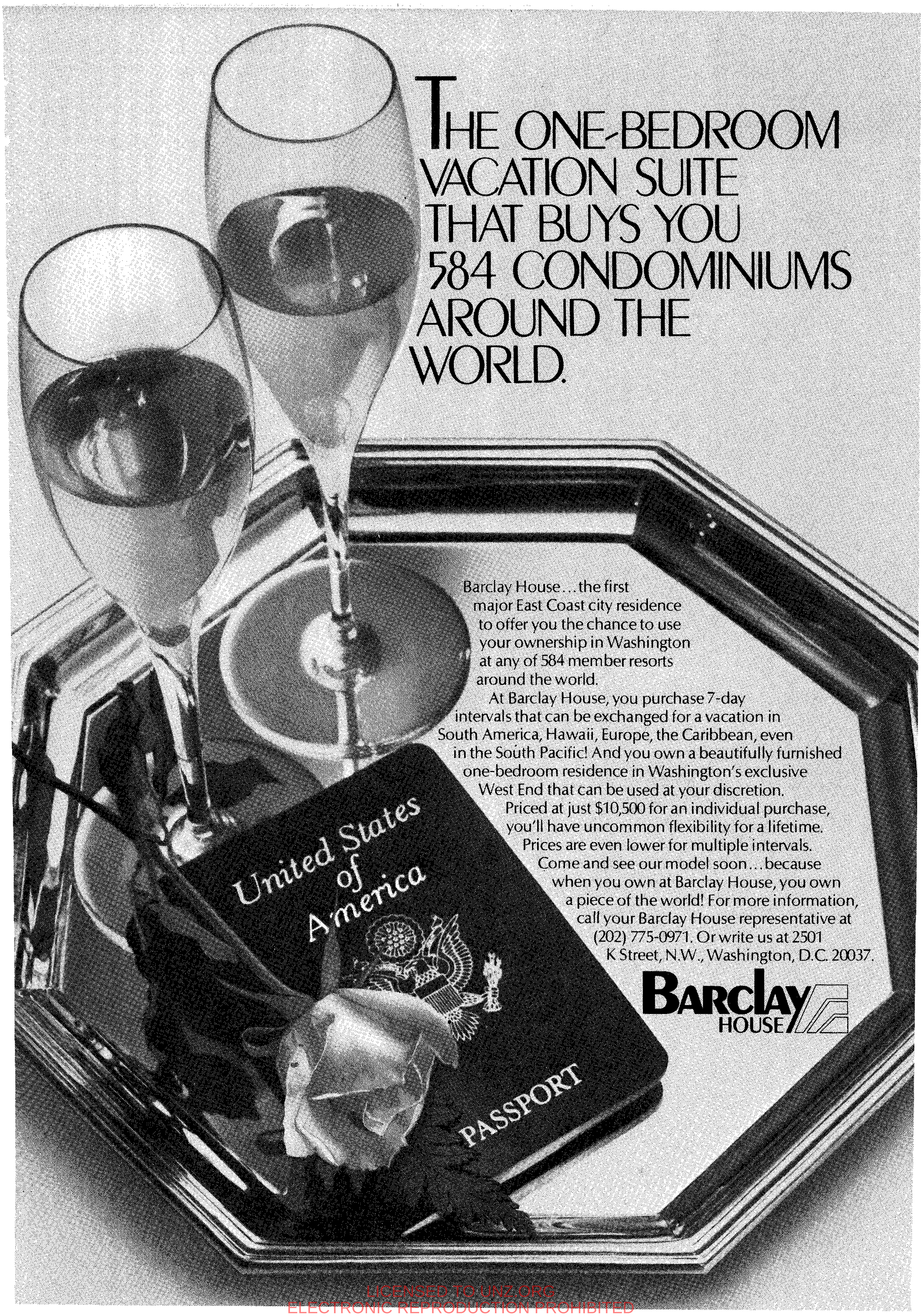
bar for spacing—and on it I could write Braille faster even than Deoji, who had to use a stylus and slate.] This little fellow is doing well, and before I make a definite request to you on his behalf, I am giving below his particulars:

Pupil's Name . . . Ved Parkash Mehta
Date of birth . . . March 21, 1934
Admitted into our School . . . February, 1939
Health . . . Very good
Height . . . 3'11"
Weight . . . 49 lbs
Appearance . . . Handsome
Colour . . . Brown (almost like the Italians or Greeks)
Father's name . . . Dr. A. R. Mehta, M.B., B.S.; D.P.H.; D.T.M. & H.; Visited Johns Hopkins School of Medicine as a Rockefeller Foundation Fellow
Father's Profession . . . Public Health Service in the Government of the Punjab, India.

The boy has been in the school for about a year only, as he had to be at home for another year owing to certain private family circumstances. We do not have standardized mental tests to give to the child, but based on his responses and my observations during the period he has been with us, I have a feeling that probably he is a superior child. He is very much interested in physical activities as well. He is from a cultured family which has a tradition behind it. For a child of his physical and mental calibre, I should like to see that he gets an opportunity to be educated in the best institution in the world for the visually handicapped in his formative and most impressionable years. His father is a very highly educated man who won scholarships in his day and educated himself abroad mostly by self-help. He chose our school at Bombay though 1300 miles away from home because he thought that the child would have the best opportunities of education in India—such as they are. But my feeling is that a boy of such superior mentality and activity should be given the best opportunities in the world, if possible. We are teaching him through the mediums of English and the Indian vernacular of Marathi. He understands English and can write on the Hall Braillewriter. When he joined the school, he did not know a word of English. Now he has a workable vocabulary of more than 200 words. His other achievements too are remarkable.

I am, therefore, writing this letter to make a request to you, whether you could kindly make it possible to give him an opportunity of education at the Perkins Institution for the whole of his schooling period. I know the per capita cost per month last year at Perkins was 107 dollars. It may probably have a slight increase this year due to war conditions. The parents of the pupil are spending about 40 rupees per month on him. They have five other children to educate but they are so interested in the welfare of this child that I believe they may be prevailed upon and tempted to increase it up to 100 rupees (i.e. about 30 dollars according to the present exchange rates).

If you would kindly accede to my request, I shall remain grateful for two reasons. First, you would give a chance to a clever boy who would have the opportunity of being educated in the best Institution in the world and so help him diffuse



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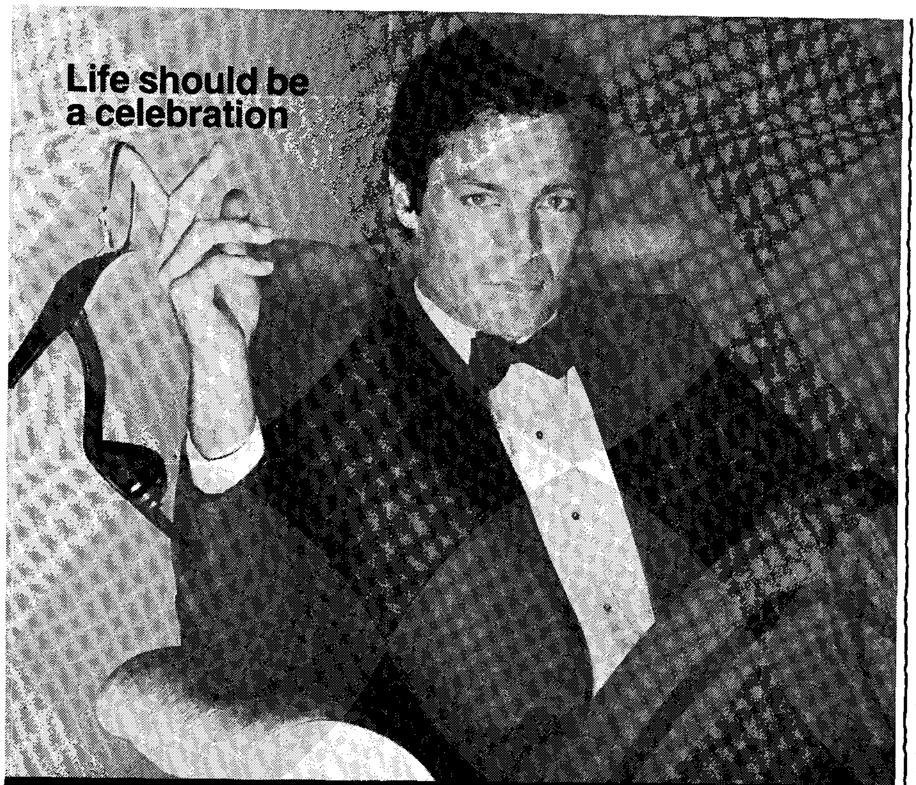

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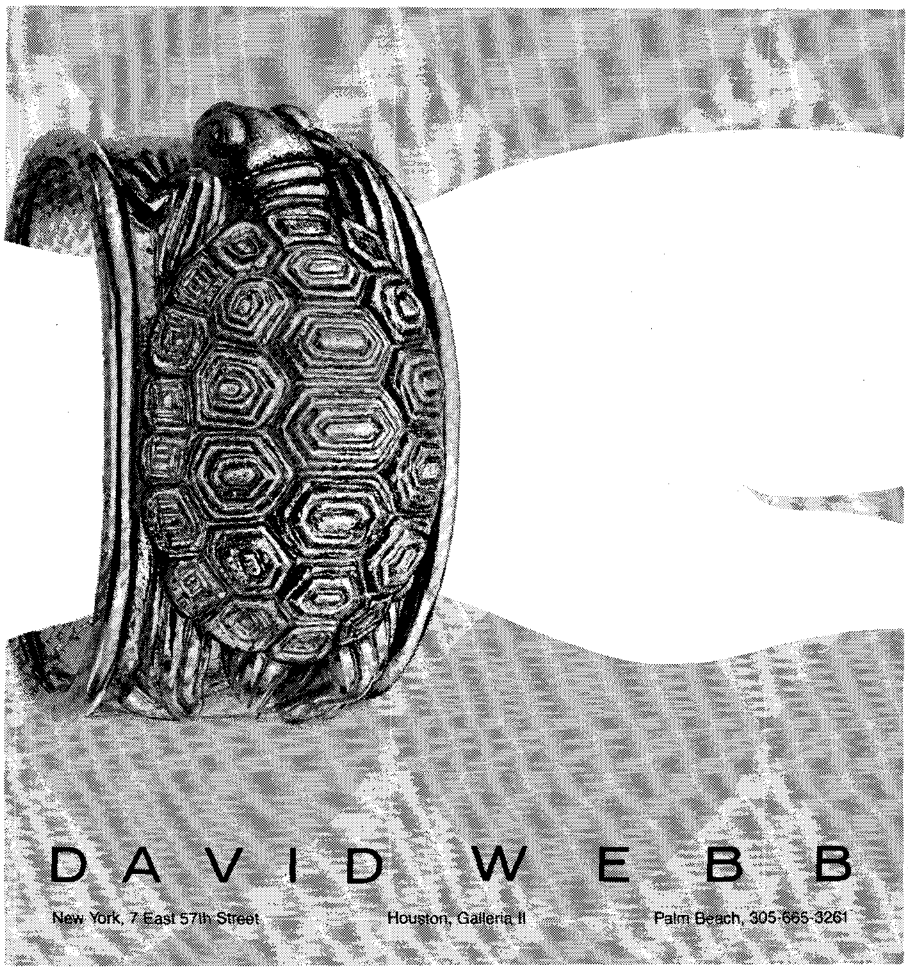


your ideas of education in his province in general and his city of nearly ¾ of a million people in particular, which are extremely backward as far as the work and education of the blind is concerned. Second, he will have a much brighter future if educated at Perkins than if he were educated at any other institution in the world.

Due to war conditions the mails are so delayed that I am sending this letter by Air Mail, so that it may reach you before you break up for summer in June. If I hear favourably from you, I can get in touch with the parents of the boy, who I am sure will agree to my plans and suggestions, if their finances permit. I feel sure that his father will never do less than his best in the matters relative to the welfare of the boy. If all our plans materialise, I would like to send the boy to America in July 1942 when Mr. and Mrs. Thomas' furlough will be due.

I shall deeply appreciate if you would kindly consider my request.

With reminiscences of Perkins and kind regards to you,

Sincerely yours,
Ras Mohun

The Rev. Dr. Gabriel Farrell, B.SC., B.D., D.D.
The Director, Perkins Institution
Watertown, Mass., U.S.A.

A couple of months later, Mr. Ras Mohun received a reply from Dr. Farrell:

June 4, 1941

The Perkins Institution
Watertown, Massachusetts

DEAR MR. RAS MOHUN,

Many thanks for your letter of April 19, 1941.

I like the sound of the little fellow, but I cannot be very encouraging. I say this because I question whether a boy of his age ought to come so far from home, when it would be necessary to stay here for ten to twelve years just to graduate from our high school. It is our experience that it is better for any boy from another country not to remain here more than two years, and I suggest that he somehow carry his education to a point where he could come here for two years and be able to benefit from his experience at Perkins.

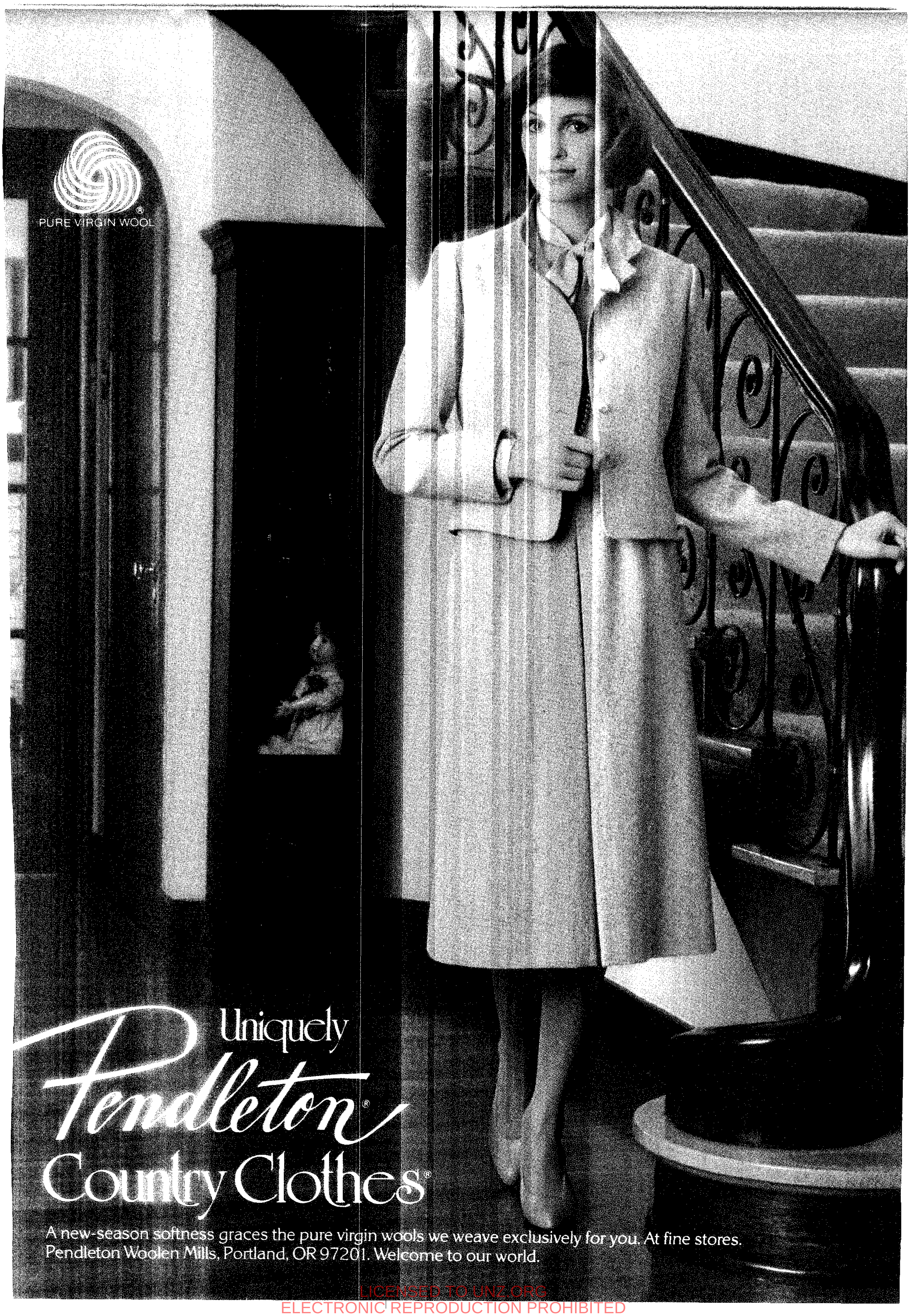
As you know, blindness is a form of maladjustment in itself, and uprooting him at this age will create many additional adjustment problems later on. His leaving home at this stage, therefore, is most inadvisable.

With my best wishes,

Cordially yours,
Gabriel Farrell

Mr. Ras Mohun and Daddyji wrote in turn to Dr. Farrell, pleading my special circumstances, but Dr. Farrell was adamant.

As a child, I knew little about all this correspondence, nor did I understand what Mr. Ras Mohun meant by "the Eton of the blind" (the poet's "distant spires" and "antique towers"). What I did know—and used to go around repeating in the boys' dormitory—was that Daddyji was plan-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ning to send me across the seas, oceans, and deserts to a big school. "There only white sahibs and memsahibs who speak English go," I used to say. "They go around in big gum boots and in big fur coats and big fur hats, because the school is covered with snow day and night." No one in the boys' dormitory would believe that there could be white sahibs and memsahibs who were blind, and the boys asked me to write to them on my Hall Braillewriter when I got there and tell them if it was really so.

FIRE ON MY HEAD

EVEN more than during the first year at school, I seemed to be always coming down with one sickness or another. I had sties, boils, and bronchitis—one after another. I had typhoid twice, malaria three times, and several undiagnosed diseases. In fact, I started spending as much time in the general ward of the J. J. Hospital as I did in the boys' dormitory. During my stays in the hospital, I remember, I would wake up again and again and hear a familiar footstep and say, "Daddyji has come," or I would hear a familiar rustle of a sari and say, "It's Mamaji." But there was never any Daddyji or Mamaji. (If my parents knew about my being in the hospital at all, it was after I had got better and was back at school.) There was only one doctor after another, one nurse after another. The doctors seemed always to be hurrying away, but the nurses seemed always to be waking me and giving me bitter medicine, or noisily wheeling a screen across the floor and putting it around my bed, and then changing my clothing with their cold hands or sponging me with an abrasive cloth or bringing me a bedpan.

I have forgotten everyone in the hospital except Nurse. They were all named Nurse, but one who was named Nurse was different. I would hear her sandals jauntily stepping toward my bed. She was always quietly humming some tune or other, and there was a scent of jasmine in her hair and on her clothes, which, though faint, seemed to defy the germicidal air. "I can't swallow. My throat hurts," I would cry. I felt I could complain to her all I wanted, in a way I felt I couldn't to anyone else, at the hospital or at school. "Oh, that's terrible," she would say. "Nothing could be worse. Now, you take this throat medicine, and you'll be all better by lunchtime. Be sure to breathe through your nose

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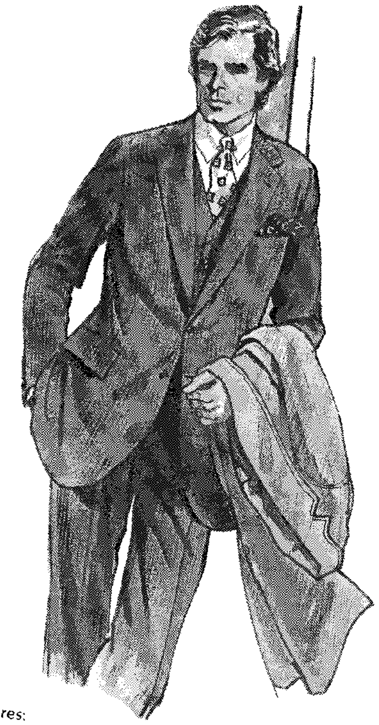

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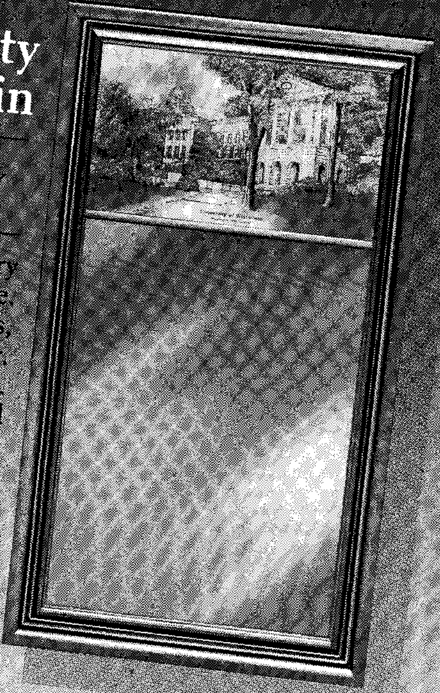

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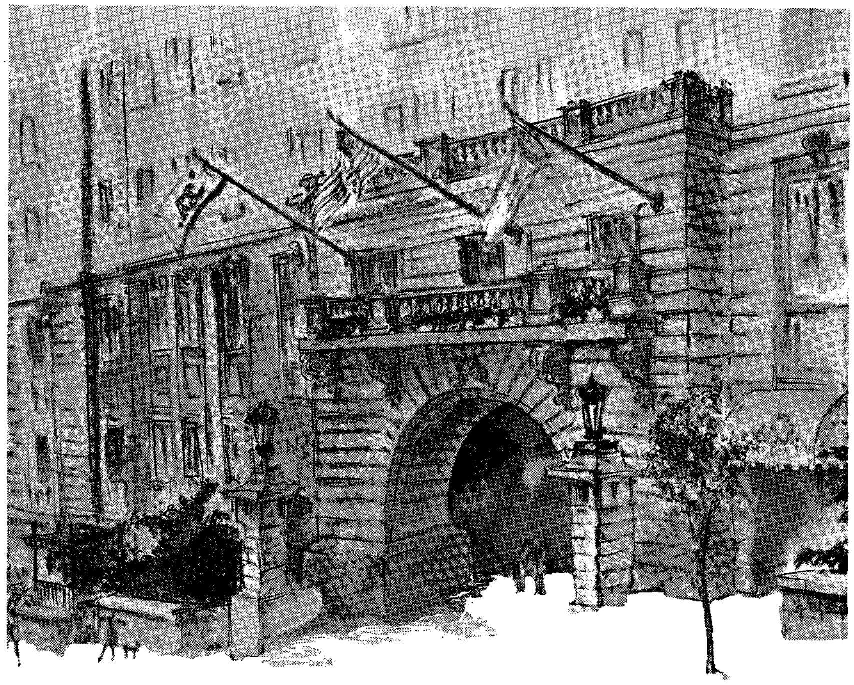

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when you sleep. That way, the medicine will keep on working on your throat." Nurse would sit by my bed and put her hand on my forehead to feel whether my fever was going down, exactly as Mamaji did. She had a small, restless hand, which was like Mamaji's except that it had no rings on it. I would cry if Nurse took her hand off my forehead, so she would leave it there for long stretches. Sometimes I would fall asleep and wake up and her hand would still be on my forehead. I was convinced that as long as her hand was on my forehead my temperature would stay down, and I hated having my temperature go up, because that made me feel as if things were going round and round in my head.

Once, I woke up hot, feverish, and dizzy, and her hand was gone and she was nowhere. I called for her. Then I heard her sandals and smelled her scent and felt her small hand on my forehead.

"You forget that I have other patients," she said.

"No. I am your only patient." I clung to her and wept.

I made her sit by my bed and keep her hand on my forehead.

"Why isn't Mamaji here?" I asked.

"Is she in Bombay? How many brothers and sisters do you have?"

"One big brother, three big sisters, and one baby sister."

"Are they Christian?"

"No. Hindu. Are you a Hindu?"

"No. I am a Christian."

"Deoji is a Christian, and Uncle and Auntie are Christian. I don't know why I am a Hindu."

"You can become a Christian."

"How?"

"By praying to Jesus."

"What will happen to me when I become a Christian? Will I get well?"

"Yes, you will. You'll also go to Heaven."

"What do Christians do?"

"They look after the sick, like Jesus. A Christian tries to be good. A Christian prays to Jesus."

"I pray to Jesus, and to Mary and Joseph, but I am naughty."

"I will pray to Jesus to make you a good boy."

"When will I become a good boy?"

"When you become a good Christian."

I decided there and then to become a good Christian, and told her so.

"What do you know about Jesus?" she asked.

"In school, Uncle read with me a

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"The first time Jim and I were in Japan we spent three days there. It wasn't nearly enough time. We promised ourselves we would come back. I'm so glad we kept our promise.

"We started planning our trip months before we were in Japan. Looking back now, every minute we spent planning rewarded us in hours of enjoyment.

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story about Jesus, Mary, and Joseph. They were a happy family."

"Very happy. And Jesus especially liked blind children. I'll tell you how Jesus was born. An angel came to Joseph in a dream and said that he would have a son, and the son would be the Son of God, and the son would save people from their sins."

"Things are going round and round in my head."

She pressed her hand down on my forehead. "There, they'll stop," she said. "Jesus was born in a stable in Bethlehem. Wise men came and said they had seen the star in the sky telling of his birth and they had come to worship him."

"I feel sick."

"But if you believe in him, he'll not only make you better but will open your eyes and make you see."

I became excited. "Mamaji wants me to see! I believe in him."

She asked me to repeat after her, "Heavenly Father, Thou wilt hear me."

"Heavenly Father, Thou wilt hear me."

"Bless Thy loving child tonight."

"Bless Thy loving child tonight."

"Through the darkness be Thou near me."

"Through the darkness be Thou near me."

"Keep me safe till morning light."

"Keep me safe till morning light."

"All this day Thy hand hath led me."

"All this day Thy hand hath led me."

"And I thank Thee for Thy care."

"And I thank Thee for Thy care."

"Thou hast clothed me, warmed me, fed me."

"Thou hast clothed me, warmed me, fed me."

"Listen to my evening prayer."

"Listen to my evening prayer."

"Let my sins be all forgiven."

"Let my sins be all forgiven."

"Bless the friends I love so well."

"Bless the friends I love so well."

"Take us all at last to Heaven."

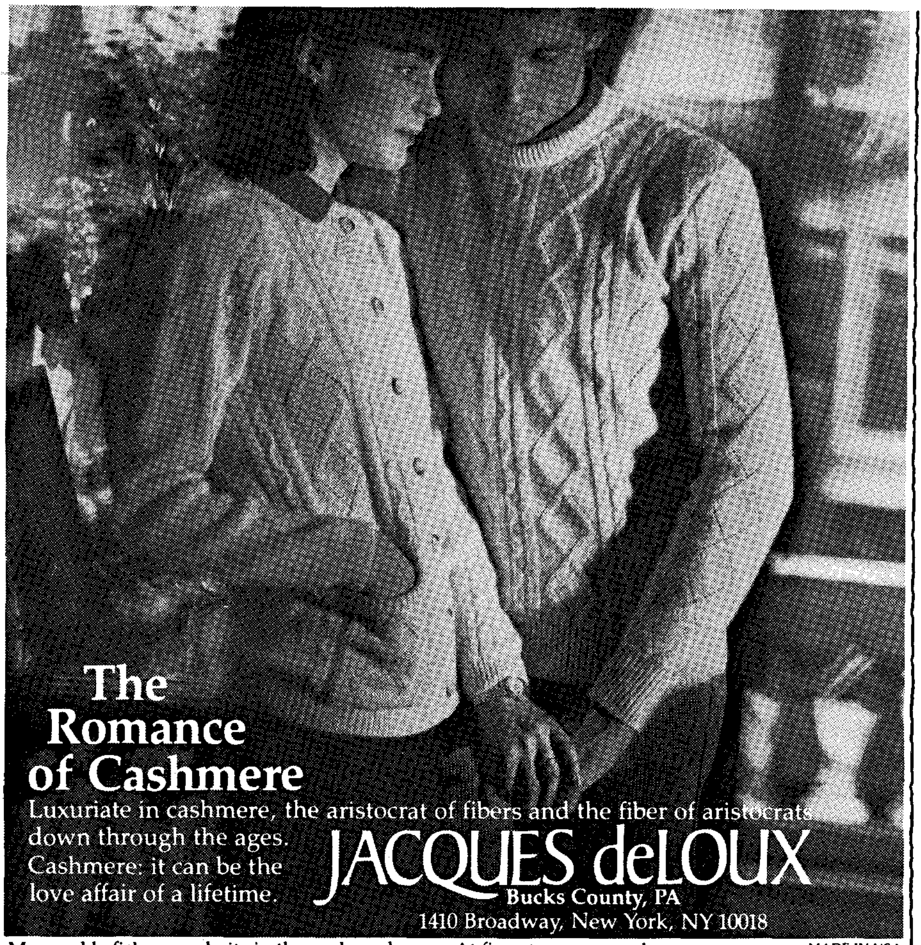
"Take us all at last to Heaven."

"Happy there with Thee to dwell."

"Happy there with Thee to dwell."

"If you say this evening prayer every night and ask for your eyes back, and ask for anything else you want, Jesus will listen to you. He can comfort you more than all the nurses."

Suddenly, my forehead felt cold and exposed. Her hand was gone, and she was gone. But after that, in or out of the hospital, I never failed to say my



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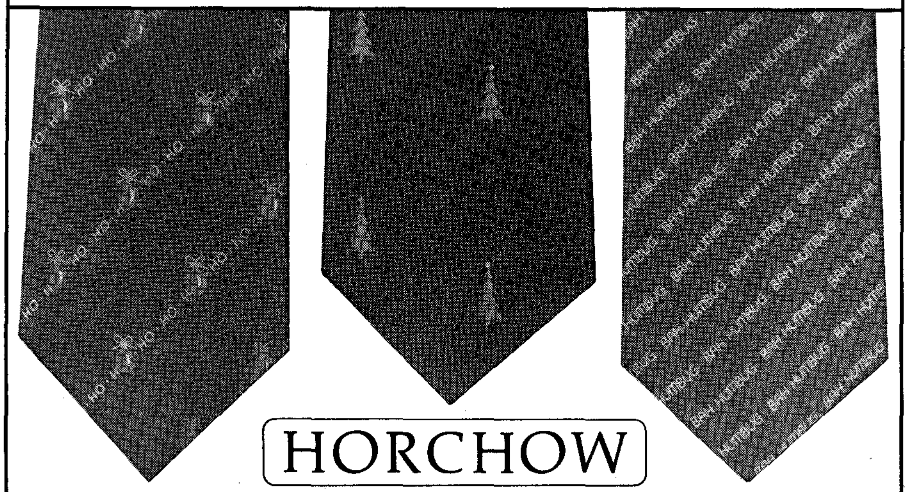

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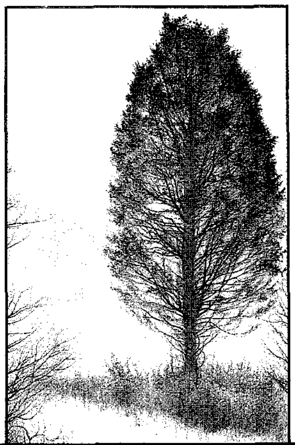

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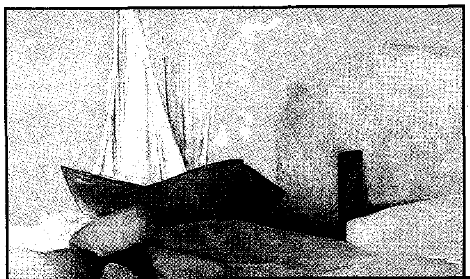

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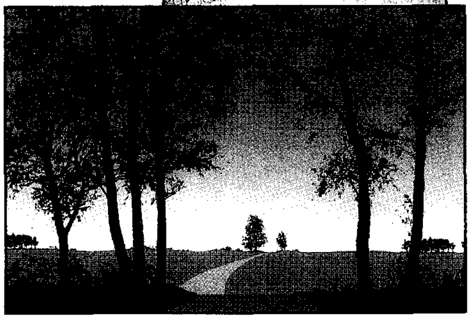

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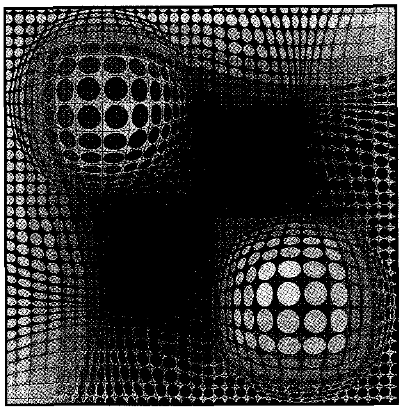

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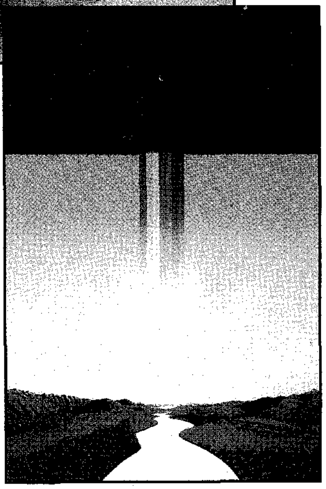

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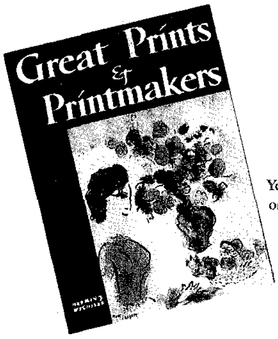

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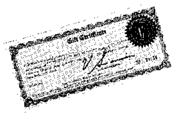

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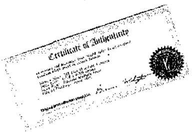

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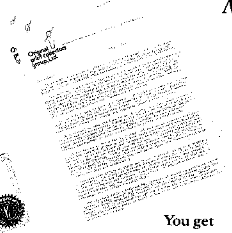

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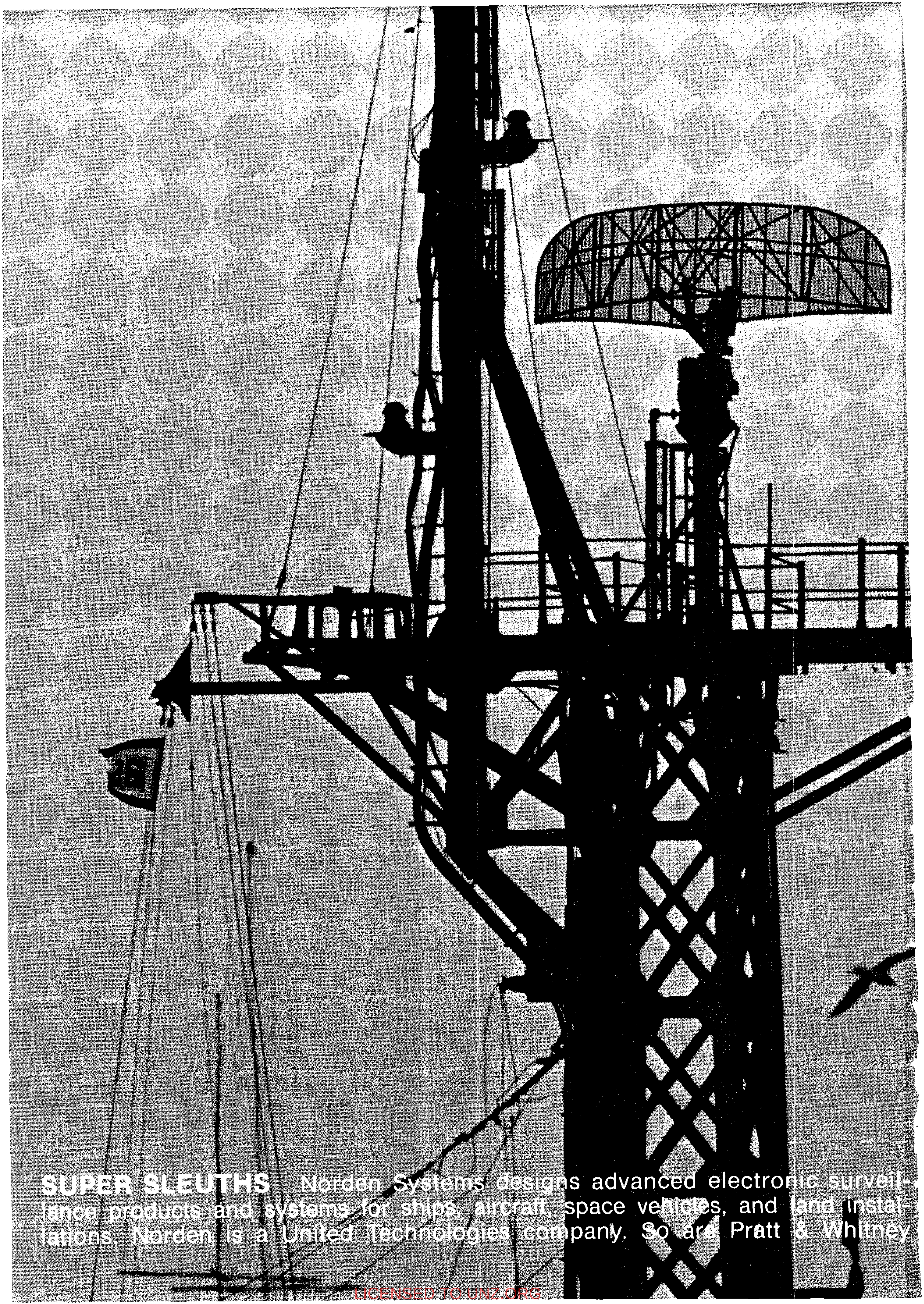

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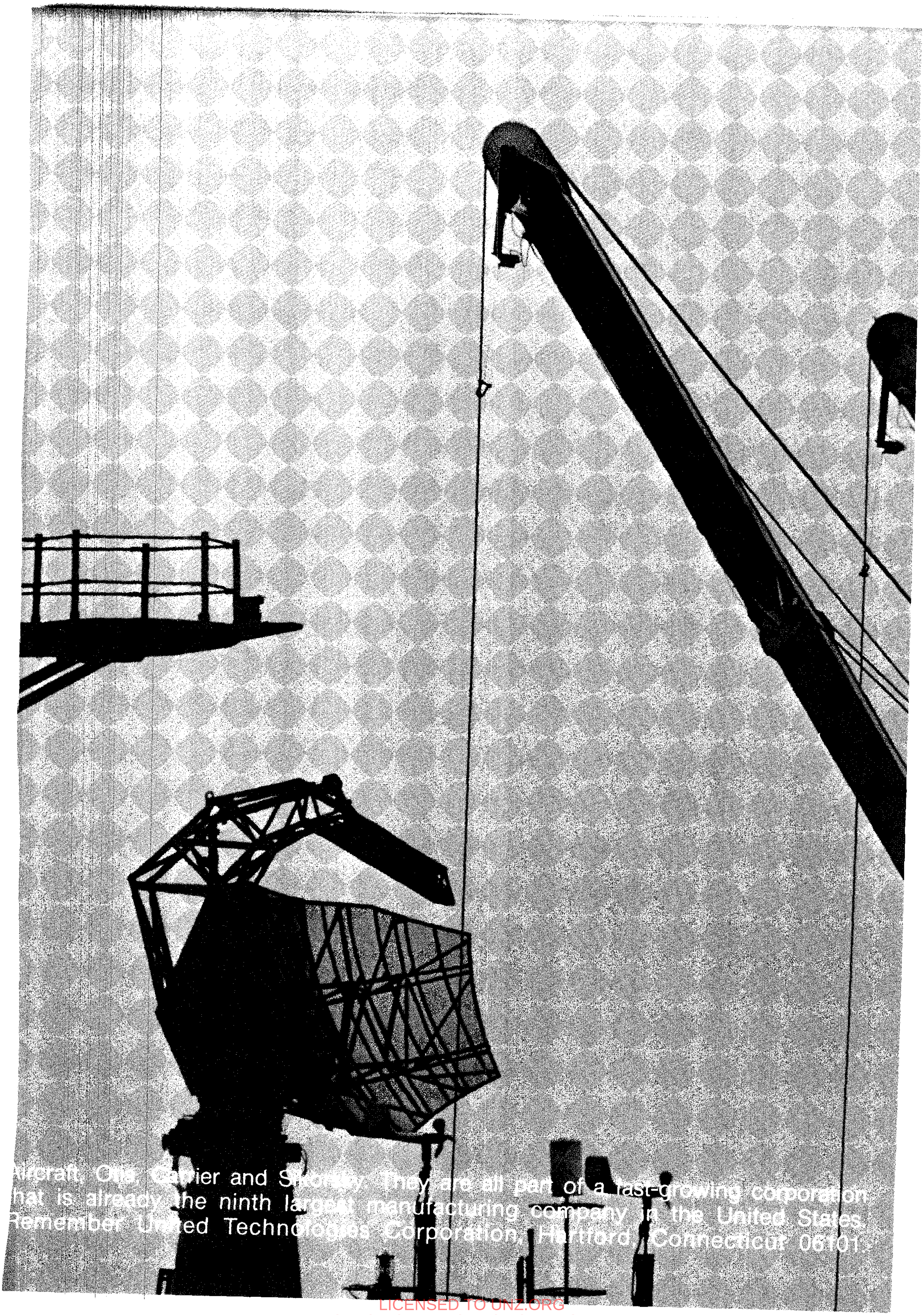

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evening prayer and ask God for all the things I wanted: for Nurse, so that I wouldn't get circles in my head; for the opening of my eyes, which would make Nurse and Mamaji happy; for glucose biscuits and soft-boiled eggs, which I could no longer have, because of the war; for an extra cigarette tin, so that I could have a separate earpiece for my toy telephone; for thin cheeks, so that the boys wouldn't be constantly pulling my fat ones; for rough, callused hands like Abdul's, so that he could not tease me about my soft hands; for a pair of shoes for Deoji.

ABOUT the time I started saying my evening prayer, I started getting circles on the outside of my head. I would wake up in the morning in the boys' dormitory and under the hair there would be a new itching spot—a circle of rough skin that would burn and sometimes swell up into a boil. I begged to see Nurse again, but Mrs. Ras Mohun said, "Everyone in the hospital is called Nurse or Doctor. There is no way of finding your nurse. Anyway, nurses only look after the very sick. You have no temperature."

"But my head itches. It's on fire."

"You have a common children's infection called ringworm," she said. "It will go away."

Mrs. Ras Mohun told the Sighted Master to see to it that my head was washed every day with Lifebuoy soap and borax, and told me not to go near Heea until the infection had cleared up. But no matter how often my head was washed I kept finding new circles on my head, until it was covered with little chains of itching, burning circles. I would scratch one part of my head and it would stop itching and burning for a while, only to set off itching and burning on another part.

"If you don't stop scratching, you'll never get better," Mrs. Ras Mohun said.

But, try as I might to stop scratching, my hands would fly up to my head, whether or not I was in front of Mr. and Mrs. Ras Mohun.

So Daddyji and Mamaji remember that when I went home for my Christmas holidays I looked so pulled down that on first seeing me at the Lahore station they almost didn't recognize me. They knew that children who went to boarding school always came back looking pulled down, but they felt that they had never seen a boarding-school child look as pulled down

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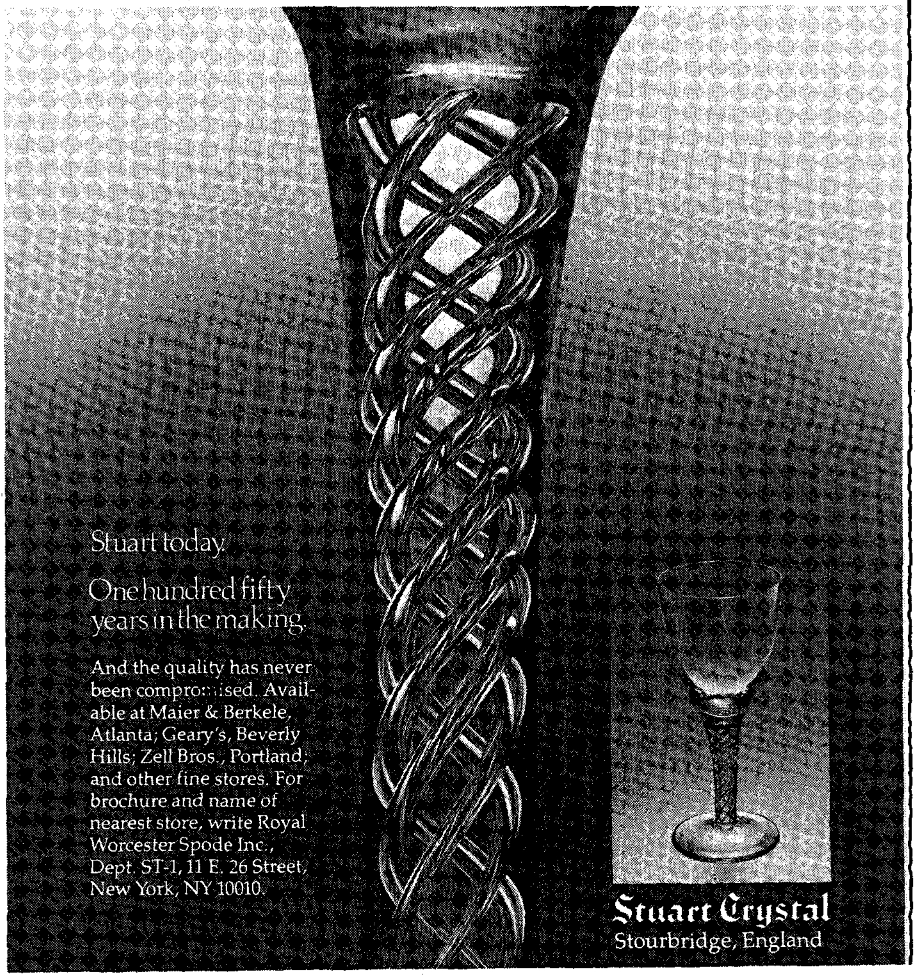

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as I did. They had expected me to outgrow my clothes, but instead my shirt and knickers hung on me loosely. Then they noticed that I was constantly scratching my head, and that my head was covered with blisters and grayish patches.

Mamaji recalled then that when I came home for my first Christmas holidays I had been intermittently scratching my head. She had noticed grayish-white overlapping spots on the sides and back of my head, and as she turned and flipped her fingers through my locks, tugging now at this bit of hair, now at that bit of skin, touching the sores and patches, I had cringed under her hands. She had felt proud that none of her children had ever had a single case of lice or infection on the head, so, that first Christmas, she had been dismayed. She had not known what the infection was, but when she pointed it out to Daddyji he had immediately diagnosed it as ringworm and told her to apply two-per-cent salicylic ointment daily. This she had done, calling it "silly sick." She and I had both made light of the infection, referring to it as "the silly sick itch."

By the time I went back to school, the silly sick itch had mostly cleared up. Daddyji had given me a letter to Mr. Ras Mohun in which he told him to apply the ointment to my head once or twice a day for a time, to keep my hair cropped, and to have my clothes, bedsheets, and pillowcases washed separately from those of the other boys. Mr. Ras Mohun had done as Daddyji told him, except that in time he had let my hair grow back. "I could easily give an order that the hair of all the blind boys in my charge be cropped," he had written to Daddyji. "That would certainly make it easier for the Sighted Master to keep the boys' heads clean and for the boys to take care of their heads. It may be that in that case we would not have instances of ringworm. But I happen to believe that it is good for the self-esteem of blind boys to feel that they have the same kind of haircut as sighted boys who, for instance, run with them at the racing track. I think it is very important for blind boys to learn how to keep their hair clean, how to comb it, how to part it."

I had completely forgotten about the silly sick itch—the boys at school were always scratching their heads.

"It's the old ringworm, all right," Daddyji now said to Mamaji at the Lahore station. "It's come back with a vengeance. When ringworm appears

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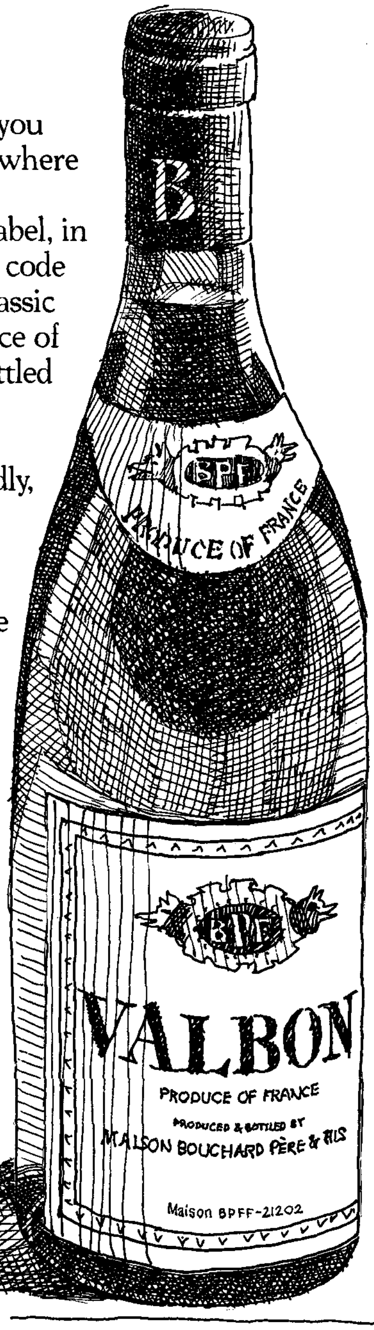

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on parts of the body without hair, it clears up very quickly. But it looks as though the fungus had attached itself to the roots of Vedi's hair and become stubborn. It looks as though Vedi had *been infected and reinfected* by other children at the school."

Daddyji immediately took me to the best skin specialist in Lahore. "When ringworm reaches such a stage, it becomes resistant to any ordinary treatment," the skin specialist said, and he recommended a treatment for ringworm so new that even Daddyji had barely heard of it—doses of X rays controlled in such a way that all parts of the head would be exposed equally to the radiation and all the hair would thereby be removed by the roots, and the fungus with it. "I know it's a drastic step," the skin specialist said. "There is a danger that your son may be bald for the rest of his life. There is also a small risk that it could affect his mind. But it's the only step that offers hope now."

I didn't understand any of the discussion, but that evening when I was helping Sher Singh make biscuits in the kitchen he would now and then click his tongue and shake his head; the way I knew he was shaking his head was that he was squatting in front of the oven but was clicking his tongue now from the left side and now from the right.

I asked him repeatedly what was wrong, but he wouldn't answer. Finally, he said, "Sahib knows what X rays are?"

"No. What are they?"

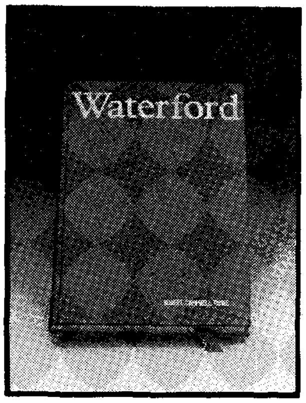
"You could say they're tongues of flame which bloodlessly enter your body and burn up anything they touch. Tomorrow, the doctors are going to burn off your hair, Sahib."

I was scared but wanted to hear more. "With a match?" I asked.

"No, much worse. With X-ray electricity. You know, the doctors burned off Anand's neck with the same electricity, and he died. If Sahib doesn't believe me, he can ask Big Sahib, but don't say I told you to."

Anand had been my baby brother. He was born and died within three months while I was in my first year at school. I had heard about him during my first Christmas holidays but hadn't been able to get anyone to tell me much about him. That night, after Sher Singh had cleared the table and gone away, I asked Daddyji, "How did Anand die?"

"He died of X-ray radiation," Dad-



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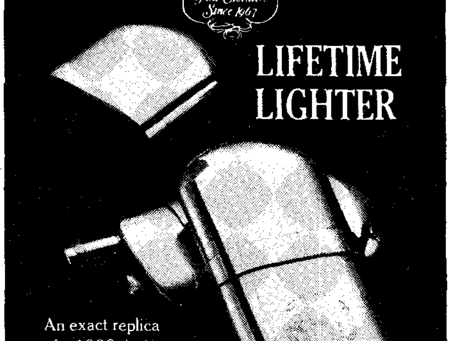

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dyji said. "His thyroid was badly burned. The thyroid is a little pocket in your neck."

"How did his neck catch fire?" I asked.

There was a sudden hush at the table, broken by the clink and rattle of Mamaji's gold bangles.

"Mamaji's talking with her hands again, Daddy!" I cried. "I can hear her bangles. You've told her never to do it, and she's doing it again."

"You shouldn't do that," he said to her. "Vedi always knows, and you know how upset he gets."

Then he turned to me. "You know how your dear mother gets asthmatic attacks sometimes, when she has trouble breathing and talking, and coughs a lot? A friend of hers used to get similar attacks, and this friend was helped by X-ray treatment. The treatment was so new that it was available only in a hospital in Delhi, but, as it happened, at the time we were living in Karnal, which is just seventy-five miles from Delhi, so we eagerly availed ourselves of it. I used to drive your dear mother to Delhi for the treatment every second week. I told the X-ray specialist that your mother was carrying, but he assured me that the baby was well away from the part—what we doctors call the suprarenal gland—that was being exposed to the X rays."

I wanted to know more, but the mention of "carrying" made me shy. Shyness crawled all over me like a thousand ants, because Abdul had told me that the reason we weren't allowed to play with the girls was that if I, for instance, kissed Paran on the mouth everyone would come to know of it in a few months, because Paran would start carrying a baby, which she would cough up with her spit. "Sometimes even thinking about kissing can do it," he had said. I felt so ashamed of the knowledge that that very evening when I said Nurse's prayer I asked Jesus to make me forget it. I now secretly wished that the skin specialist would somehow burn it up along with my sores and itchy skin and make me a good Christian child again.

FOR the prescribed X-ray treatment, Daddyji and Mamaji took me to Dr. Mathras Das Puri.

"This is Uncle Mathras Das," Daddyji said. "He's going to make your head feel all better."

"You can watch the doses of radiation yourself," Dr. Puri said to Dad-

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dyji. "If the radiation is properly controlled, his mind should not be affected, and the hair should reappear."

"What are they going to do?" I cried out.

"Nothing," Dr. Puri said. "You won't feel anything."

Dr. Puri gave me a lollipop and made me lie down on a cold table. I remembered Nurses, with their screen, and the cold pans they had put under me, and I recoiled.

"Uncle Mathras Das won't hurt you," Daddyji said, putting his large, gentle, comforting hand on my forehead. "He is my old teacher, and he's the head of the X-Ray Department at King Edward Medical College, my old school. You might say he was my Mr. Ras Mohun once."

I howled.

"You're going to be all right," Daddyji said. "Uncle Mathras Das is just going to take away all those itchy sores."

I relaxed, but then my neck touched something cold and I jumped, remembering Anand. I thought of getting down from the table, but I was very high up. I waited, expecting two Nurses to come in, one to set my hair on fire, the other to pump me. I clenched my fists and curled my toes at the end of the table, getting ready to fight.

"Lie very still," Dr. Puri said.

I heard clicks and whirs. It sounded as if someone were locking the door very fast.

I sat up. "Let me down! Let me out!" I cried.

Within a moment, Daddyji and Mamaji had lifted me off the table.

"There, there, it's all finished," they said.

"What's finished?" I asked, between my cries.

"The X ray, of course," Daddyji said.

"But I still remember what Abdul told me."

"Who is Abdul?" Daddyji asked.

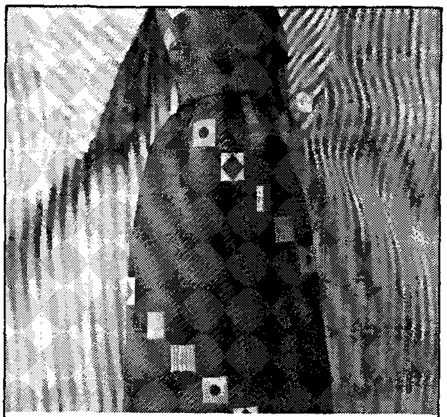
"What did he tell you?" Dr. Puri asked.

I stopped crying and became very quiet.

"Say 'Thank you, Uncle Mathras Das,'" Daddyji said.

No matter how much he cajoled me, I wouldn't say it—not then, and not after the next visit, or the visit after that, or the visit after that.

ONE morning when I woke up, I felt a thick clump of hair on my pillow. Next to my ear, there was a big



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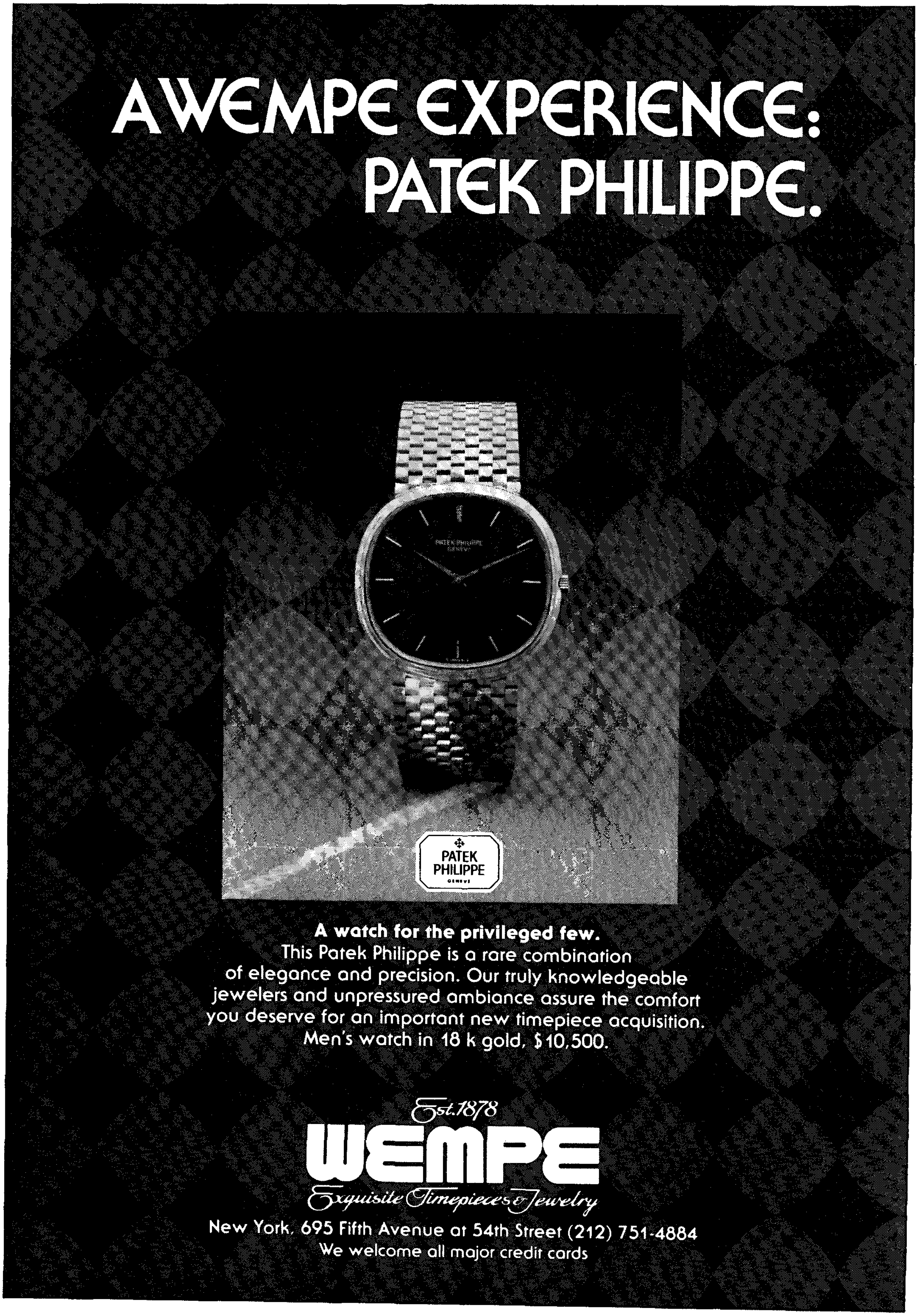

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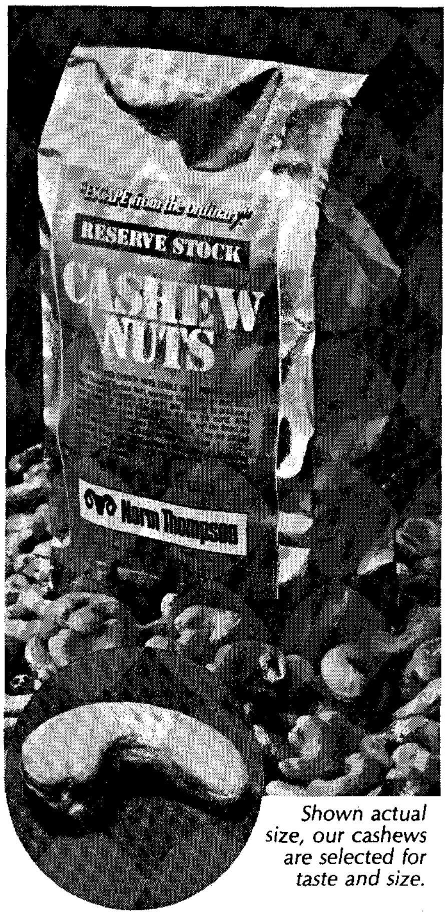

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bald patch, which felt cold and embarrassingly naked.

I called for Daddyji. "I can't hear well!" I cried. "I'm going to be deaf, like Jaisingh!"

"I'm sure your hearing is fine," Daddyji said. "You're only imagining."

"What will happen when I lose all my hair?" I cried.

"Nothing," he said. "It will be for just a short time. Your hair will grow back."

"Now Sister Umi will call me Baldy," I cried.

"Umi will do no such thing," Daddyji said. "Besides, bald children are nice."

"Who?" I asked, getting interested.

Daddyji hesitated. "A lot of pandits are bald," he said. "Shambu Pandit is completely bald."

I felt better, and even thought my hearing had improved.

I remember that the treatment continued for many weeks.

One morning, I woke up and I had no hair anywhere on my head. My scalp felt as smooth as the palm of my hand.

Mamaji burst into tears. "I knew you would become bald. You'll never get your hair back."

I cried along with her.

One morning some time later, I noticed that there were a few patches of stubble on my head. I ran to Daddyji, to Mamaji, to Sister Pom, to Sister Nimi, to Sister Umi, to Brother Om, to little Usha, to Sher Singh, showing off my head and crying out, "See, my hair is growing back! I'm not going to be bald! I'm not going to be a bald boy!"

Years later, Daddyji told me, "Although your hair did grow back, it was not as profuse and thick as before. The hair on top of your head was especially thin. Also, the hair had receded from your forehead. The pity was that within a few years of your X-ray treatment there were anti-fungus drugs in India which could be taken by mouth and which were effective against ringworm. But these drugs had come to India too late for the treatment of your ringworm. As it happened, wonder drugs like penicillin had also come to India too late for the treatment of your meningitis." (I was left totally blind by meningitis when I was almost four.)

AFTER I got my new hair, Mamaji began building up my health for my return to school. Every day, she

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would give me cups of boiled fresh milk from a cow she was keeping tethered in the *gulli* in front of our house. The mere smell of the hot milk and the touch of the skin floating on it would make me want to vomit. The skin would cling to my mouth or to the rim of the cup, no matter how I tried to avoid it. I would push the cup away, but she would make me drink the milk, sometimes adding cocoa or Ovaltine to it to make it more palatable. Mamaji would also churn butter herself and spoon it into my mouth, sometimes lacing it with peeled almonds and sugar. I wouldn't like the milky-smelling gooey blobs any more than I liked the milk, but she would make me eat the butter.

At the table, my big sisters and big brother talked about their treats at Kevanter's restaurant.

"You can get tasty flavored milk there, as cold as ice cream," Sister Umi said.

"It's wonderfully cold," Sister Pom said.

"It's strawberry milk," Sister Nimi said.

"And you drink it with straws," Brother Om said.

I got excited thinking of ice-cream-like milk tasting of strawberries and drunk with straws. But I was never taken to Kevanter's. Mamaji didn't trust restaurant milk and didn't think it particularly healthful for me. In any case, it was something that grownup children drank. At the time, Sister Pom was fifteen, Sister Nimi was fourteen, Sister Umi was twelve, and Brother Om was nearly eleven. I was then not quite eight.

When Daddyji thought that I was healthy enough, he reluctantly decided to send me back to school. "I didn't know what else to do," he says. "I was impressed by your progress and your growing independence, and I wanted you to get as much out of Dadar School as you could. I did, however, write to Mr. Ras Mohun pleading with him to segregate your clothes from the other boys' and also to write again to Dr. Farrell. I was sure Perkins would accept you on a second try. But then I am a dreamer."

Growing When You're Sleeping

A WEEK or two after I arrived at school for my third stay (the year was 1942), I went into the sitting-and-dining room for my breakfast singing, "Yes, we have no bananas today." At one time, Mrs. Ras Mohun used to cut up bananas over

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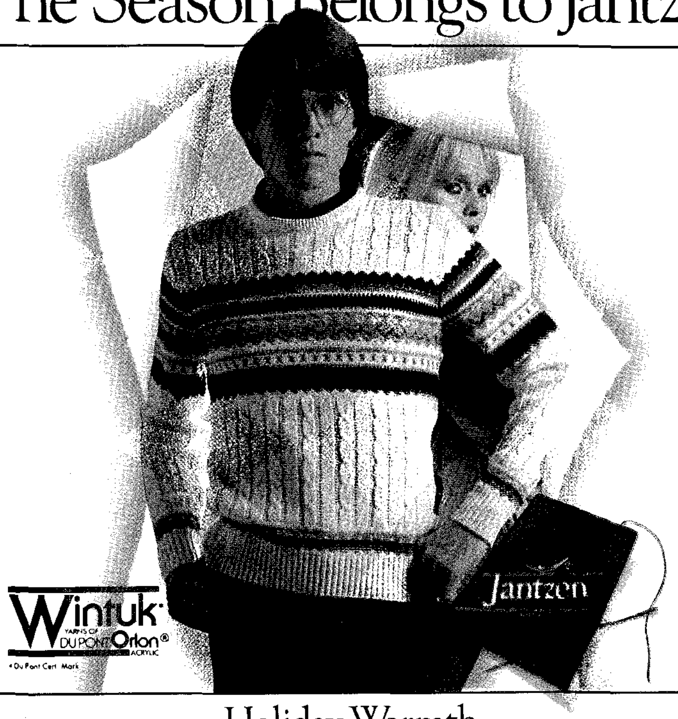

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my porridge, which made the porridge taste better. But now, because of the war, there were not only no eggs and no glucose biscuits but also no bananas.

"What is that 'yes-no' nonsense?" Mrs. Ras Mohun asked, with a little laugh.

"It's a war song Daddyji heard on a ship when he was going to England for his studies," I said.

"You will have a war, all right, with Uncle, if you go on confusing yes and no."

"Yes, we have no bananas today!" I yelled.

Mrs. Ras Mohun served me my porridge and asked me to eat quietly.

Mr. Ras Mohun started a new practice. Every morning, after breakfast, we all had to gather in front of his office, at the back of the workshop area, and go in, one by one, and tell him our dreams of the night before. "I am writing a book with a chapter about how the dreams of the blind differ from those of the sighted," he had explained to us. "For every dream you tell me, I will give you a sweet."

One morning, as we were waiting outside Mr. Ras Mohun's office for our turn to go in, Miss Mary asked Rashmi, "What dream are you going to tell?" Rashmi was an eleven-year-old girl who was totally blind.

"I am going to tell my dream about my holidays," Rashmi said. "In my dream, I went home for my holidays. My mother was very angry. She asked me, 'Why did you come home? You don't belong here. You belong in the school.' 'I wanted to see you all,' I said. 'I was missing you.' I felt very sad that my mother was angry. But then Mr. Ras Mohun arrived. 'Hello, Rashmi,' he said. 'How are you? Come along, let's go back to school.' I felt very happy. 'Most gladly will I go with you,' I said. When I got back to school, all the boys and girls were sitting on the veranda and eating. I asked them, 'What are you eating?' Miss Mary, you were very angry. 'The first thing you ask us is about food? What a question!' you said. I began to cry, and I was sad all over again."

"That's a nice dream," Miss Mary said.

"But there's no blind stuff in it, Miss Mary," Abdul said. "She won't get a sweet."

Rashmi sniffled.

"But we are all in it," Miss Mary

said. "Mr. Ras Mohun will like that dream. Rashmi will most certainly get a sweet. And what dream are you going to tell, Meena?"

"I am going to tell my dream about a famine," Meena said. Meena was a girl of ten. "I dreamed that we had nothing to eat. There was no rain. The grass died. Cows had nothing to eat. They died. People died. I was afraid that in school we would have no food to eat and no milk to drink. Suddenly, the rains came, and we all ran out to play in the water. Then the air got very cold. The Matron saw us outside and got very angry. 'You'll catch fever!' she shouted. We were frightened and ran back into the dormitories. Then we sowed some seeds in Mrs. Ras Mohun's flower-and-vegetable bed. First there were buds and then there were full flowers. We felt very happy because the famine was over."

All the girls said that that was a nice dream, and we all surrounded Miss Mary. "Miss Mary, Miss Mary, what dream are you going to tell?"

"I dreamed that Paran and I were threading a garland in the girls' dormitory," she said. "We ran out of flowers. I went down to the garden to gather some flowers. A big snake slid over my foot. It was long and heavy. I ran. The snake came after me, hissing all the while. I called out, 'Gardener, kill the snake!' He came and killed the snake with his stick. Ahead were the Matron and all you girls, and you were laughing and laughing. 'That was no snake,' the Matron said. 'It was just a vine.' "

"What kind of flowers were they?" I asked.

"They were just flowers," Miss Mary said.

"What color?" I persisted.

"No special color—just white," she said, a bit sharply.

I remembered our little garden, in front of our house in Lahore, and felt sad. I would follow Mamaji around the garden, tugging at her sari, asking her the color of this big round flower, the name of that funnel of a flower, the reason for the smell of these crinkly leaves, and the reason for those stiff stems with thorns in them. I would squeeze a lily and a marigold and compare the saps. I would hold a petal of a sunflower up to one nostril and a petal of a queen of the night up to the other and compare the scents. I would take a bite out of a gardenia and a bite out of a rose and compare the flavors.

"Vedi." I heard Mr. Ras Mohun

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open the door and call my name. "Come in."

I stood on the thick, crunchy coconut matting in front of Mr. Ras Mohun's table, trying not to make noise and not to yawn. I was afraid that if I yawned I would forget my dream and wouldn't get a sweet, so I kept my mouth tightly shut, trying to hold the dream in.

"What did you dream last night?" he asked, sitting down at his table.

"I was with a doggie. He was walking about. He was white and brown. He was Bobby. I called out to him, 'Chu! Chu! Chu! Come to my bed!' He came. I asked Bobby, 'Don't you feel sleepy, doggie?' 'No,' he said. Then he barked at someone who was walking about. Deoji woke up, and said, 'Bobby, don't bark. School dogs are not supposed to bark at school boys.' Then Deoji, Bobby, and I went to sleep."

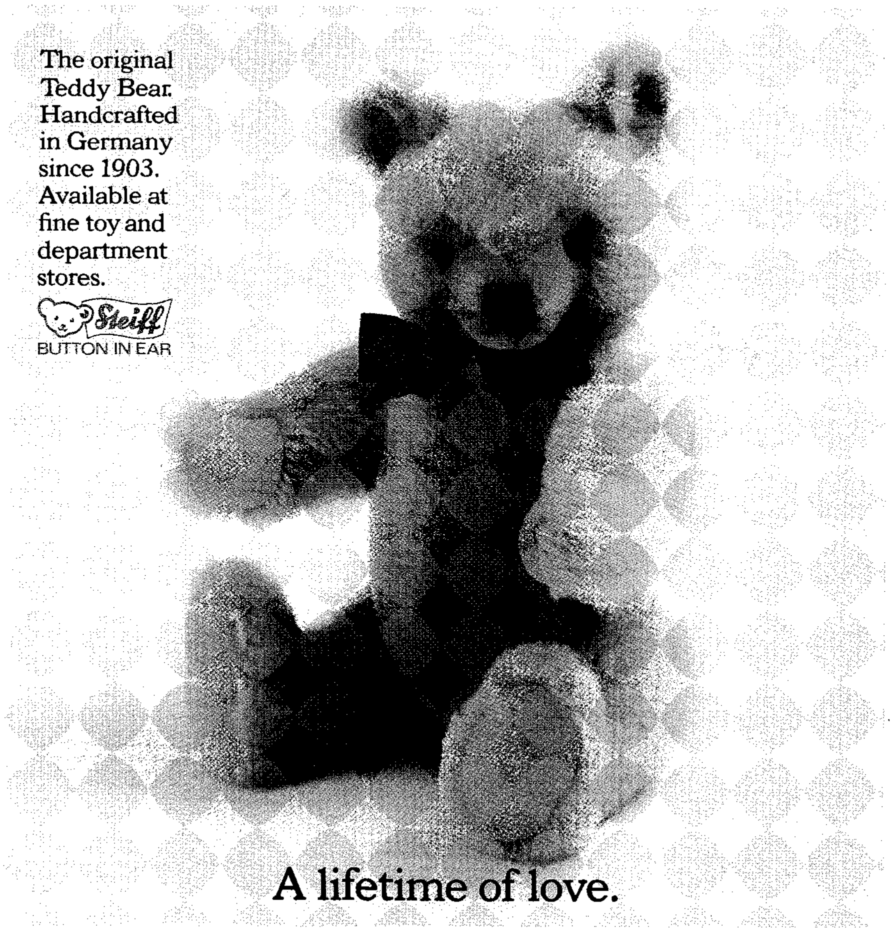
"You must remember colors from before you went blind," Mr. Ras Mohun said, picking up his pen and writing. "Anyway, you come from a cultured home."

I waited for my sweet, listening to the nib of Mr. Ras Mohun's pen screeching along the paper.

"Hold out your hand," Mr. Ras Mohun finally said. He tilted the sweet jar into my hand. I knew from other mornings that it had two kinds of sweets in it. One was like a marble with a flat bottom; it was lemonish in flavor and melted in the mouth quickly. The other was in the shape of an orange section, with indentations all around; it was long-lasting. Moreover, if I kept the orange sweet in the inside of my cheek for some time it would stamp its sugary impression there, and I could taste the orangy sweetness long after I'd finished the sweet—especially if I was careful to keep my cheek a little bit puckered. But the orange sweets had a tendency to stick in the jar. I wanted to fish one out of the jar, but I was afraid of Mr. Ras Mohun's ruler. I prayed to Jesus, Mary, and Joseph to let an orange sweet fall into my hand, but what dropped was a lemon sweet.

MR. RAS MOHUN entered Deoji in the American Marathi Mission School for sighted boys. "Our school only goes up through the fourth standard," he explained to us. "Deoji has finished the fourth standard. Deoji will be a good experiment to see if the blind can study in sighted schools."

"Mr. Ras Mohun has got his exper-



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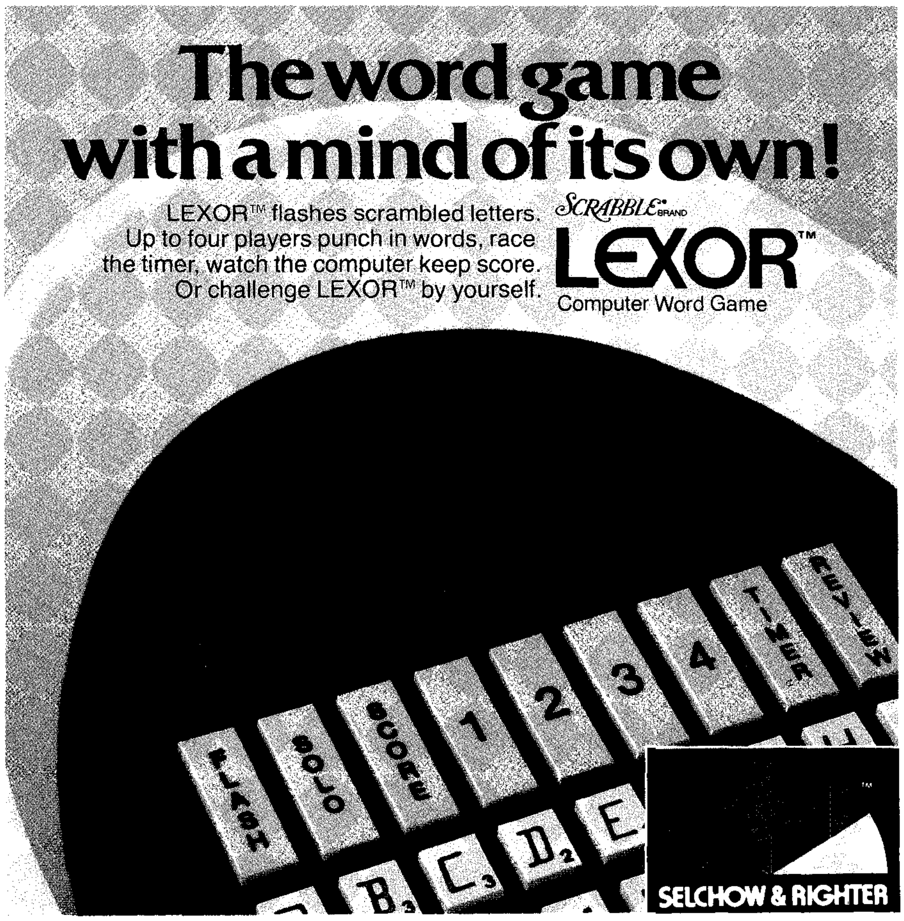

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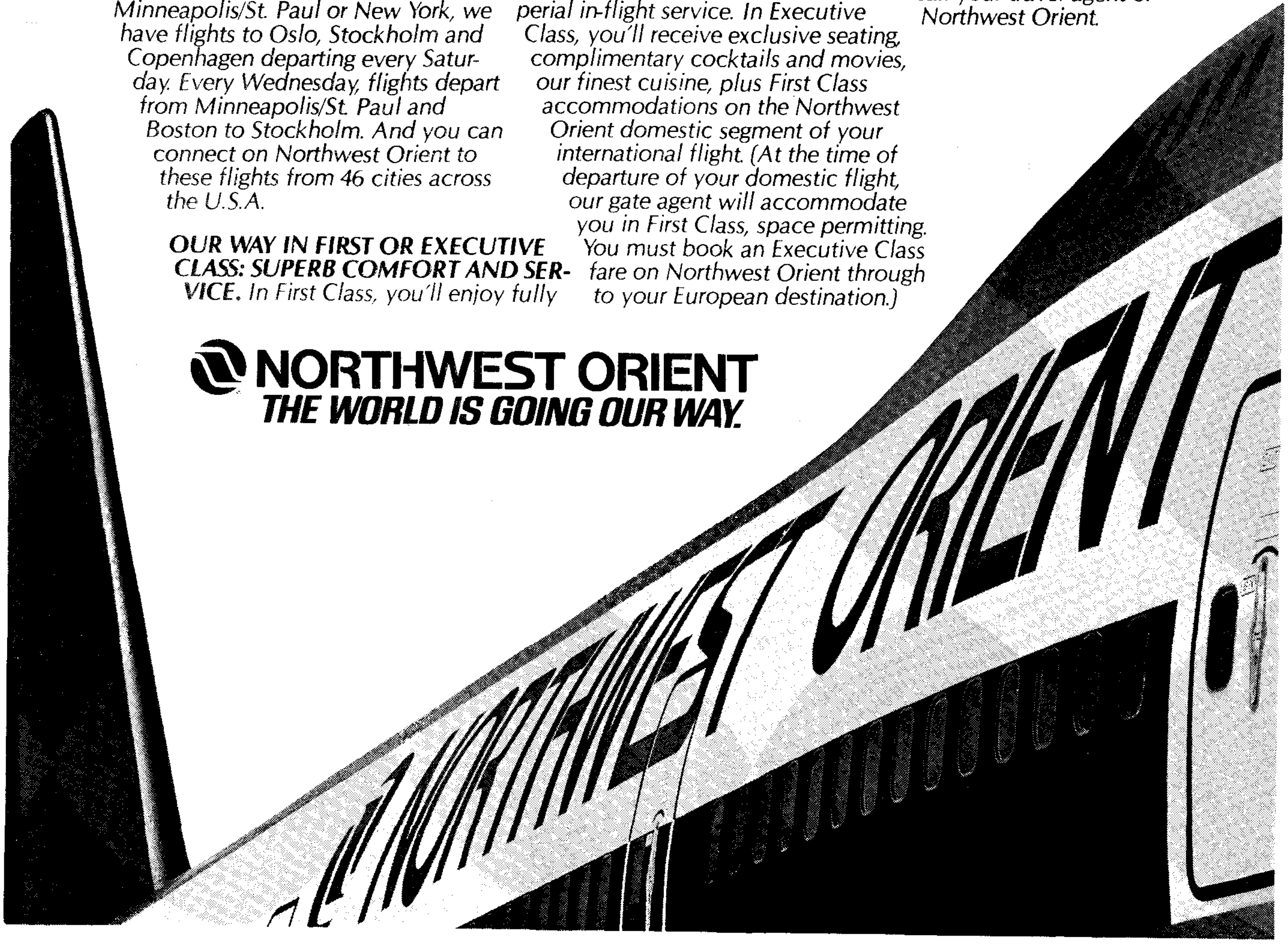

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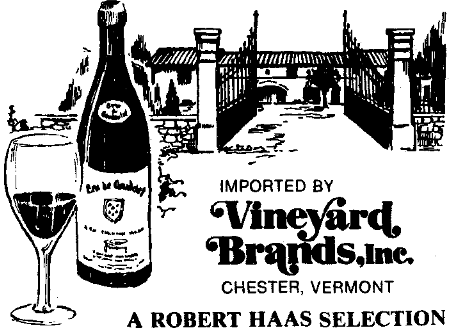

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iment from America," Abdul said. "There, if the blind study with sighted boys they eventually become sighted."

"Will Deoji become more sighted now?" I asked.

"Son of an owl! That's what happens in America, where people have big, strong eyes," Abdul said. "Anyway, that only happens to the half sighted, and lately Deoji's eyes have got really bad. He's now almost as blind as we are."

Deoji would leave early in the morning, with a peon from his new school, who had come to fetch him, and would not return until after tiffin. When he came back, we would circle around him and ask him "What is that school like?" and "What are the sighted boys like?" and "Do you like it over there?"

But Deoji told us little. "Oh, I like it a lot better over here," he would say. "The sighted boys don't talk to me much. I am trying all the time, but they are not trying."

"To them, you are like Jaisingh," Abdul once told him. "We don't talk to him here, because he doesn't have ears, and they don't talk to you over there, because you don't have eyes."

I missed having Deoji at school all day. Every few minutes in the afternoon, I would run up to the peon at the gate and ask him, "What time is it? Has my Loving Big Brother Deoji come back?"

"Go and play," the peon would say. "He'll come in his own good time."

Sometimes I would slip away after lunch or tiffin and go and sit on Deoji's bed in the boys' dormitory and pray to Jesus, Mary, and Joseph for Deoji to start studying with us at our school again.

ONE Saturday, Deoji came running up to the boys' dormitory. "I was trying to get my *dilrubah* out of the classroom for practicing my music," he said breathlessly. "I put my foot on something. It felt like a quivering plantain, but I couldn't see what it was. I was so frightened."

"It was probably a dead rat," Abdul said.

I had once accidentally picked up a dead rat in the back courtyard. I thought it was a large, dried-out mango stone, because it had little brushlike hairs sticking out all around. Then I touched its curled tail. I dropped it and ran up to the boys' dormitory. "You've touched a rat," Abdul said. "Now you'll swell up all over and die of the plague." For weeks afterward, I would wake up in the middle of the night and feel myself all over, to see if I was swollen; I was sure that I would be stricken by the plague. Even now, as I thought of the dead rat, I shuddered.

"It was alive," Deoji said. "I'm certain of that."

The Sighted Master came in and wanted to know why we were all trembling.

"Deoji stepped on something live!" we cried, and we told him about it.

"A snake has got into the school," the Sighted Master said, with clenched teeth. "I've been waiting to kill a snake for a long time."

The Sighted Master started down the stairs, and we followed. He called for the peon to bring him a lantern. (There was no electricity downstairs.)

"It's a snake!" the Sighted Master cried. "Quick, peon, a stick!"

I heard the Sighted Master deliver one blow with the stick—a padded, squishy sound.

"Got it right on the head," the Sighted Master said. "It's a cobra. Must have just missed Deoji. Peon, hurry and take the cobra out and bury it, or its children will be all over the school."

There was a chattering of teeth all around.

After that, we never went downstairs after dark, and we didn't joke about snakes as we used to.

AT night, once we heard the Sighted Master snoring—and his snores were almost as loud as a lorry backfiring—we would start whispering to one another. Sometimes I would fall asleep and wake up and the boys would still be talking: Did Mr. and Mrs. Ras Mohun brush their teeth? Did they pick their noses? Did they rub their eyes? Did they snore? Did they go to the bathroom? Did Mr. Ras Mohun dream about lady ghosts coming into his bed? What did Mrs. Ras Mohun feel like between her shoulders? What would happen to a boy if he ran up and touched her and pretended it was an accident?

I woke up once and heard Abdul and Bhaskar having a heated discussion—practically shouting at each other in whispers.

"Mr. Ras Mohun doesn't pee-pee," Abdul was saying. "He doesn't do those dirty things. He's not blind."

"But I'm half sighted, and I pee-pee," Bhaskar said. "Mr. Ras Mohun does too pee-pee."

"You pee-pee because you're blind," Abdul said. "You're blind, or you wouldn't be in this blind school."

"I'm not blind," Bhaskar said. "You're blind. Besides, the Sighted Master pee-pees."

"But the Sighted Master doesn't speak English."

They were silent, and then suddenly Abdul asked, "Do you think *she* pee-pees?"

"Who? Mrs. Ras Mohun? No. How could she?"

I thought I heard the distant roar of Mr. Ras Mohun opening the accordion gate. No, it wasn't the accordion gate at all; it was the click-click of his shoes close by. I tried to call out to Abdul and Bhaskar and warn them, but my voice wouldn't come. My heart began to race. I tried to call out again, and my voice came in a scream. "Shoes! Mr. Ras Mohun!"

I was terrified. The boys' dormitory became still. I thought that Mr. Ras Mohun was going to descend on us at any moment with his ruler.

"What is it?" the Sighted Master muttered through his deep sleep. "Quiet . . . Mr. Ras Mohun . . ." He turned over and started snoring again, roaring and clicking like the accordion gate and Mr. Ras Mohun's shoes.

ONE night, I heard someone fumbling with my mosquito net. I lay very still. Except for Deoji and the Sighted Master, whose beds flanked mine, no one was permitted to enter the aisles next to my bed at night. In fact, by Mr. Ras Mohun's orders, no boy was allowed to enter the aisles next to any other boy's bed after the lights were out. Yet I felt sure that it wasn't Deoji, because he usually pulled out the mosquito net from the middle of the bed, and the intruder was undoing the mosquito net near my pillow. I also felt sure that it wasn't the Sighted Master, because he had never opened my mosquito net. Besides, he was roaring and clicking in his bed.

A hand reached in, caught hold of me by my shoulder, and shook me. I was wearing my pajama coat, and through the cloth I couldn't make out whose hand it was. I pretended to be asleep. "Vedi, come with me," I heard Abdul say in my ear, so softly that the words were little more than a breath.

"Why?" I said into my pillow. "What for?"

"I want to show you the ruler."

"Mr. Ras Mohun's ruler?" I was

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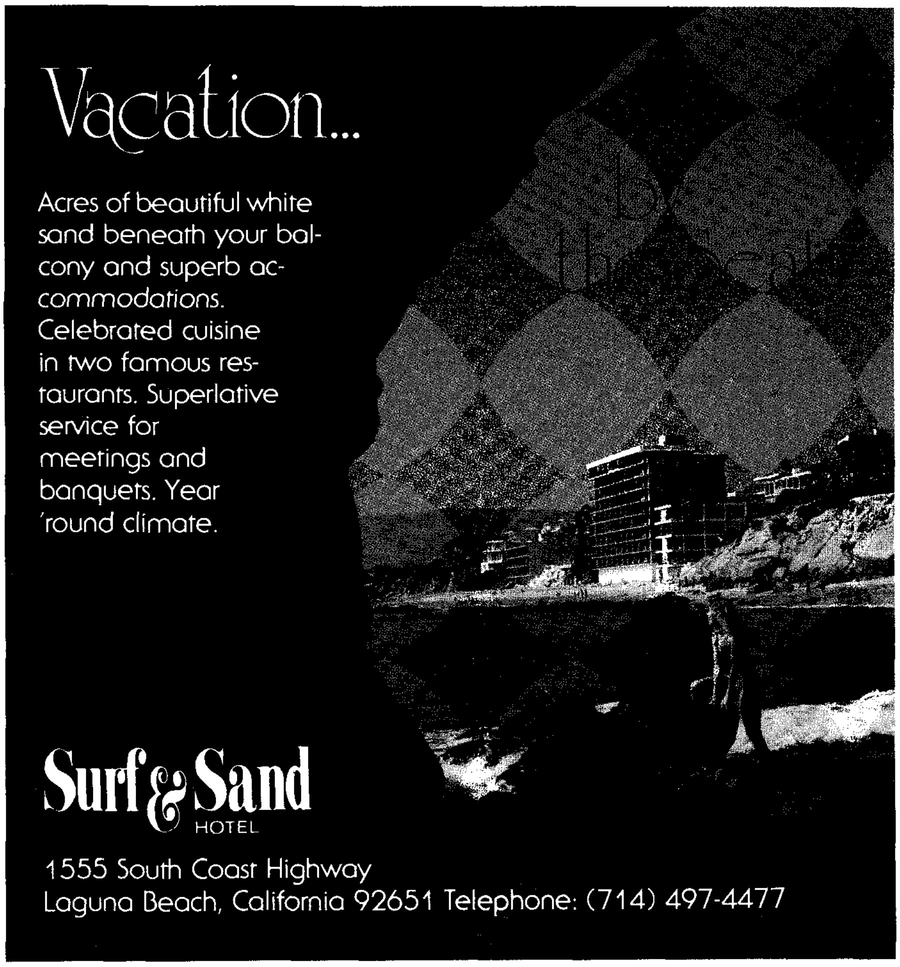

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suddenly fully awake. "How did you get hold of it?"

"Quick!"

I sat up. The Sighted Master was snoring so loudly that he sounded as if he were beating a growling dog. All the boys seemed to be breathing regularly, as if their souls were having adventures far, far away.

I climbed down from my bed and followed Abdul out of the boys' dormitory.

I expected Abdul to turn left and go down the stairs and show me Mr. Ras Mohun's ruler in the front courtyard, near the forbidden window of the Muhammadan Hotel—a canteen for mill hands, where some of us boys used to buy snacks secretly—but instead he turned right, toward the boys' common bathroom, and went in.

I hesitated at the door. The boys' common bathroom was just next to the accordion gate, and it was general knowledge that Mr. Ras Mohun slipped down occasionally and checked to make sure that there was no "boy mischief" going on there. I had heard that before I arrived at the school a couple of boys had been caught at boy mischief and had been sent away from the school, to go no one knew where. But then I couldn't wait to examine Mr. Ras Mohun's ruler. I never felt I knew a thing until I had touched it, and touched it all over, from every side. Sometimes the wish to touch a thing I had heard about, like Mr. Ras Mohun's ruler, would so agitate me that I couldn't stop thinking about it. The name of the thing would go on repeating itself in my head—"Mr. Ras Mohun's ruler, Mr. Ras Mohun's ruler"—like a permanently stuck record. I did have an impression of Mr. Ras Mohun's ruler, from a time he had rested it against my arm threateningly during the making of a film called "Darkness," but I had no idea whether it was thin or thick; whether it was tall, like a bamboo pole, or short, like a swagger stick; whether it was natural and knotted or polished and smooth. I went into the boys' common bathroom.

The floor was wet and slippery. A wasp buzzed in one corner, the pitch of his buzz rising and falling as if he were calling to another wasp. The bathroom ghost, as watchful as the Sighted Master, turned his head in our direction, creaking his neck. The place felt close and smelled dirty. I choked and coughed.

"Sh-h-h!" Abdul said. "You will

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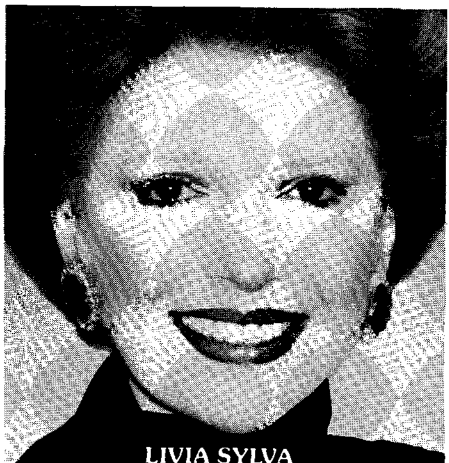

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wake up Mr. Ras Mohun. Give me your hand."

I held out my hand. I expected him to let me feel Mr. Ras Mohun's ruler. But he grabbed my hand in his rough one and pulled it down the slope of his belly. I resisted. He abruptly caught hold of my forefinger and stuck it into a hole in the middle of his belly.

I was excited. I had never felt anyone else's navel before, and it felt deeper and more snug than mine. But I screamed—I was surprised by the sound of my own voice.

Abdul clamped his free hand over my mouth. I slipped and fell on my knees.

The door swung open, and I heard Mr. Ras Mohun's falsetto. "Boy mischief. Vedi, what was your finger doing there?" I felt Mr. Ras Mohun's eyes burn through my finger.

Mr. Ras Mohun propelled me out the door. I heard a terrible thud and Abdul's cracked scream.

I waited in my bed for Mr. Ras Mohun's ruler—my arms, my back, and my stomach tingling in anticipation of the blow, even as I tried to shut out the rising hubbub in the boys' dormitory:

"Boy mischief!"

"*Boy mischief?*"

"Who?"

"Abdul and Vedi."

"Vedi!"

I don't remember ever hearing Abdul return to his bed; I don't remember falling asleep or waking up. But I remember that the next morning the boys avoided me, as they had the time I wouldn't eat bitter gourd and Mrs. Ras Mohun bound my hands with gauze. I also remember that when I went into the sitting-and-dining room—Mr. Ras Mohun forced me to go in—I felt Mr. Ras Mohun's eyes again burn through my finger. Later, I washed my finger again and again with Lifebuoy soap and cold water and rubbed it, but it wouldn't feel clean, and the burning wouldn't go away.

I waited for Abdul to be sent away from the school and for Daddyji to send for me—I was certain Mr. Ras Mohun had written to him. But days went by and nothing happened to either of us. I tried to keep my dirty, burning finger in my pocket whenever I could.

THERE were two adjacent beds in the boys' dormitory which we had dubbed Eenie and Meenie after we learned the English ditty from Mr. Ras Mohun. The Eenie bed belonged

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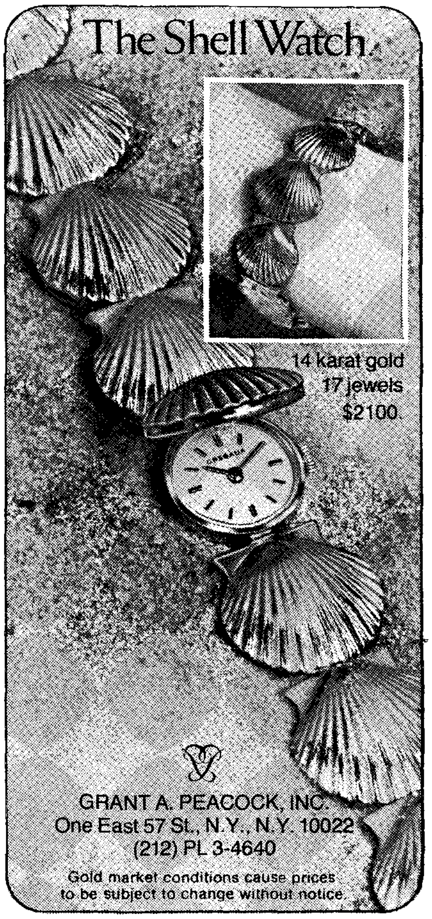

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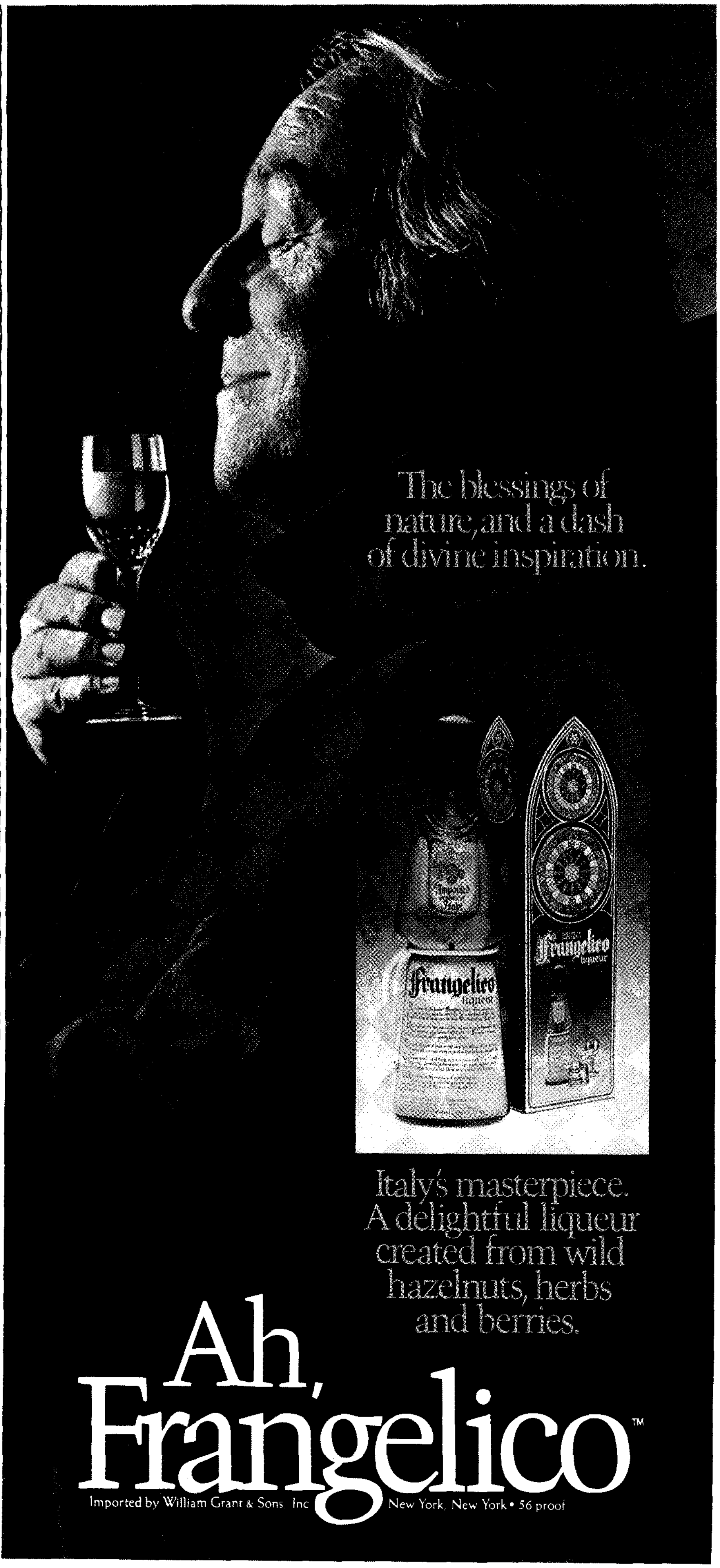
to Jaisingh, the Meenie bed to Ramesh.

Ramesh was two years older than I was, but he was smaller than I was. He spoke as if he had clusters of sweets inside his cheeks, and he dragged his feet and always walked in a crooked line. He seemed to be all bones and no skin. Whenever he went to bed, he cried, as if the wooden planks pained his body. I remember that I once told Mrs. Ras Mohun he should have a soft bed, like mine, and she said, "He's not a special student from a cultured home." Ramesh was slow in classes; everything had to be explained to him several times. He was also touchy; if anyone pulled his shirt, he got badly upset. But he didn't know how to fight back, so the boys were constantly going up to him and pulling his shirt.

Jaisingh sounded like a big boy and had fuzz on his cheeks, though he was only four years older than I was. He could neither hear nor see, and could speak very little. He had come to our school straight from the hospital, at the age of four, and for the next three years he was so sick that Mr. Ras Mohun let him stay in bed all the time and excused him from all the classes. Then Mr. Ras Mohun got an audit-tube, a sort of horn, and while Jaisingh touched Mr. Ras Mohun's throat Mr. Ras Mohun shouted through the tube into Jaisingh's ear. He found that Jaisingh could hear a little after all. After that, Mr. Ras Mohun came regularly to the boys' dormitory and gave Jaisingh a talking-class in his bed. Jaisingh slowly learned to follow a few commands and recognize a few objects. Mr. Ras Mohun used to call him the Dadar School's Helen Keller. We didn't know who Helen Keller was, but we imagined that she was an American Jaisingh. Jaisingh had to be helped everywhere. Two or three times a day, the Sighted Master took him out to the back courtyard, and Jaisingh showed great interest in going up the climbing bars and jumping down. As he hit the ground, he would laugh uncontrollably. If we happened to be playing in the back courtyard, too, and one of us tried to take a turn at the climbing bars, Jaisingh would shriek.

Jaisingh couldn't even go to the bathroom by himself; in fact, he couldn't even say "small bathroom" or "big bathroom." When he was trying to be a good boy, he would make noises as if he wanted to go to the bathroom. He would grunt and bleat, and then the Sighted Master would run to him and take him to the boys' common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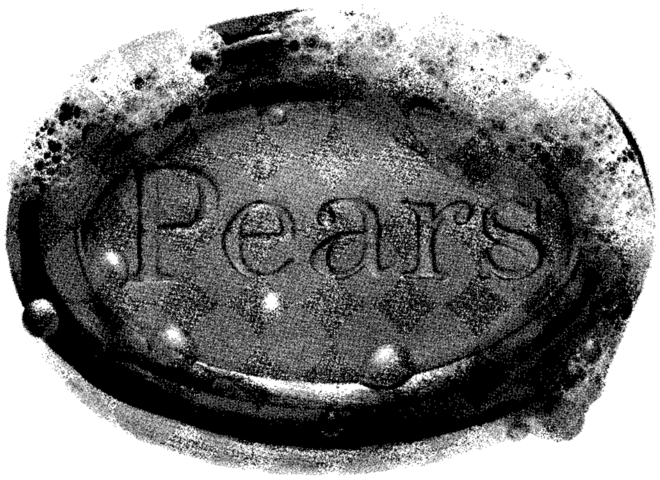
bathroom. But sometimes in the night he would do his small bathroom and big bathroom in bed, and then, instead of being sorry about it, he would let out a howl. The howl was so loud that it would wake up the Sighted Master. The Sighted Master would run to him, and when he found out what Jaisingh had done he would beat him, with an old, discarded shoe of Mr. Ras Mohun's that the Sighted Master kept under his bed. "Why didn't you make *your bathroom noises?*" he would shout, forgetting that Jaisingh couldn't hear him. Often, Jaisingh had made those noises and the Sighted Master had slept through them, but Jaisingh would be beaten anyway. We never dared to tell the Sighted Master that Jaisingh had made the noises, no matter how much we wanted to, because if any of us talked back—or even cried—we would be beaten, too. So whenever we heard poor Jaisingh being beaten we would feel sad.

Some of us who were totally blind had been sighted once, but we could no longer remember what that was like. We thought of sighted people as awesome and powerful, always able to take a discarded shoe to someone who wasn't sighted. For when we thought of being sighted, we could think of ourselves only as the Sighted Master, never as Mr. Ras Mohun upstairs, never as the peon at the gate, never as a parent at home or a missionary parent at a foundling home. This was perhaps because the Sighted Master slept in the boys' dormitory and therefore, in a sense, was one of us, or perhaps because the Sighted Master had a discarded shoe that was almost always sitting under his bed, where we could go and feel it, or perhaps simply because of the name Sighted Master. We would dream of growing up and becoming the Sighted Master—living in the boys' dormitory, snoring away, catching boys doing naughty things, beating them with a discarded shoe—even as we would automatically straighten ourselves at the very mention of the Sighted Master.

Ramesh and Jaisingh would cry in the middle of the night. The Sighted Master would shout from his bed "Stop it!" and Ramesh would generally stop, but Jaisingh would go on crying until the Sighted Master got up and took the shoe to him. Actually, we got so used to Jaisingh's crying, to his eerie moans and wails, that we were aware of the sounds only when they suddenly stopped.

One night, both Ramesh and



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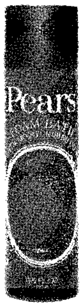

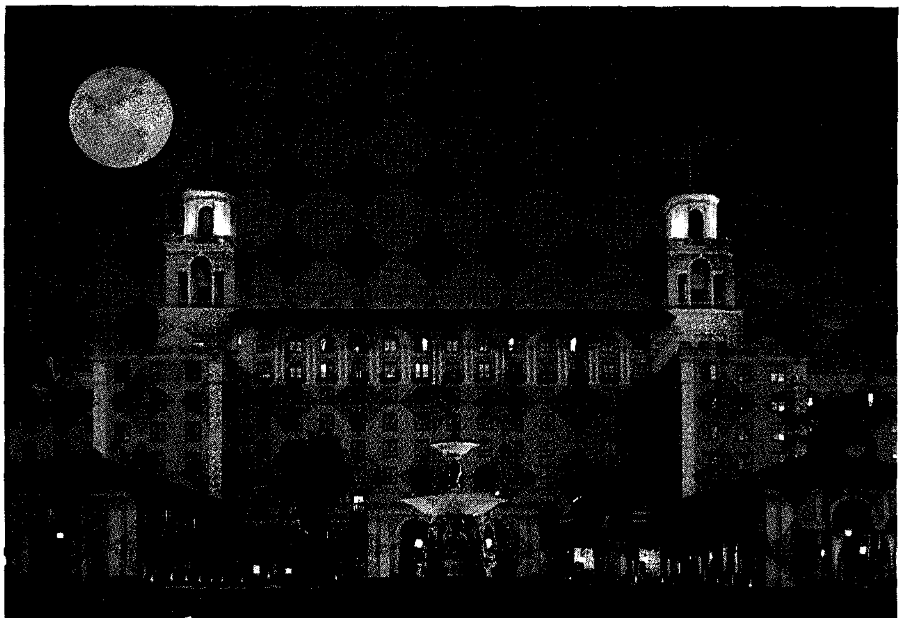

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Jaisingh began crying, and neither would stop. I heard the Sighted Master curse and get up. I waited for the scraping sound that I always heard when he was fumbling around for the shoe, but I didn't hear it. "The blind devils!" he muttered. "I would rather break stones, but there are no jobs to be had. The damned blind devils."

He stubbed his toe on the foot of my long bed and cursed some more.

I heard him walk slowly, in his bare feet, to Jaisingh's bed. "I will finish Ras Mohun's Helen Keller," he said.

Two beds over from Jaisingh's, Bhaskar was snoring slightly. On the other side of Bhaskar, Abdul was grinding his teeth.

I heard the Sighted Master struggling with a bed plank. The plank slipped off the iron frame and bounced on the floor like the end of a seesaw. I knew that it was a plank from either Ramesh's or Jaisingh's bed, but I couldn't tell which, because I wasn't sure exactly where the Sighted Master was. I heard the plank banging and reverberating on the floor and against the iron frame. All at once, Bhaskar stopped snoring and Abdul stopped grinding his teeth. I curled up at the bottom of my bed, trying to make myself as small as I could, and breathed as silently as I could. I repeated to myself, "Heavenly Father, Thou wilt hear me." Then Ramesh stopped crying. I thought that Jaisingh would also decide to be a good boy, and that the Sighted Master would go back to his bed. But Jaisingh continued crying.

Then I heard a swishing noise that reminded me of Sher Singh raising an axe to chop a piece of wood. After that, I heard a sound that was hard to remember later. It could have been like the swatting of a fly or the slam of a screen door or the beating of a coat with a coat brush. But it was very penetrating. Jaisingh's crying abruptly stopped, and everything became completely still. Then there was the clatter of the plank being replaced on the iron frame.

The Sighted Master started walking back toward his bed. I thought he paused for a second at the foot of my bed, but then I heard him hurrying on and fumbling to get back into his own bed.

I stayed awake for a long time, waiting to hear a sound from Jaisingh. Finally, I thought I heard him begin to moan in a sustained manner, like the motor of an old car that won't start. I immediately fell asleep.

The next day, when I came back

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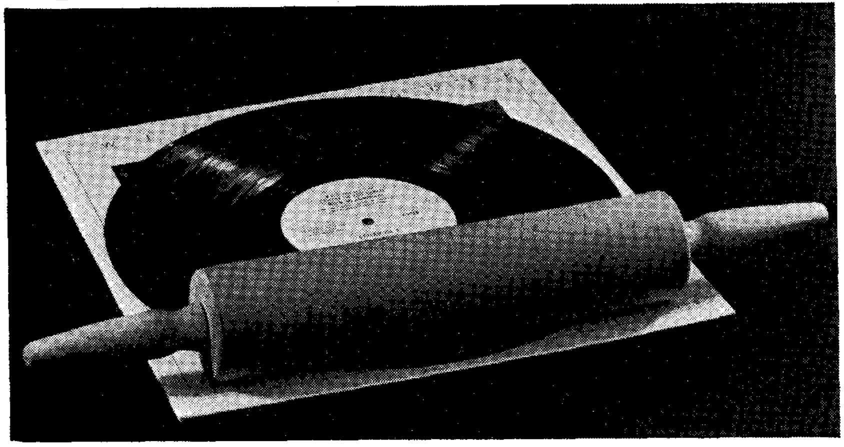

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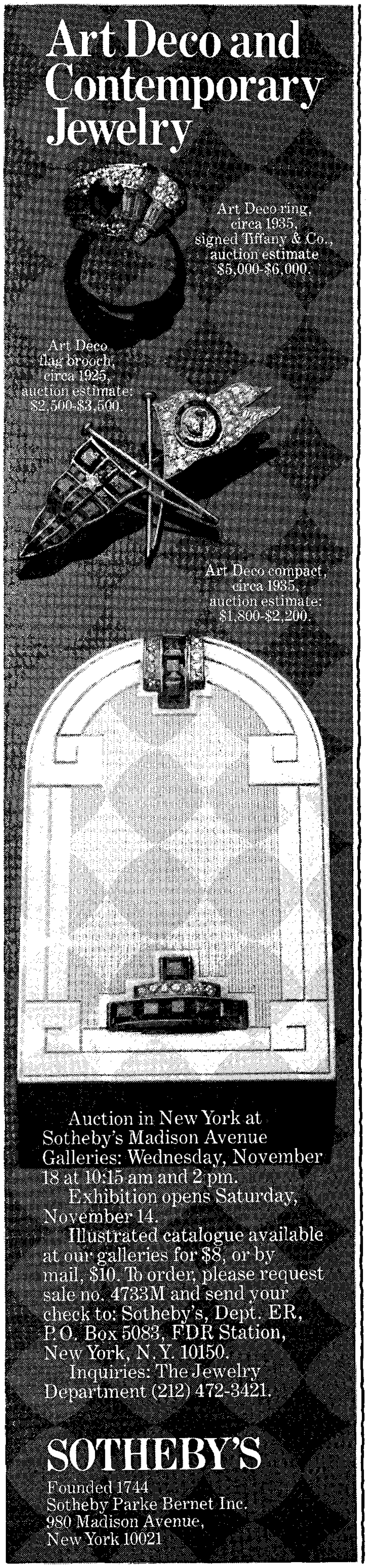

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from having breakfast with Mr. and Mrs. Ras Mohun the boys were whispering about Ramesh and Jaisingh.

"Their beds are empty," Abdul said. "They're gone."

I went over and felt all around Ramesh's and Jaisingh's beds. The thin sheets that had covered them had been removed, but all the planks were intact—they felt dry, like kindling wood.

"He killed them last night," Abdul said. "Both of them. The Sighted Master did, with two blows of a plank."

"There was only one blow," Reuben said.

"I heard Jaisingh cry afterward," I said.

"No, you didn't," Abdul said. "You were dreaming. The Sighted Master took a plank off the bed and cracked first one head and then the other. I heard it with my own ears."

"No, he didn't kill Ramesh," Bhaskar said. "I saw it with my good eye. He killed Jaisingh."

"No, I think Jaisingh has gone off to a new, deaf-and-dumb school," Tarak Nath said.

"Good riddance of bad rubbish," Abdul said.

"They didn't die," Reuben said. "I think they have been taken to the hospital for throat operations."

"Eenie, meenie, miney mo," Abdul chanted, jumping on and off Jaisingh's bed. "Catch a tiger by the toe. If he hollers, let him go."

We were confused about precisely what had happened that night, and some of us waited for Ramesh or Jaisingh—or both—to come back. But neither of them came back, and in due course their beds were given to two new boys.

I wanted to ask Mr. Ras Mohun what had happened to Ramesh and Jaisingh, but I was afraid of the Sighted Master.

ONE day when we came up from our game period, we found a pussycat in the boys' dormitory. No one knew how she had got there or what she was doing there, but we were all excited, and we all gathered around her, trying to touch her, pat her, hold her. She was a fluffy little thing. Her long tail pointed almost straight up, and she waved her paws as we passed her from hand to hand. We all remarked how different she felt from the hard, lumpy cloth kitten in the birds-and-animals class.

Abdul took charge of the pussycat. Every morning and evening, he would bring up from his meals a little milk in a clay saucer and give it to her with a piece of maize bread. He made sure she was comfortable at night under a bed. Each of us got a chance to keep the pussycat under his bed one time or another, and we became fond of her.

One morning, as Abdul was picking the pussycat up from under his bed, she scratched his face, and he announced, "I have lost my fondness for the pussycat." I didn't like her anymore, either.

The reason I remember the day the pussycat scratched Abdul is that when we went down for our morning class afterward Mr. Ras Mohun was there. He hushed us all, and said, "Boys and girls, this is a bad day for us. The German enemy today has invaded yet another country. Japanese bombing of Bombay can't be ruled out. The government has said that from now on there are going to be regular air-raid drills. Whenever you hear the bugle, you are all to run down to the tunnel—the old, unused sewer—under the cellar, and you are not to come out until I personally call you. I am appointing Reuben and Tarak Nath your prefects. It will be their responsibility to move the stone from the mouth of the tunnel and then push it back after they have made sure that everyone is inside. They are strong fellows and should be able to manage the stone."

That night, the Marathi broadcast on the radio that Mr. Ras Mohun had acquired for the school said, "Many Indians want the Germans and Japanese to win, because these Indians think they will liberate us from the British, but do they know about the Germans' policy of killing the weaklings? The Germans will shoot dead the well-to-do, with their soft hands; the poor, with their sick bodies; and also the blind, the deaf, and the dumb. They have use only for able-bodied people who can fight. And the Japanese are no better than the Germans. So, brothers and sisters, let us all fight to keep the German raj from coming to the shores of India."

We were all frightened, because we imagined that if the Germans came to India we at the school would be the first ones to be killed.

A few days later, we heard the roar of airplanes and the whine and scream of the air-alert bugle. We were in our morning class. We fell over each other running down to the tunnel to hide.

"The Germans are coming to kill

us!" Meena screamed over and over. Miss Mary tried to shush her, but Meena wouldn't stop screaming.

Just as we started sliding down the tunnel entrance, Mr. Ras Mohun came and announced, "The air raid is over for today. You can go back to your class."

Later that day, when we were up in the boys' dormitory, I told Abdul about my ayah, Ajmero, and how a tree had dropped on her and she had died. "I wonder what being dead feels like," I said to him. "I wonder what we'll feel like when we die. Like a dead rat?"

"If you like, I will show you exactly what it's like this evening, in the back courtyard," he said.

"No boy mischief," I said. "Mr. Ras Mohun will send you away, and the Germans will kill you."

"Boy mischief!" Abdul exclaimed. "Never again in my life!"

After dinner, he and I slipped downstairs to the back courtyard. There was a little stirring in the close air, as if we had startled the ghosts who generally made use of the school facilities at night.

"I think I don't want to know about death," I said.

"Feel what I've got here in my arms."

"Boy mischief!" I cried.

"Never again in my life, I told you!" Abdul said.

I reached out cautiously and felt his arms. He was cradling something soft, furry, and a little wet. I recoiled.

"It's only the pussycat," he said. "I've just bathed her to get her ready for your death lesson."

"What are you going to do?"

"I'm going to put her underground, like a potato. I'm going to bury her."

"But she's not dead."

"I know. But her time has come."

"I'm going back upstairs," I said.

"Don't you want to know what death feels like? Don't you remember how she scratched me? A bite from a mad animal can kill you just as quickly as a German gun."

"What will happen when we put her underground?" I asked.

"You wait and see. She'll feel very different. She'll feel like death."

I got interested and forgot all about ghosts and sleep, about boy mischief and my earlier fondness for the pussycat. Under Abdul's direction, I got an old garden bucket that was standing nearby. It had some water in it, and we used the water to moisten a little patch of Mrs. Ras Mohun's flower-

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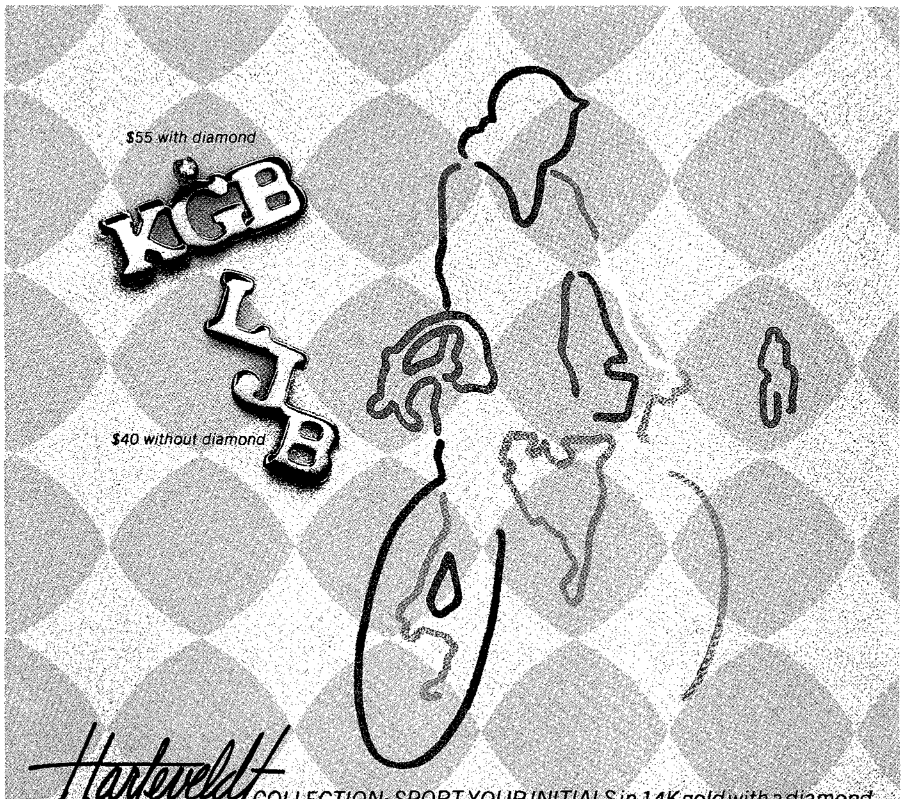

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and-vegetable bed. At that spot, we then dug a big hole. Abdul put the pussycat in the hole. I suddenly thought of the pussycat in a new way: she was like a little piece of potato that would grow into a plant if it was watered regularly.

The pussycat seemed sleepy and tired, but she began meowing and scratching, trying to climb out of the hole. I was afraid we were going to be discovered, and I was about to run back upstairs. Then Abdul slammed the bucket over her and sat on it.

"That's the last time she will scratch anyone," he said.

"But she's clawing and meowing in there," I said. "She's going to bite you. She's going to kill you."

"Quick!" Abdul said. "Help me fill the hole."

We filled the hole and made the ground level. Immediately, it was all still in the back courtyard. The pussycat and the bucket had disappeared, as if they had never been.

We raced upstairs to the boys' dormitory. "If anyone asks you about the pussycat, tell them that she ran away during the air raid," Abdul said.

I don't know what I'd expected, but when Abdul and I went to the burial spot a couple of nights later I was shocked. It was all dry and crumbly, as if the bucket had been a heaving oven, and when we dug up the pussycat she was stiff and bent and bony, her fluff turned into a brushy mat, and her claws fallen off. She had only clumps for feet.

"We will be turned out of the school if anyone finds out about the pussycat," Abdul said, throwing her in the school rubbish bin.

I think it was around that time—but it could have been much later, because the air-raid drills at the school soon became as regular as classes—that I had a dream and I went to Mr. Ras Mohun to tell it to him.

"Another dream about going across seas, oceans, and deserts to America?" he asked.

"No, Uncle. It's about the Germans. They came to the school as Bhaskar and I were going into the classroom. The Germans shouted and said something to us angrily. We were frightened and ran upstairs to the boys' dormitory. The Germans followed us. They stayed with us in the boys' dormitory for three days. We gave them food and water. Then they called all of us—boys and girls—together on the veranda and asked us, 'Who are your prefects and group leaders?' We would not tell them. They went into a rage. Somehow they found out and killed the prefects."

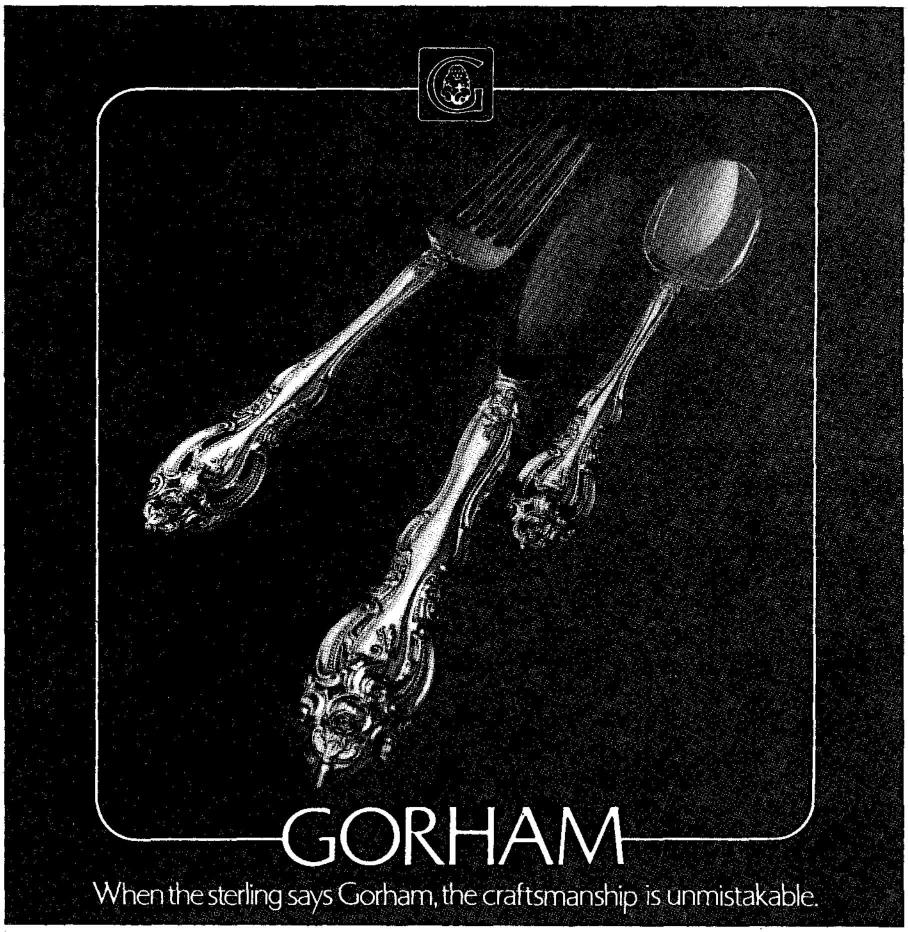
"And how did you know that your Germans killed them?"

"Uncle, they made a lot of noise. I heard the clanking of their arms, and their shouts and cries, and there was wet blood all around. Then they killed all of us."

I got my sweet—an orange one.

AMONG HOMES

BECAUSE of the war, I went home several times for extra holidays. Each time, it seemed, I went to a different place. That was because Daddyji was often transferred from one town in the Punjab to another; in fact, between the time I was three and the time I was eight he was posted, in turn, to Gujrat, to Lahore, to Karnal, to Amritsar, to Lahore, to Multan, to Ambala, to Lahore, to Rawalpindi, to Ambala, to Lahore, and to Rawalpindi. In each place, he was given a government bungalow that went with his posting. I never knew exactly why he was transferred, though during the times I was with the family I would hear Daddyji mention at the table or on the veranda that there was a *mela* (festival) planned in some place and his services were required, or that there was a promotion in the offing, or that some Muslim officer had it in for him. Anyway, I remember that in those days Daddyji and Mamaji didn't seem to be in one place for very long, and that they sent my big sisters and my big brother to boarding schools—Sisters Pom, Nimi, and Umi to the Sacred Heart Convent in Lahore, and Brother Om to the Bishop Cotton School, in Simla—so that their studies would not be continually interrupted. Years later, I asked Daddyji why he did not let Mamaji stay in our house at 11 Temple Road, in Lahore, and let my big sisters and my big brother be day scholars—like some of our cousins, whose fathers were transferred from place to place but whose mothers stayed back in the city. "Either their fathers didn't believe in the English system of boarding-school education, as I did, or they couldn't afford it," he said. "Anyway, I wanted to have your dear mother with me, so that we could make a home wherever we went." But often there was no home to go to during our school holidays, and although Daddyji had kept a couple of rooms for our use at 11 Temple Road—the house was rented out—they were always occupied by Daddyji's sister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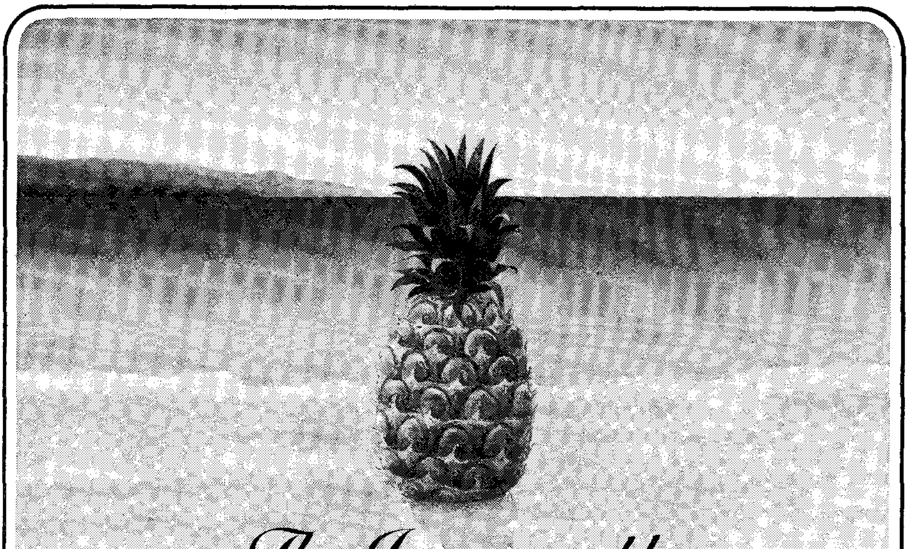

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(our *bhua*, or paternal aunt), Parmeshwari Devi, and her five children, my Anand cousins. They wouldn't vacate the rooms, because, among other things, they considered the number eleven to be lucky; the Anand cousins seemed always to be sitting for school or job examinations and therefore felt they needed a lot of luck. So during our school holidays we children often stayed with our maternal grandfather and grandmother, Babuji and Mataji. They had a big bungalow at 16 Mozang Road, just across Temple Road and around the corner from our house, with a lawn and lots of servants—a driver, a water carrier, a gardener, and a cook as well as bearers and sweepers. Although 16 Mozang Road didn't have many bedrooms, it seemed that it could accommodate any number of beds. Babuji and Mataji's children seemed to be constantly arriving with their families and servants for long stays, and the bungalow had the atmosphere of a family festival.

What I liked most about staying in Mozang Road was the daily visits of the Hakimji—a doctor who practiced the Unani system of medicine. He came every evening, and I always knew by the sound of his shoes that he had come. He wore loose pumps, and I imagined that because they had no laces he had to hug them to his feet; anyway, his walk was a series of kicks and scrapes which to us had a princely sound. Whenever we children heard Hakimji's footsteps on the veranda, we would all run out to him and stand with our wrists outstretched.

"Feel my pulse first, Hakimji!"

"Take my pulse first, Hakimji!"

"No, my pulse, Hakimji!"

One by one, he would take our wrists, feel our pulse, and give us *churan* (powder) wrapped in pieces of old newspaper. The *churan* tasted of honey and ground pepper but had the consistency of salt. We liked to eat our fill of *churan*, until our breath smelled of it—a condition that Hakimji assured us was a sign of lively health. If we had an itchy spot, a bleeding injury, or aches and pains, he would also give us dabs of heavy Green Ointment in small Pond's-cold-cream jars. We would apply the Green Ointment and wait for relief.

"The fellow is a quack," Daddyji would say. "He's no doctor—he's a medicine man. People like him should be behind bars. They do more harm than good."

When we were with Daddyji, we

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believed him. But when Hakimji was taking our pulse with his princely fingers or giving us his Green Ointment we believed Mamaji, who said he was the greatest doctor in Lahore. All the Mehras—Mamaji's side of the family—believed in him, and at 16 Mozang Road he had the privileges of a great doctor. He was free to walk through the house unannounced, and was the only man who was free to enter the women's quarters there without knocking.

At one time, I hadn't liked Hakimji, but that was before I was introduced to his *churan* and his Green Ointment. Right after I went blind, I was moved from the hospital to Mozang Road. It was there that Mamaji would catch hold of me and put stinging drops in my eyes. When I cried out, she would say, "It's Hakimji's medicine. There, there, the stinging will go away. Hakimji says the drops will make you see." After a while, when I needed something, like being taken to the bathroom, I stopped calling Mamaji. Instead, I would call my ayah, Ajmero. If she was not within earshot, I would call Mamaji's next-younger sister, Auntie Dharam. Auntie Dharam would come running. Then she got married and went away. After that, I would call Mamaji's second sister, Auntie Pushpa—until the orange-sweets incident, that is.

Auntie Pushpa was sitting in front of her dressing table. I smelled orange sweets and ran up to her. "May I have some?" I asked.

"Go away," she said. "You're a big nuisance." Her head was bent down, and she was doing something to some orange sweets with her hands.

"What are you doing to the orange sweets?" I asked, trying to climb up onto her lap. "Let me feel."

She put something on the back of my hand with a brush. I smelled the back of my hand and knew what she was doing—she was making orange-sweets syrup. I reached across to the dressing table and picked up a little bottle. It smelled of orange-sweets syrup. I started to drink it up. I choked.

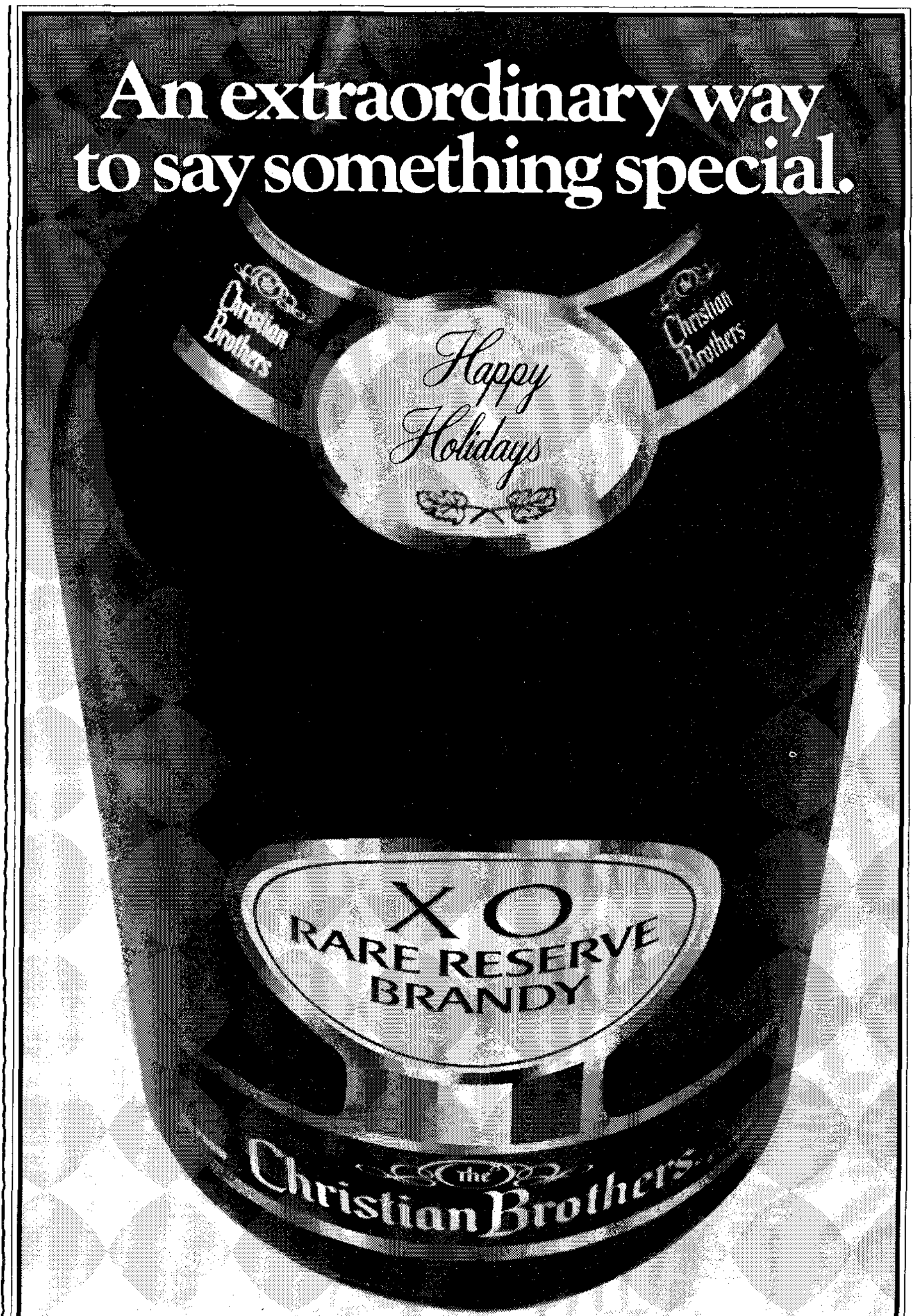
"Look out!" she cried. "You're drinking my fingernail polish! For God's sake, you're spitting it all over my best sari!"

She slapped me.

I punched her in the stomach.

After that, I didn't call for her much, and if I did, she would say, "I am not your ayah," or "Call Vimla."

Auntie Vimla was Mamaji's third



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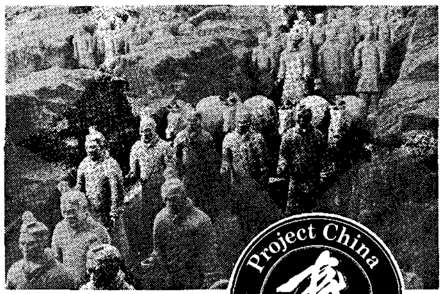

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sister, but I didn't like calling her, because whenever she saw me she would start crying. "My poor blind lamb!" she would say. "God pity you!"

Auntie Pushpa and Auntie Vimla were only a little older than Sister Pom. Yet whenever we stayed in Mozang Road they used to boss us around and tease us constantly. They had nicknames for us: Sister Pom was Lal Mirch (red chili), because, they said, if any one of us was insulted by any one of them, Sister Pom, without waiting to find out the rights and wrongs, would burn; Sister Nimi was Parrol Shah (fat lord), because, they said, she had a lordly indifference; Sister Umi was Golguppi (a pungent savory), because, they said, she couldn't control her sharp tongue; Brother Om was Princey, because, they said, he was the Prince of Wales of our family; and I was Master Sahib, because, they said, I looked studious, even if I couldn't read. Usha, as yet, had not rated a nickname.

Daddyji had told us that making up such names was a pastime of frivolous society people. And, indeed, Babuji had a title from the British and was independently wealthy. Certainly, as my big sisters never tired of pointing out, Auntie Pushpa and Auntie Vimla conducted themselves as they imagined ladies of fashion did. Auntie Pushpa even kept her fingernails long and wore lipstick and scent—things that no Mehta girl was permitted to do. It was said that Auntie Pushpa was more beautiful than any other girl in either the Mehra or the Mehta clan, and that she had expensive tastes in clothes, in scents, and in jewelry.

"We don't give a hoot for title, money, or fashion," Sister Umi, who had cast herself as our spokesman, would say to Auntie Pushpa. "Our Daddyji is a government officer. There is a respect that goes with government service which no amount of Babuji's money can buy for him."

"But Babuji has a title," Auntie Pushpa would say. "You can't get away from that. So there, Golguppi!"

"I'll call you Auntie because I respect Mamaji, but you are no auntie of mine," Sister Umi would say. "You don't respect me, I don't respect you."

"You're not fit to lick my shoes," Auntie Pushpa would say. "You Mehtas are all buffalo brains and paratha bodies." The aunties drank the lighter cow's milk; we drank the heavier buffalo's milk. They ate the lighter chapattis; we ate the heavier

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parathas (unleavened wheat bread). Daddyji, in the course of his work, had seen a lot of malnutrition and tuberculosis, and he was much concerned with our diet.

"I'd rather be a buffalo brain than a nervous cat," Sister Umi would say. The aunties were constantly going on about their delicate digestions and their headaches. We never complained of anything.

"You are not fit to live in this house among polite people," Auntie Pushpa would say. "You Mehtas are all alike—rowdies and toughies. Are your Balwant Chachaji and your Raj Kanwar Chachaji black sheep of the family or not? Tell me!" *Chacha* means paternal uncle. Balwant Chachaji, a mild-mannered man who had frittered away his time at college, had ended up as a sort of tailor in a parachute factory, and Raj Kanwar Chachaji, a hot-tempered, quarrelsome man, who had also wasted his time at college, had ended up as chief of a succession of police stations.

"We Mehtas are good at whatever we do," Sister Umi would say. "If we are rowdies and toughies, we are the best rowdies and toughies. If we are failures, we are the best failures. And, by the way, you should thank your stars that you have our buffalo brains and paratha bodies around to press Manji's legs, arms, and back."

Manji was Mataji's long-widowed mother (our great-grandmother), who mostly lived with Babuji and Mataji in Mozang Road, because her only son (our great-uncle), Shiv Das, who would otherwise have been her staff and support, had never amounted to much. She had no money of her own, and was constantly trying to make herself useful, sewing new quilts for the family or attending to the old quilts—unstitching them, removing the matted cotton, having it carded and combed, and then stitching it back into them. She also daily ground with millstones the oats for Babuji's porridge, to the exact texture he liked—he liked his porridge on the coarse side. She was very fat and was always having aches and pains. Sometimes her aches and pains would become so severe that she couldn't move. We would help her apply Hakimji's Green Ointment to her arms and legs, and would help bandage them by pulling at the gauze to make it tight. This gave her some relief. Then she would lie face down, and, following her directions, one of us would stand on her, leaning on the pole of a mosquito net

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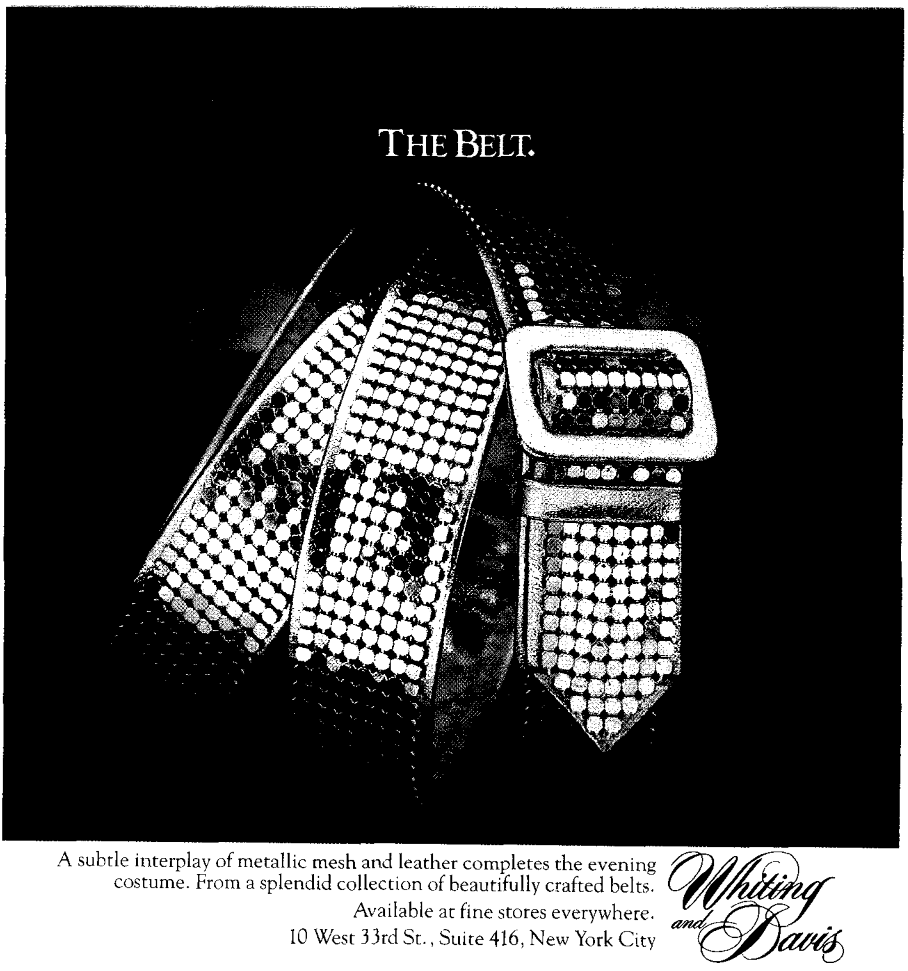

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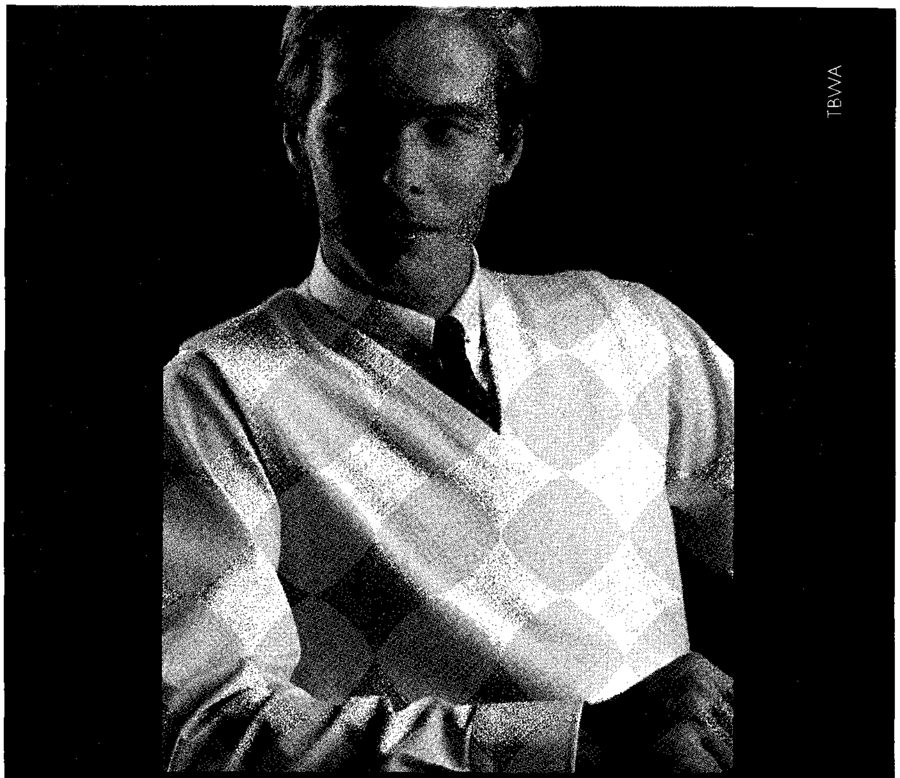

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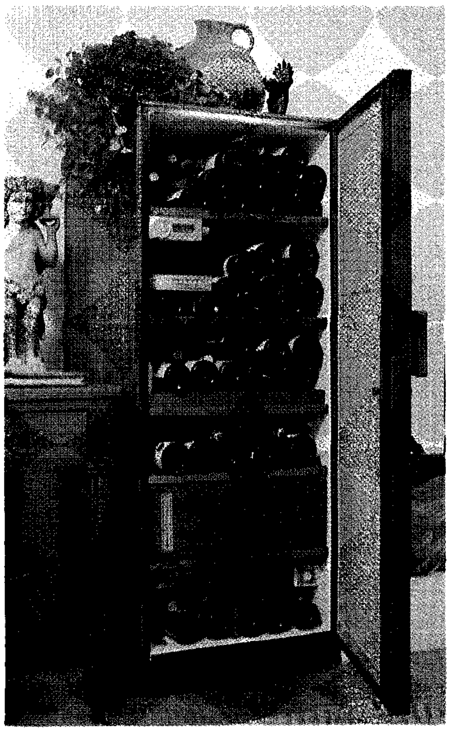

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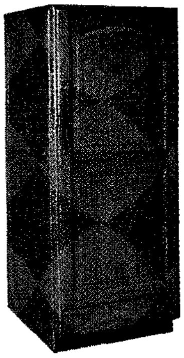

so as to take some of our weight off her. In this way, we would carefully walk up and down her arms, her back, and her legs, staying on the balls of our feet. If, accidentally, we put all our weight on her or put a heel down, she would cry out.

The aunties considered themselves too ladylike to press Manji for long, but we could do it for an hour at a time. They also considered themselves too ladylike to go frequently with Manji to the temple inside the old, crowded, fetid city—something she did regularly. We Mehtas, except for Brother Om, enjoyed going with her, and whenever we went she would buy us little presents—balloons for me, glass bangles for my big sisters. Even if the balloons and bangles were of the cheapest variety, a dozen for an anna, the aunties would be jealous of us and find an excuse to scold us.

Sometimes our quarrels with the aunties would get so heated that we would forget how nice to us they could be—they were always bringing us presents and fluttering over us—and we would threaten to leave. We'd actually start walking toward the gate. Then the aunties would come running after us, because they feared Babuji and Daddyji.

"What's there to fear about Daddyji?" Sister Umi once asked Mamaji.

"You children have grown up on your father's shoulders, and you fear nothing," Mamaji said. "We drank our mother's milk. She has always been afraid of Babuji, so we have all grown up with a fear of the man of the house."

My big sisters often wanted to go and tattle on the aunties to Babuji and teach them a lesson, but, as a concession to the aunties' fear of Babuji, they would tattle to Mataji instead. They soon learned that in Mataji's eyes, at least, Auntie Pushpa could do no wrong. "Pushpa is my special darling," Mataji would say. We didn't know what she meant by that until at last she explained to us, "A pandit has told me that as long as Pushpa flourishes the whole family will flourish."

One day, Auntie Pushpa came out of the bathroom and announced, "Look! I've cut off all my hair. Now I have bobbed hair, like the most fashionable English ladies."

My big sisters cried out in dismay.

"Our Daddyji says, 'Hair is a woman's crowning glory,' and look what you've done to yourself!" Sister Pom said.

"Our Mamaji has never even

touched a scissors to her long hair, and still she won't go in front of men without covering her head," Sister Nimi said.

"Babuji will beat you with his walking stick," Sister Umi said.

I waited for Babuji to take his walking stick to Auntie Pushpa, but I never heard him so much as scold her.

Many years later, Daddyji explained to us that Auntie Pushpa had a special place not only in Mataji's heart but also in Babuji's. "By the time Pushpa was born, Babuji had lost seven of his children at birth or in childhood, and an eighth died before Pushpa was five weeks old," he said. "As a baby, Pushpa herself was so frail that he wasn't sure she would live. Five of the children who died were born to Mataji—she is Babuji's second wife—and as a result she became very superstitious."

"Like our Mamaji," Sister Umi said.

"Correct," Daddyji said.

As a child, I wasn't sure what "superstitious" meant, but I remember that one evening—it was the night before Uncle Dwarka, the elder of Mamaji's two younger brothers, was due to leave for a journey—Mataji called the gardener over. "Take tomorrow off," she told him.

We were all puzzled, because she never gave the gardener a day off like that.

The next morning, as Uncle Dwarka was leaving the house, she shouted to the sweeper, "Jamadar, come and sweep the garden! The gardener isn't here today."

I later found out that the gardener was a Brahman, and that Mataji believed that anyone who sees a Brahman's face early in the morning before a journey will be ill-fated in it. Mataji had contrived to have Uncle Dwarka see the sweeper—an Untouchable, and so the complete opposite of a Brahman—before setting out.

The night after Uncle Dwarka left, when we were all in our beds in the children's bedroom, Sister Umi said, "Remember what Mataji started saying after Vedi went away to school?"

I lay very still in my bed, feeling sure that if Sister Umi knew I was awake she wouldn't go on. My big sisters and the aunties always sent Brother Om and me out of the room when they were talking about anything interesting.

"Mataji would say, 'Girls, you have only one whole brother left now,' " Sister Umi resumed. "And how she

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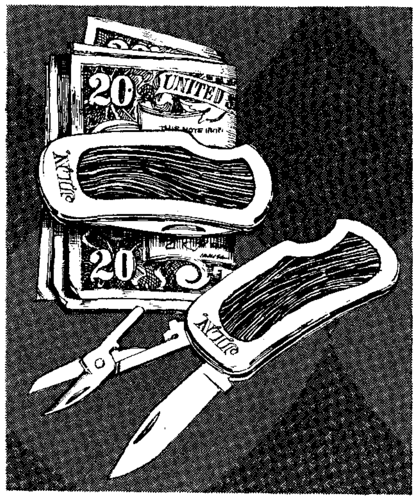

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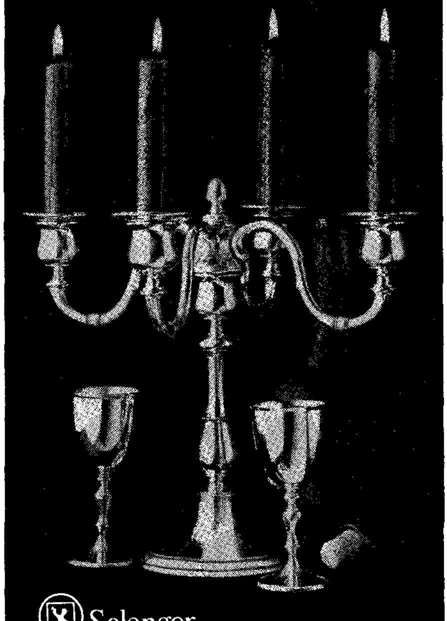

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spoiled Om in those days by constantly calling him Prince of Wales! And our aunties didn't help matters by calling him Princey all the time."

"Just imagine calling him Prince of Wales and then putting frocks on him!" Sister Nimi said, laughing. She laughed so hard that she had difficulty catching her breath, and I couldn't keep quiet anymore and burst out laughing.

Sister Pom was very angry. "Umi, you have no sense. Nimi, stop it. Vedi, go to sleep."

"How was I to know that the cunning So-and-So was listening?" Sister Umi asked. "I heard Om snoring away, so I assumed Vedi was asleep, too."

"I'll go to sleep if you tell me why they put frocks on Brother Om," I said. But Sister Pom had such control over Sisters Nimi and Umi that I couldn't get them to say. Years later, I finally learned the reason for the frocks: Mataji had attributed my blindness to the vengeance of the evil eye for my being a healthy, handsome boy. To ward off the evil eye from Om, she would dress him up in frocks.

SISTER UMI always said that Brother Om was the only one of us children who took after the Mehras in temperament. Except for Babuji, who didn't play favorites, everyone at 16 Mozang Road seemed to be partial to Brother Om. Mataji was always getting new clothes made for him, and the aunties were always bringing him special sweets.

I remember that once when Brother Om came back from Bishop Cotton School on a holiday Auntie Pushpa ran over to him and said, "Princey, what a sahib you look in your sola topi!"

As soon as I heard the phrase "sola topi," I wanted to know what it was. Brother Om showed me his sola topi, pointing out its various features. It had a thick, sloping brim to keep out the sun, an adjustable leather chin strap to hold it firmly in place in a strong wind, a leather rim to absorb sweat, and four nostrillike rubber tabs near the top for air. "Only Britishers could have designed such a perfect headgear for the rotten Indian sun," Brother Om said.

I struggled to push the chin strap up over the front of the brim to get it out of the way, and asked, "What is this delicate sound I hear from inside the sola topi?"

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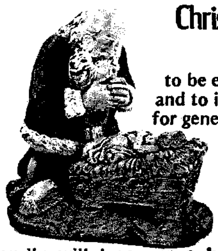

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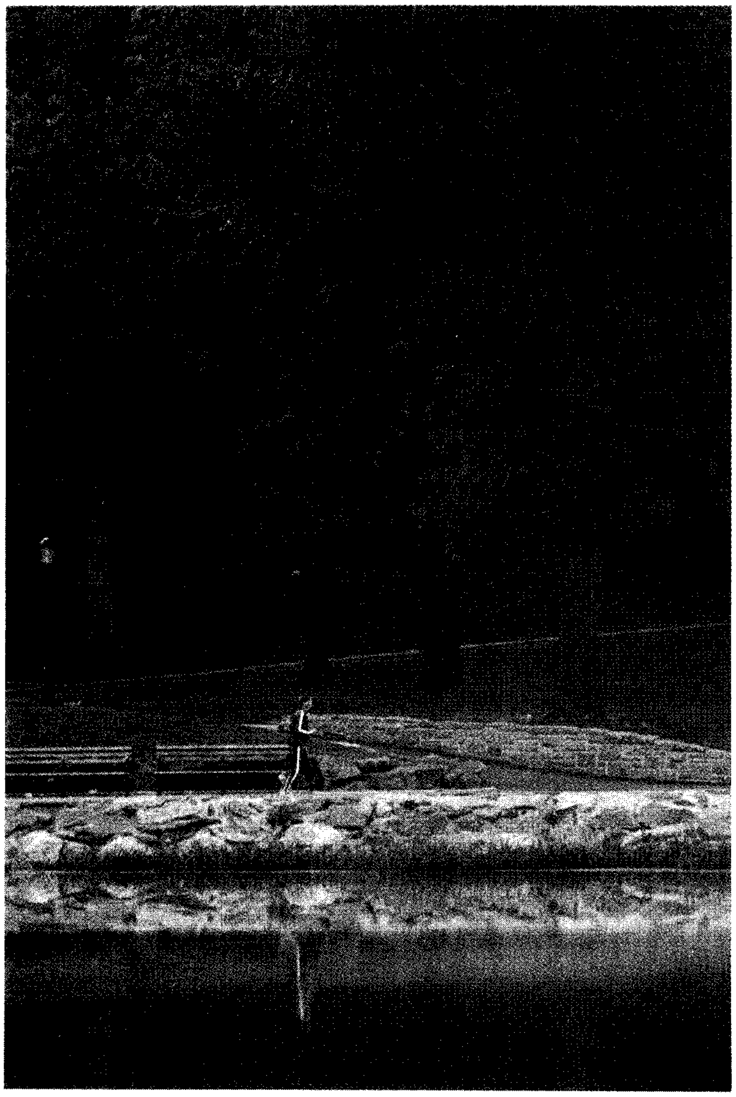

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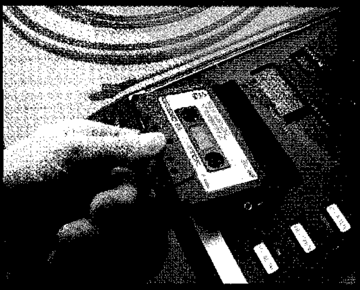

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Brother Om said. "That's what makes it so thick and yet so light." The hat was as solid as a helmet but almost as light as a silk turban.

I remember that Brother Om used to wear his sola topi even inside, in the cool of the house, chanting, "My name is Om Parkash Mehta. I am a sahib in sola topi. I go to Bishop Cotton School, in Simla. Simla is where the Viceroy goes for his summers. I am a sahib in sola topi."

One day, my big sisters, my big brother, and I were washing our hands and faces on the steps of the front veranda after having our tiffin, as was our practice. Brother Om leaned over to rinse his mouth and almost dropped his sola topi. As he reached out to catch it, he happened to splash some water on Babuji, who was passing by in his long coat on the way to some formal party.

Brother Om started howling, "Babuji beat me with his walking stick!"

My big sisters had been busy washing and hadn't seen what had happened, and there had been so much noise of water splashing that I didn't know what had happened, either. But none of us doubted that Brother Om had been beaten. We would have run after Babuji and protested, but he had already been driven away in his car.

"How dare Babuji beat us, when our own father has never beaten us?" Sister Pom said. "I won't stay at 16 Mozang Road for one more minute." It was surprising to hear Sister Pom say that, and turn into the real red chili that the aunties claimed she was.

We all swore to each other that we would not spend another night under the roof of a man who beat children with a walking stick, even if that man happened to be our grandfather. But though we felt we had to leave at once, we didn't have the slightest idea where to go. Daddyji was away on a long tour and had taken Mamaji and Usha with him. We couldn't go to Mehta Gulli, behind 16 Mozang Road, where all our closest Mehta relatives lived, because we were afraid Babuji would find out that we were there and have us brought back to 16 Mozang Road.

"Where do birds and animals live?" Sister Nimi asked boldly. "After all, they have no home to go to."

"Nimi, you're a genius," Sister Umi said. "We can go to Lawrence Gardens and live like birds and animals."

We five brothers and sisters all caught hold of one another's hands

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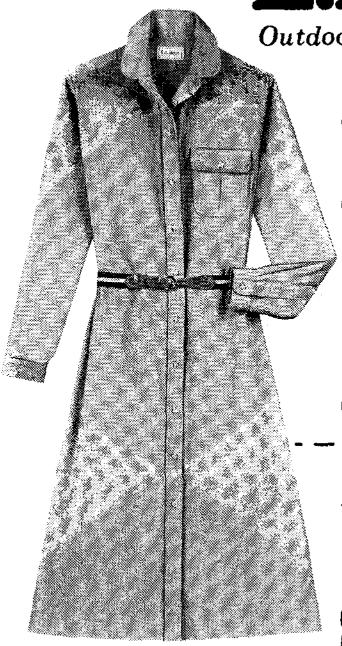

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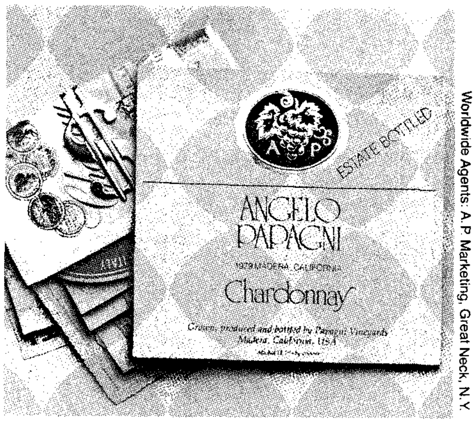
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and walked away from 16 Mozang Road, without stopping to take so much as a toothbrush. It was late in the afternoon, and there was hardly anybody on the road. Occasionally, one of us would say something or cry, but mostly we walked silently.

"I'm glad to be free of those aunties," Sister Umi said. "The Mehras are a superstitious society lot. I want to have nothing to do with them ever again. I'm not a Mehra. I'm a Mehta through and through. I disown all the Mehras—the whole lot of them."

"Shush," Sister Pom said. "Your loose tongue will bring us bad luck."

At Lawrence Gardens, we huddled on a hill, under a tree, never admitting to ourselves that we were cold and frightened. Brother Om would begin crying, I would join in, Sister Nimi would follow, and before we knew it we would all be sobbing. We would stop just as suddenly as we had started, only to start again.

I listened to the crickets and thought that I had never heard anything sound so forlorn. I dozed. I was startled by the sound of something darting through the grass. I was frightened by the noise of wings beating in the trees. I noticed that my knickers were getting moist with dew. I heard the nightingales' mournful song. Then I thought I heard in the distance, "Pom Memsahi-ib! Nimi Memsahi-ib! Umi Memsahi-ib! Om Sahi-ib! Vedi Sahi-ib!" The voice sounded now close, as if it were inside my head, now far off, as if it were carried away by the wind. I couldn't make out whose voice it was, or even whether it was a voice at all. Then I heard the unmistakable voice of Sher Singh calling, "Pom Memsahi-ib!"

"Sher Singh, we are here!"

"We are here, Sher Singh!"

"Sher Singh, here!"

We were all calling him at once.

"Come," he said, as if we were back at 16 Mozang Road and he were summoning us to the dining room. "Come. Babuji and Mataji are waiting for you."

I expected at least Sister Umi to demur, but she didn't. All of us got up hurriedly and started back.

"So they prefer the company of fickle birds and animals to the company of their loyal servant," Sher Singh muttered to himself, walking behind us at a discreet distance. "What an evening Sher Singh has passed!"

After we got back to 16 Mozang Road, we learned that everyone had become alarmed when it was discovered that we were missing. Babuji had dispatched servants in all directions—to Mehta Gulli, to Kalu's house, next door, to Mozang Chowk, the nearest intersection—to try to find us. For all he knew, we had been kidnapped; he said to us that it had never occurred to him that we might have left without telling anyone or that he could in any way have been the cause of our leaving. Indeed, he insisted that he had only shaken his walking stick at Brother Om. Sher Singh had gone hither and thither and made inquiries, and had then decided on his own that we must be in the only place no one had thought of looking—Lawrence Gardens. "I thought, It's just the kind of thing Doctor Sahib's children are likely to do," he said to us.

For several days, the aunties made such a fuss over us—kissing us, calling us all "heroes," asking us every last detail—that even Sister Umi felt for a time proud to own them for our close relatives. All the same, we started spending more and more time in Mehta Gulli.

TO get to Mehta Gulli, we merely had to walk to the back of 16 Mozang Road and climb over a five-foot brick wall. Here the houses of our Mehta relatives were built along a *gulli*, or narrow street, in a sort of square, and had common walls. In Mehta Gulli, we all had Mehta cousins more or less our own ages. The cousins we spent most of our time with were the children of Daulat Ram Chachaji—Daddyji's next younger brother—who had received the same medical training as Daddyji, and who also worked in the Public Health Department. Daulat Ram Chachaji had five children. The two oldest were his daughters, Sheila and Leila, who were about Sister Pom's and Sister Nimi's ages and had been given names with the same ending as the names of my big sisters. (Pom, Nimi, and Umi were nicknames for Promila, Nirmila, and Urmila.) Cousins Sheila and Leila and my big sisters all went to the Sacred Heart Convent and played on the same school volleyball team. Cousin Yog, the oldest of Daulat Ram Chachaji's three sons, was three years older than Brother Om, and was the first Mehta boy in our generation. Whenever the boy cousins—or "cousin-brothers," as they are called—played a game, he was the leader. He chose the game, set the rules, and was the referee in any dispute. His brother Surinder was a

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year older than I was, and the youngest brother, Ravi, was a year older than Usha.

In Mehta Gulli, my big sisters and Cousins Sheila and Leila would sit on the veranda of Daulat Ram Chachaji's house, knitting and sewing and gossiping. One bit of gossip I remember overhearing was about an Irish nun at Sacred Heart who liked toffee. The girls were always giving her toffee, and the Mother Superior was always catching her chewing it and punishing her by making her say Hail Marys. The first time the nun was caught, she had to say five Hail Marys; the next time, ten. The more times she was caught, the more Hail Marys she had to say.

The cousin-brothers would play in the *gulli*. Sometimes, when they were playing a rough game, like tag, Cousin Yog would shunt Usha, Ravi, and me aside, but other times, when they were playing a slow game, like marbles, Cousin Yog would let us stand around and watch or listen.

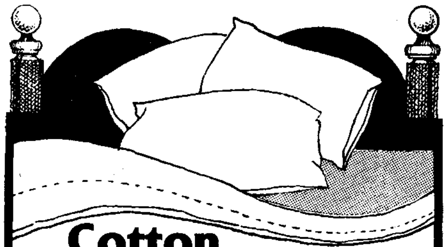
I liked going to Mehta Gulli. Not so Brother Om. He liked to play with "the boarding-school sort," he said, and none of our cousins in Mehta Gulli went to boarding school. He also liked to play on grass, and Mehta Gulli had no grass—it was just cobblestones, with dirt on either side.

I remember one morning when we all went to Mehta Gulli. As usual, I stood on Sister Pom's shoulders, and Sister Nimi, who was the tallest and the first one over the wall, got me down on the other side. I could immediately tell that we had left the sedate Mehra world behind and arrived in the tumultuous Mehta world. There were the boisterous sounds of my older cousin-brothers playing a familiar game in the *gulli*—hitting a wooden peg around with a stick. The *gulli* was alive with the clack of the wooden stick repeatedly hitting the peg, the clatter of the peg bouncing off the cobblestones, and the patter of tennis shoes as a cousin-brother raced after the peg.

"Om, join us!" Cousin Yog called over, hitting the peg. "But first take off that silly topi!"

"A sola topi may be fine in your sissy Mozang Road, but now you're in Mehta Gulli!" Cousin Rajinder called over to us. He was Raj Kanwar Chachaji's oldest son and was our rowdiest cousin-brother.

"I don't go out in the sun without my sola topi," Brother Om said, "and I don't play street games with



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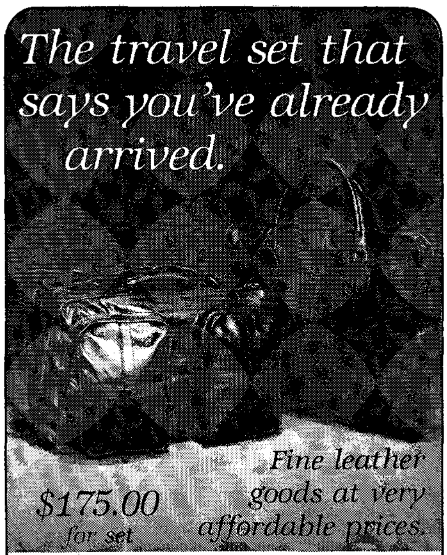

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mahashas, *mhajas*, and *gamas*." *Mahashas*, *mhajas*, and *gamas* were common names for the lower orders—milkmen and the like—and they were our aunties' nicknames for our rowdy Mehta cousin-brothers.

"What did you say?" Cousin Surinder called back.

"I said I play cricket and hockey with the boarding-school sort on the grass."

"Who did you call *mhajas* and *gamas*?" Cousin Rajinder cried, running up to Brother Om. All the cousin-brothers surrounded Brother Om.

"Trying to give yourself airs, with your boarding-school topi and your grandfather's grass!" Cousin Yog said.

I heard the sola topi hit the street.

"Look! You've got mud on my sola topi!" Brother Om cried. "You're all dirty street boys!"

Cousins Yog, Surinder, and Rajinder started shouting threats like "We would beat the sola topi out of you if girls weren't standing here!"

Daulat Ram Chachaji came out of his house. "Om, you go to sahib school and there you learn to look down on your own Mehta brothers," he said. "And, Yog, you forget that, sahib or not, he's still your Mehta brother. Now let me see all you brothers play like brothers."

With Daulat Ram Chachaji standing there, everyone quickly made peace. Brother Om agreed to play with the cousin-brothers if they didn't make fun of his sola topi, and the cousin-brothers agreed to play with him as long as he never called them names again.

ONE evening at 16 Mozang Road, Mamaji called us all to her and said, "Let's go and have some fun in Mehta Gulli."

"Mamaji having fun in Mehta Gulli!" we cried. "That's a change. What's the big reason?"

Unlike my big sisters and me, Mamaji never particularly liked going to Mehta Gulli. Like Brother Om, she preferred 16 Mozang Road—even though, as the wife of the oldest Mehta brother, she was greatly respected by our *chachas* and *chachis*. (*Chachi* means "paternal uncle's wife.") "Mehta Gulli is full of Mehta demons, and each of them is bolder than the next," she would say. "O my mother, O God, save me from those Mehta in-laws!"

With a mysterious air, she now

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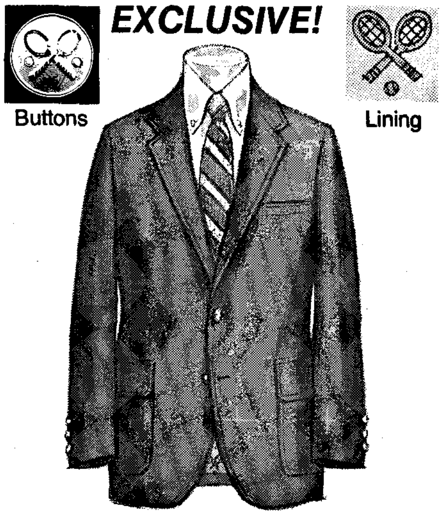

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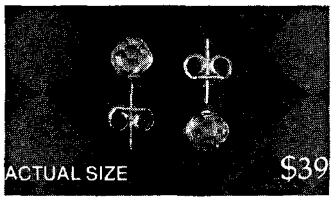

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said, "No reason." Then she added, "I think there are new persons there."

"Who?" we cried.

"New persons," she said.

"I don't like the old persons there," Brother Om said. "What do I care about new persons?"

Brother Om ran away. The rest of us rushed to the back wall with Mamaji, and we all climbed over it in no time.

"Which house?" we asked.

"Romesh Chachaji's house," Mamaji said. Romesh Chachaji was Daddyji's fourth brother.

We ran through Mehta Gulli to Romesh Chachaji's house, at the far end—I was holding on to Sister Pom's hand—and raced up the stairs to the upper story. Even before we had finished climbing the stairs, I heard what I can only describe as "tick-tock" cries. There was first a soft "tick" cry, which was promptly answered by a loud "tock" cry, and before the loud cry had subsided, the soft cry had started up again. The alternating cries were so rhythmic that I could have tapped my foot to them.

"Those are the new persons," Mamaji said, puffing and wheezing behind us on the stairs. "Romesh's wife has given birth to two babies."

"Two babies at once from Savitri Chachiji!" Sister Umi cried. "Savitri Chachiji must be a magician!"

We had never heard of two babies arriving at once. We had no idea that such a thing was possible in the whole world.

Upstairs, on Romesh Chachaji's terrace, Sister Nimi took my hand and put it on what seemed like a flailing bundle in Savitri Chachiji's arms. It had four legs, four arms, and two heads, like a toy god.

"It's one person!" I cried, pulling my hand back.

Mamaji laughed. "Innocent, it's not one person but two!"

Savitri Chachiji sat me down on a cot and put in my lap first one baby and then the other. "This is your Cousin-Brother Vijay," she said, cooing, "and this is your Cousin-Sister Usha—now there will be two Usha Mehtas."

I couldn't stop laughing, thinking of calling such small babies cousin-brother and cousin-sister and of their one day calling me cousin-brother.

Afterward, when we were out in the *gulli*, Sister Umi said, "There is nothing to equal a love marriage—I think I would like one."

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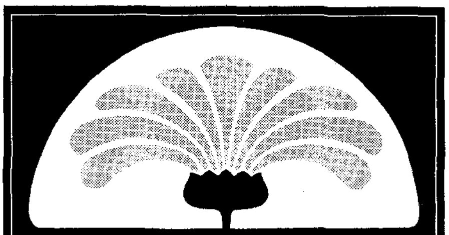

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Romesh Chachaji and Savitri Chachiji had made a love marriage, like film stars. It was said that he had arrived in Mehta Gulli with her without any warning and shocked all our *chachas* and *chachis*, cousin-brothers and cousin-sisters by announcing, "This is my love-marriage bride." After that, it seemed there was hardly a day when there wasn't a new, shocking discovery about her. She was a Marathi girl from Bombay and didn't speak a word of Punjabi; she was an Indian Christian and had no caste; she was a nurse and had met Romesh Chachaji while nursing him in the hospital. We children got really excited when we discovered that she could speak English—something that none of our mothers could do.

"Savitri Chachiji will give us free lessons in English," Cousin Sheila said, parading around Mehta Gulli.

I remember that Sister Umi said, "Cousin Sheila is a little weak in English, and the idea that she might get a jump on her classmates by a little free home tuition really thrills her."

"Be fair," Sister Nimi said. "We are all thrilled. After all, the only ladies we know who are Christians and work and speak English are the Sacred Heart nuns, and here in Mehta Gulli is a lady who is all those things and, on top of it, she is our *chachi*."

"Well, all I can say is that our *chachi* is very progressive," Sister Umi said. "While the nuns are praying in their chapel, she goes out and catches our gullible *chacha* in a love marriage."

Everyone in Mehta Gulli remarked on how exceptionally attentive Romesh Chachaji was to Savitri Chachiji. One afternoon, Balwant Chachaji, who was standing in the doorway of his house, looked up and saw Romesh Chachaji standing on the terrace of his house and doing something a man had not been seen doing, as Balwant Chachaji later put it, "at least since Alexander the Great Sahib came to Lahore." Romesh Chachaji was taking down a petticoat from the clothesline. As Balwant Chachaji gawked, unseen, Romesh Chachaji shook the petticoat to make sure it was dry and then hooked a drawstring to a toothbrush and tenderly pushed it through the waist of the petticoat until it emerged on the other side. The whole action probably did not take more than a couple of minutes, but it was long enough for Balwant Chachaji to serenade Romesh

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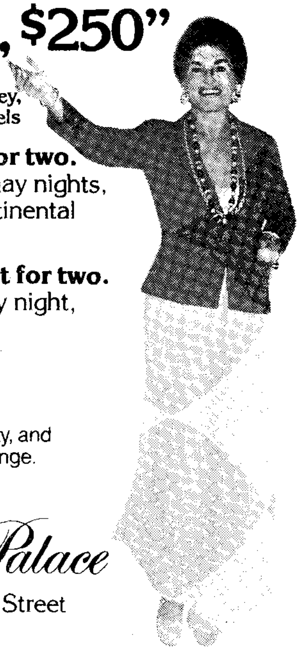

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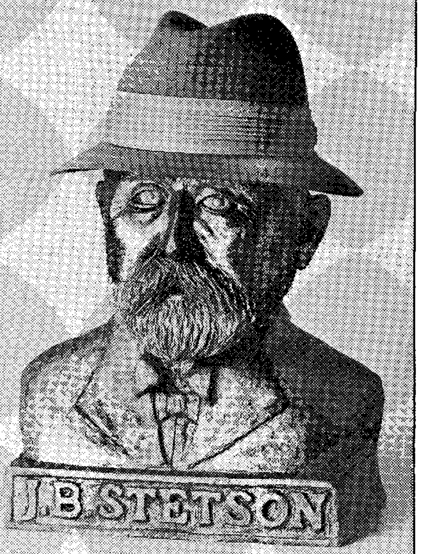

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Chachaji with a song, which he said came to him just out of the sky:

I have mastered English;
I have visited the fashionable Anarkali;
My lord and master puts a drawstring in
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ONE day, Sher Singh returned from leave in his village in the Kangara District, in the hills, with a baby myna for me. "I have brought you a friend," he said. "It's a baby myna. It's one of the only birds in the world that can talk. It's just the right age to learn to talk."

I was excited. I went with Sher Singh to the Mozang Chowk and bought a wire cage with a door, a metal floor, and a little swing. The cage had a hook at the top, and I hung it in my room. (We were temporarily living in our own house, at 11 Temple Road.) I got a couple of brass bowls—one for water, the other for grain—and filled them up and put them in the cage. I got a brush for cleaning out the cage. I named the myna Sweetie. The name came to me just out of the sky.

"How do you catch a baby myna?" I asked Sher Singh.

"It's difficult, Vedi Sahib. There are very few of them around, and you have to know where a baby myna is resting with her mother. You have to slip up on them in the middle of the night, when they are sleeping in their nest, and throw a cover over them and hope that you catch the baby, because only a baby myna can learn to talk. Sometimes the mother myna will nip at your finger, and there are people in my village who are constantly getting their fingers nipped at because they have been trying to catch a baby myna."

At first, Sweetie was so small that she could scarcely fly even a few

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inches. I would sit her on my shoulder and walk around the room. She would dig her nervous, trembling claws through my shirt and into my shoulder as she tried to keep her balance, fluttering around my ear and sending off little ripples of air. But Sweetie grew fast, and soon she was flying around my room. Before I opened her cage to fill up the bowls or clean the floor, I would have to shut the door. She would often nip at my finger and escape from the cage. She would go and perch on the mantelpiece. When I ran to the mantelpiece to catch her, she would fly up to the curtain rod. When I climbed up onto the windowsill and shook the curtain, she would fly back to the mantelpiece. Sometimes she would be so silent that I would wonder if she was still in the room. Other times, I would hear her flying all around the room—now she would be by the window, now by the overhead light, her wings beating against the pane and the lampshade. I would make kissing sounds, as I had heard Sher Singh make them. I would call to her—"Sweetie! Sweetie!" I would whistle affectionately. I would run frenetically from one end of the room to the other. I would scream with rage. But she wouldn't come to me. I would somehow have to summon Sher Singh through the closed door, and then give him a cue to come in when I thought she wasn't near the door, and he would have to prance around the room and somehow catch her with his duster.

"She's a real hill girl, all right, flying around like that," he would say.

When we had finally got her back in the cage, I would scold her roundly, but it didn't seem to do much good.

"Vedi Sahib, you'll lose her, like your eyes, if you don't keep her always in the cage," Sher Singh said.

"But then how can I feed her? How can I clean out her cage?"

"I will do all that, Vedi Sahib. And, because I can see, I can watch her."

"But I like looking after her," I said.

"You'll lose her, Vedi Sahib," he said. "And mind your finger. She's getting big."

I devised a way of filling her bowls and cleaning some of the cage's floor by surreptitiously sticking my fingers between the wires. But now and again I would want to feel her on her swing or take her out and hold her, and then she would nip at my finger and sometimes draw blood. She would escape

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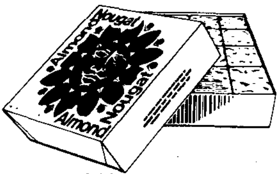

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and give me a real run around the room.

Every time I passed Sweetie's cage, I would say "Hello, Sweetie," and wait for her to talk. But she would only flutter in the cage or, at most, make her swing squeak.

"Are you sure Sweetie can talk?" I asked Sher Singh.

"All baby mynas from Kangara can learn to talk," he said.

"Are you sure she is from Kangara?"

"Only mynas from Kangara have a black patch on the throat. You can feel it, and you can ask anyone—it's as black as coal."

I took Sweetie out of her cage. I held her tight in one hand and tried to feel the patch on her throat with the other. She screamed and tried to bite my finger, but I finally found the patch. It was a little soft, downy raised circle that throbbed with her pulse.

"What do mynas sound like when they talk?" I later asked Sher Singh.

"They have the voice of the Kangara, of a Kangara hill girl."

"What is that?"

"The Punjab hills, the leaves in the wind, the waterfall on a mountainside—you know, Vedi Sahib, it's the sound of a peacock spreading its wings in Kangara at dawn."

One day, I passed her cage and said, "Hello, Sweetie."

"Hello, Sweetie," she answered.

I jumped. I don't know how I had expected her voice to sound, but it was thin, sharp, and defiant—at once whiny and abrasive—like three treble notes on the harmonium played very fast. Her words assaulted my ears—"Sweetie" was something that film stars called each other on the screen, and sounded very naughty.

I had scarcely taken in the fact that Sweetie could really speak when she repeated "Hello, Sweetie." She kept on repeating it, hour after hour. "Hello, Sweetie" would suddenly explode into the air like a firecracker.

Try as I would, I couldn't teach her to say anything else. All the same, there was something thrilling and comforting in having my own film star in the cage, and I got so used to her enticing outbursts that I missed them when she kept quiet or was dozing.

Every evening, at the time when my big sisters and my big brother went to play hockey or some other game with their school friends, it was Sher Singh's duty to take me for a walk to

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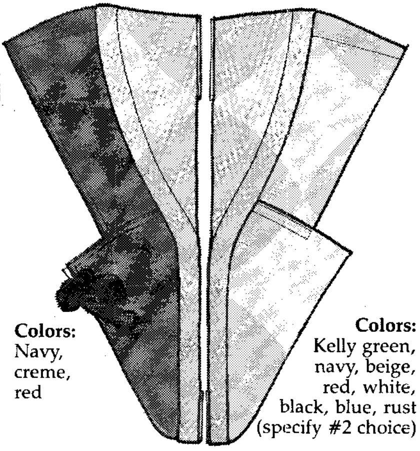

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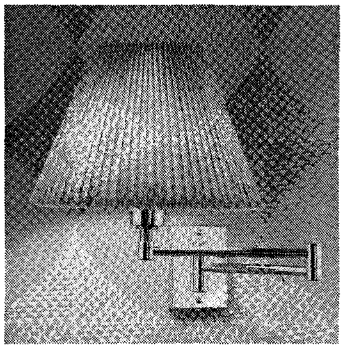

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Lawrence Gardens. There I would ride the merry-go-round—a big, creaky thing with wooden seats and a metal railing—while Sher Singh ran alongside. It would revolve and lurch, tipping this way and that way, filling me with terror and excitement. On the ground, I would throw off my shoes and run up and down the hillocks. They were covered with damp, soft grass and occasional patches of dead grass. The grass would caress, tickle, and prick my feet. All around, there were the light, cheerful sounds of sighted children running and playing and of birds flying and perching and calling. In the distance, there was the solitary, mournful song of a nightingale.

I felt sorry that Sweetie, shut up in the house, couldn't enjoy the company of other birds, and one evening I insisted that we take her along in her cage and let her enjoy the fresh air and the life of Lawrence Gardens, even if it was only through the wires of her cage.

"But don't let her out of the cage," Sher Singh said. "She is a spirit from the hills. She will fly back to Kangara."

"Fly all the way to Kangara! She would die without food or water. Besides, she is my friend. She wouldn't leave me."

"Vedi Sahib, you know how loyal Kangara servants are?"

"No one could be more loyal than you, Sher Singh."

"Well, Kangara mynas are as disloyal as Kangara servants are loyal. You can love a beloved myna all you want to, give her all the grain to eat you want to, give her all the water to drink you want to, and at the first opportunity she will nip at your finger and fly away. But you can kick a servant from Kangara and he will still give you first-class service."

"Why is that?"

"Because servants from Kangara, like mynas, have breathed the Himalayan air and are free spirits. A Kangara servant is a servant by choice—but no myna is in a cage by choice."

I couldn't follow exactly what Sher Singh was saying, but I laughed. Anyway, I insisted that we take Sweetie with us.

At Lawrence Gardens, I had no intention of taking Sweetie out of her cage, but when she heard the other birds she set up such a racket that children and servants who usually took little notice of me wandered toward us to find out what I was doing to the

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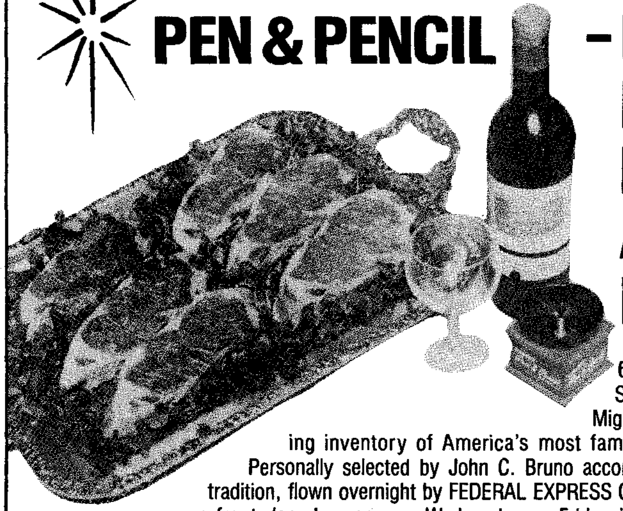

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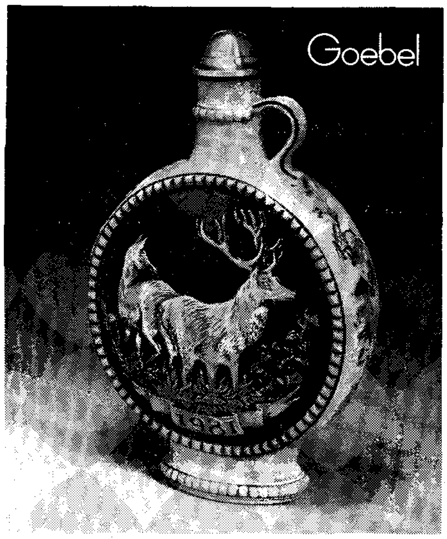

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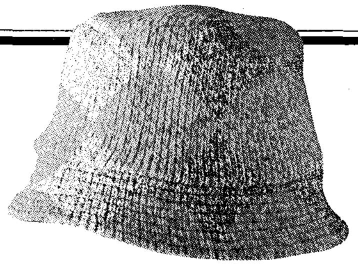

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poor myna. They said all kinds of things:

"She is lonely."

"He's keeping her a prisoner."

"Tch, tch! He can't play with other children, so he won't let his myna play with other birds."

"She'll fly away to Kangara!" I cried.

People laughed, hooted, and jeered. "She's so small she probably can't even fly up to that tree."

"Why are you pointing? He doesn't know how high that tree is."

I suddenly got an idea. I had with me a ball of strong, fortified string that Brother Om used for flying kites. I took Sweetie out of the cage and, while I held her screaming and biting in my hands, I had Sher Singh tie up her legs with the string. Then I caught hold of the ball and let her go, and the people about us clapped and cheered. I started giving her string, and she flew high up and pulled and tugged. I gave her more string and let her lead me where she would around the grass. I thought it was a wonderful game. Before I knew what had happened, her weight at the end of the string was gone, and the limp string had fluttered down on me.

"She's bitten through the string! Look, she's bitten through the string!" everyone shouted, running away.

"Sher Singh, catch her! Catch her!" I cried. "Bring Sweetie back!"

"I think I see her!" he called, running off.

A few minutes later, Sher Singh came back. "She's nowhere to be found, Vedi Sahib. She's gone, Sahib—gone straight back to Kangara. You will now have to get along without Sweetie."

Sher Singh and I looked for her all over Lawrence Gardens, calling "Sweetie! Sweetie!" until it was dark and everyone had left. Then Sher Singh and I walked home with the empty cage.

ONCE when Daddyji was posted in Ambala, he took a cottage for us in nearby Simla for the summer. I remember that at the time my big sisters were worried about being short and ending up like our Mehra relatives, who were all short. (Except for Om, none of us started growing tall until we were in our early teens.) Hakimji had told us that the only remedy for shortness he knew of in the ancient books was to go on the swings and swing as high as one could. "That will stretch your neck and your

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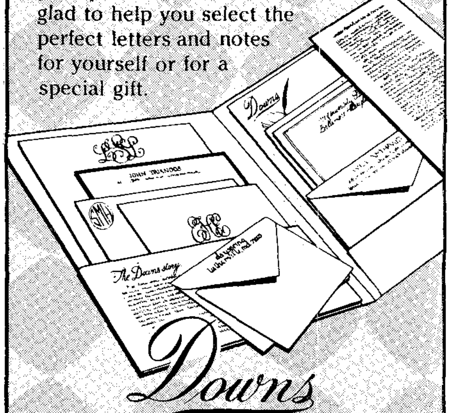

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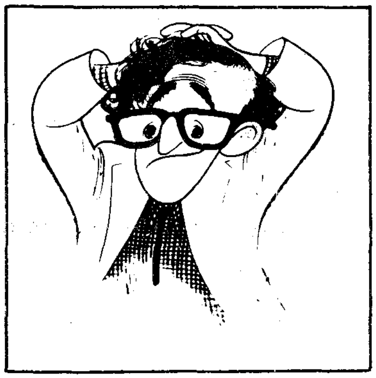

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legs and make you shoot up like a mushroom," he had said.

Our cottage was halfway up Jakko Hill, and there was a ladies' park below us. Every day, my big sisters would go and spend the afternoon there swinging, but they wouldn't take me. I complained to Mamaji.

"You know they are your father's daughters," she said. "They have the Mehta demon in them. I am only a Mehra. I can't get them to listen."

I waited until Daddyji, who was away on tour, came back, and then I complained to him.

"You must take Vedi along," he told my big sisters. "He will enjoy going on a swing."

"But, Daddyji, it's the ladies' park, and there is a watchman!" Sister Umi cried. "There are no boys there over five, and Vedi is older than that."

"Never mind about that," Daddyji said. "Just take him."

The next day, when my big sisters were walking to the ladies' park, I skipped along at Sister Pom's side, thinking about being on a swing every day and becoming taller than Abdul, who couldn't afford to have Hakimji for a doctor and so couldn't know about the benefit of going on the swings every day.

At the ladies' park, the watchman wouldn't let me in.

"But he can't see," Sister Nimi said, "so the ladies won't mind him."

"Can't see! Why didn't you say so before, Memsahib?" The watchman bent over me, clicked his tongue, and sighed. "As Ram is my witness, I couldn't have told by looking at him. If Sahib were twenty or thirty years old, the ladies couldn't mind him. Take him in, Memsahibs. Let God give him courage."

After that, the watchman would cluck over me every day and wonder aloud how it was that he had ever imagined I could be a threat to any lady's modesty. Every day, I would go on the swings with one or another of my big sisters and pray to Jesus, Mary, and Joseph to make me taller than Abdul.

IN Simla once, Sister Pom was trying to snatch a sewing needle from Sher Singh, who wouldn't give it to her. "You're too small to use a needle," he said.

I wondered why Sher Singh was being so silly about the needle; at school, I sewed my own buttons on.

"Pom Memsahib, you can use the needle when you can get it down by yourself," he said, doing something

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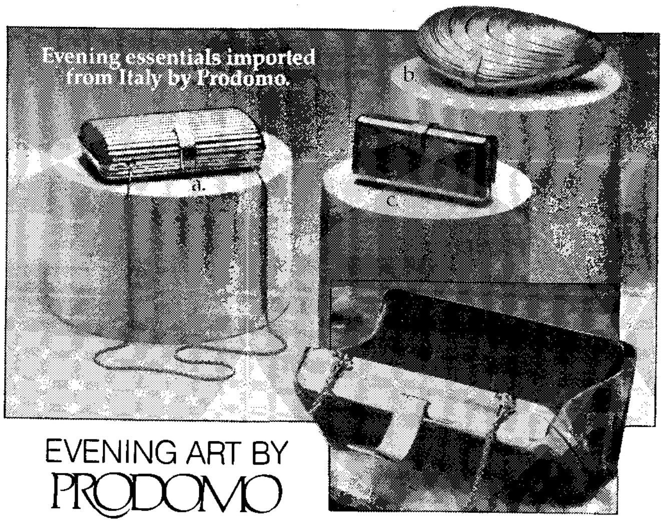

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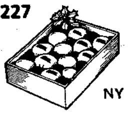

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over his head, and he went out of the room.

"Look, he's hung it on the beam," Sister Umi said.

Sister Pom climbed up on the mantelpiece. "Oh, I've dropped it," she said, and she jumped down. She screamed, "My heel! The needle has gone in!"

"Oh, it's broken," Sister Umi said, picking up something from the carpet.

We all burst out crying. Daddyji happened to come in from outside, and he hurried Sister Pom in a rickshaw to the clinic. There the doctors operated on her heel, and for many weeks afterward she couldn't walk.

"What would have happened to her if they hadn't been able to get the needle out?" I asked Daddyji.

"It could have travelled with her blood to some other part of her body, and that could have been very dangerous."

"Why hasn't Sher Singh been punished?"

"He didn't know any better, and accidents can happen at any time."

For some time, I went around feeling angry at Sher Singh. Then I forgot all about him, because I became interested in how Sister Pom had to learn to walk all over again. Because she was afraid to put her weight on her injured foot, she had trouble walking straight. One day, Daddyji took her to a two-lane macadamized road nearby, and I went along. He had her practice walking straight on the white line that separated the two lanes; there was no traffic, because only three cars—those of the top British officials—were permitted in Simla. He asked her to put one foot in front of the other on the white line while he stood some distance ahead of her and clapped encouragingly. I wanted to know whether Sister Pom was walking straight, so she let me crawl alongside her with my hands on her feet as she walked. I remembered in a rush the rope. After the meningitis, my big sisters would daily help me practice walking on the lawn of 16 Mozang Road with the rope. Sister Nimi and Sister Umi would stand holding it stretched between them, and I would walk with my hand on it. Sister Pom would crawl at my side with her hands on my feet (much as Mr. Ras Mohun did later on, to get me to point my toes in). I had come to think that, in my family, sickness and forgetting how to walk were peculiar to me, but here was Sister Pom having the same trouble.

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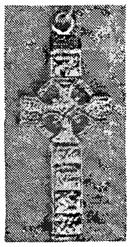

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"Vedi, am I walking correctly?" she asked from above my head.

"You're doing very well," I called up to her.

I WAS back at school for what proved to be the last time. (The year was 1943.) There was a new teacher, who lived outside the school and came only part time, not to teach subjects but to introduce us to a special new game. "It's a very old game," he said. "It's a game that came before your school, before Braille was thought of, before the arithmetic slate was made, before there ever was a blind person—before a man was born. The gods used to play it. In fact, that's how the game of man began.

"The big god and his courtesan played, sitting next to each other with the board between them, just as you and I are sitting next to each other on this bed, except that they sat on his throne. He was all eyes. She was naked except for a full-sleeved blouse, which she wore so that she could hide her pet mouse in her sleeve. He had never lost a game, but now she had the mouse at the ready.

" 'You have the light pieces,' she said. 'You have the first move.'

"He played his best game, but every time he looked at the board he saw he was losing. He couldn't understand it. Every time she put her hand out toward her dark pieces to make a move, the mouse would slip out of her sleeve, rearrange the board under the cover of her hands so slightly that it was hardly noticeable, and jump back into her sleeve. He lost.

" 'What will you have?' he said, in a voice of thunder. 'Ask for anything.'

" 'A man to take to bed with me,' she said.

"The mouse peeked out of her sleeve. He caught sight of it and made it into a man for her.

"That's how old the game is. Hold out your hands."

I put my hands out. They had been quivering to touch the game to find out what it was.

"Palms up." The new teacher dropped into my hands a number of smooth wooden pieces, many of them of different shapes. There was a hollowed-out circle with a decorated edge; an oblong with a rounded head and two points sticking up from the back like ears; a round bulb with a little slit near the top; a crowned head; a flat-topped round plane. There were many small pieces like tapering candlesticks. The shapes of the pieces

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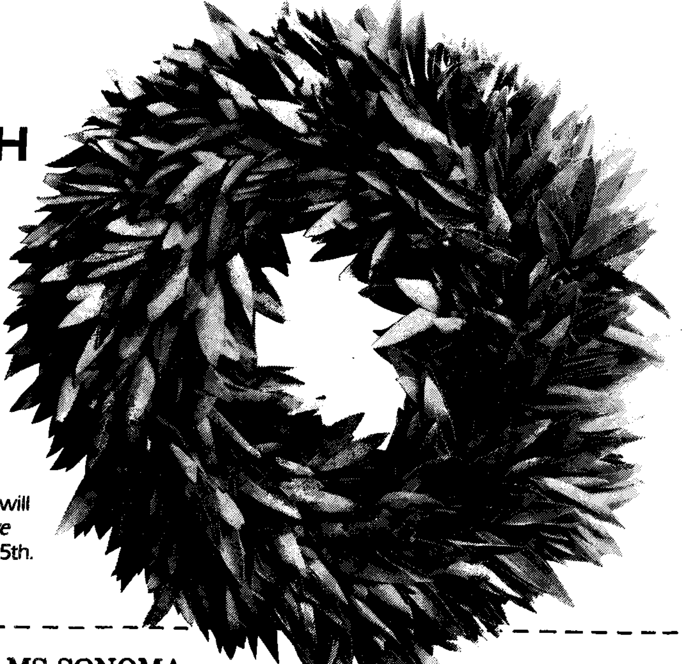

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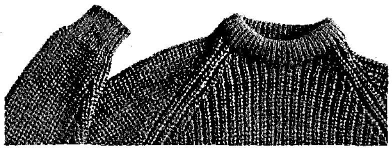

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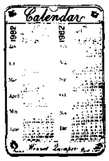

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suggested whole games in themselves. I counted the pieces: there were thirty-two. Half had little points sticking out from the top; the other half were smooth. All the pieces, big and small, with points and without points, had little pegs at the bottom.

The game was played on a board, a checked Bakelite surface with recessed squares, called white, and raised squares, called black, each with a hole in it for the pegs on the pieces. We lined up the pieces on the board for the game—the ones with points (white) on one side, the ones without points (black) on the other. They made the most exquisite symmetrical design under my hands. If on one side the crowned head stood on a recessed square, on the opposite side its likeness, facing it, stood on a raised square, and all the pieces on each side alternated in their height, depending on whether they were standing on recessed squares or raised squares. Between the two sides was a battlefield of alternating high ground and low ground.

"The pieces under your hand are foot soldiers and castles and horses, camels and queens and kings," the teacher was saying. "Every man or animal has his own walk and step. The foot soldier can go only forward and can go only one step at a time and only when the path is clear. The horse can go backward or forward, whether the path is clear or not, but it must always jump two steps, in whichever direction, and then one step left or right. The camels can go only diagonally. This white camel"—he showed me the camel on my right—"can walk only on the raised squares of the board. And this camel"—he showed me the camel on my left—"only on the recessed squares. Provided their paths are clear, they can race diagonally from one end of the board to the other. The castles can also race from one end of the board to the other, and from side to side, but they can't go diagonally—only in a straight line. So they are free to move from a raised square to a recessed square, as the camels are not. A queen can walk or she can race either like a camel or like a castle, but she is forbidden to jump like a horse.

"The point of the game is a struggle with the opponent's forces. Queens and castles, horses and camels can eat anything that is in the way of their walk or step, but a foot soldier cannot eat things in the way of his walk or step; he can eat only things diagonally in front of him. The poor king can go only one step at a time, but then every-

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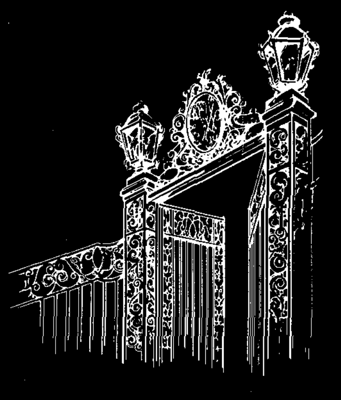

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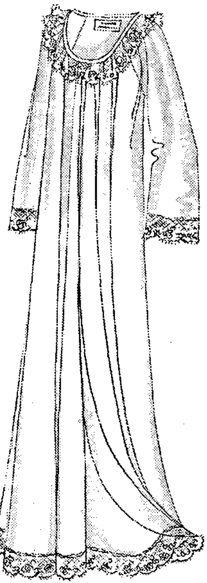

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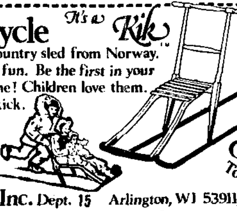

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one else on his side has only one function in the game—to protect the king. The king can eat anyone in the way of his walk or step, but everyone is forbidden to eat the king. He can only be surrounded and defeated."

"Who's forbidden them?" I asked. My head was full of questions.

"The gods," the teacher said.

After this first lesson from Mr. Chesswallah—for that is who the new teacher was, and the game was the Indian version of chess—I became an avid player. I would spend hours sitting with Deoji on his bed and playing chess.

Deoji always took a long time to make his move, and his hands studied the pieces, going over them again and again, the wooden pieces shaking and rattling in their Bakelite holes like trees in a storm. I would sit wondering which pieces Deoji's hands were concentrating on. Did he know, for instance, that my horse was about to eat his foot soldier? If he did know it, why was he taking so long to make his move? Surely his best move was to bring his threatened foot soldier one square up and threaten my horse. Perhaps he was trying to lull me by letting my horse eat his foot soldier, so that he could later trap my queen. I was eager to get my hands on the board, because I couldn't remember exactly where all his pieces were in relation to my queen. But the rules of the game forbade me to touch the board during his move.

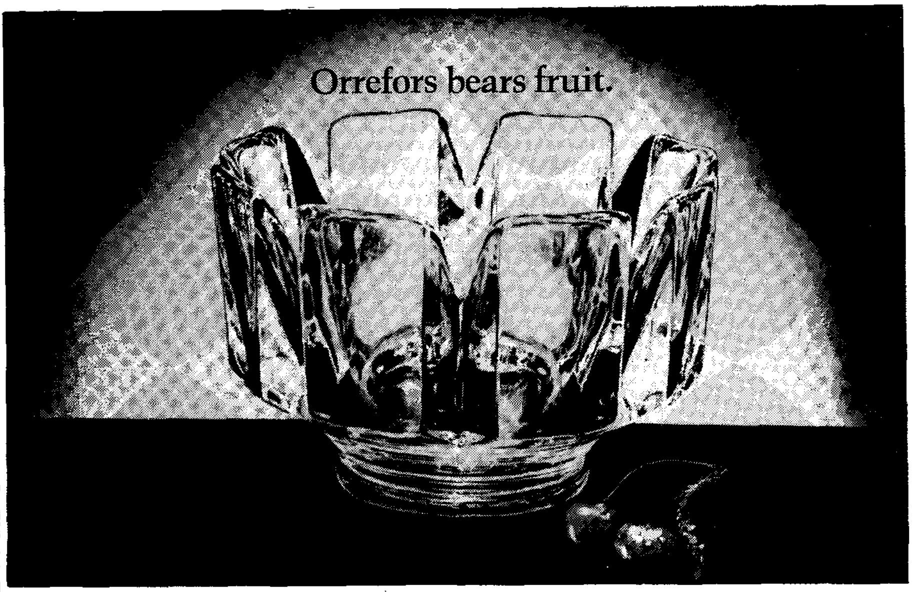
"Hurry up, Deoji!" I called out.

"I know, I know," he said. "But this boy is slow. I don't know why you moved your horse there."

I wanted to tell him about his threatened foot soldier, because I realized that, in his good-hearted way, he had not understood that my horse was about to eat it. But the rules of the game forbade my putting him on notice, just as they forbade him to take back a move after he had made it.

"This boy needs more time to think," he said.

While I waited, I imagined that I was playing an altogether different kind of chess game, and that my opponent was the terrible Sighted Master. In that game, the boys' dormitory was the board, each bed being a raised square and the aisle between two beds a recessed square. I had the superior white. Ramesh was one of my foot soldiers, Jaisingh my castle, Abdul my horse, Bhaskar my camel, Paran my queen, and I was the king, commanding them all. I ordered Abdul to gallop three steps forward and one step to



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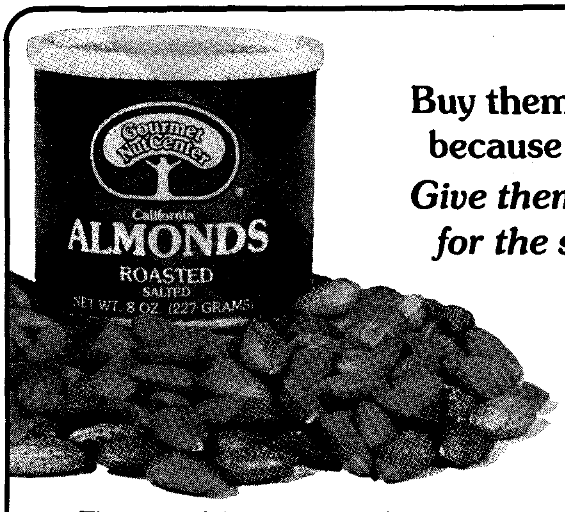

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the right side and eat the Sighted Master's queen, but Abdul wouldn't obey. "I am only a horse—I can go only two steps forward at a time," he said. "Those are the rules of the game."

"Deoji, who made the rules of the game?" I now asked.

"That's like asking who made the game." The board rattled under the storm of his hands. "Why are you asking?"

"Just to know. Why can't we make our own rules?"

"But then it wouldn't be the game."

"Does the whole world play by these rules?"

"I think so. But Mr. Chesswallah did tell me that an Englishman moves foot soldiers two steps in the beginning of the game. That may be so, but we are not Englishmen. We are only the Indian blind sort, playing chess in the boys' dormitory."

In my imagined game, I ordered Ramesh, Jaisingh, Abdul, and Bhaskar to charge the Sighted Master, but they protested: "The rules of the game."

"I am moving my castle here," Deoji said.

I reached out and studied the board. My queen was safe.

"My horse is going to eat your foot soldier."

"No, that is not so."

I took his hand, showed him my horse, and pointed out the path to his foot soldier.

"What a pity!" he said. "That foot soldier was a special favorite of mine. I was sure he was going to become a second queen for me. Now I've lost the game."

"You've only lost one foot soldier."

"No, the game is up. Let's start again."

ONE morning when we had all gathered in front of Mr. Ras Mohun's office to tell him about our dreams, he came out and said, "The war is coming to Bombay in a big way. Dadar may be bombed, and the school may have to be moved a hundred or so miles away, to the town of Ahmadnagar. From now on, you need not come to me with your dreams."

"What, no more sweets?" we all found ourselves saying, and then we felt frightened at what we had said, and expected Mr. Ras Mohun to threaten us with his ruler.

"I told you," he said irritably, perhaps not noticing how ashamed we felt. "The war is coming in a big

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way. Dadar may be bombed. The school may have to be moved."

Mr. Ras Mohun told me to come with him. I kept up as best I could with the click-click of his shoes, and followed him out of the general classroom, up the boys' staircase, into the sitting-and-dining room. He closed the door and asked me to sit down.

"I've had my breakfast," I said.

"We've all had our breakfast," he said, "but I want to inform you of something."

I sat down at my separate table and scratched my knees under it.

"I wrote to your father that he should send for you, because you would be safer in the Punjab than here in Bombay, and he agrees."

"I'm not going," I said. "I want to stay with Deoji, Abdul, and Paran."

"You know that the school only goes up through the fourth standard, and you have finished the fourth standard. You have absorbed all that our school has to offer. Since no immediate provision can be made for your studies in the West, because of the war, it's best that you go home."

"But Abdul is staying here."

"Abdul is going to make caning chairs his career, so he can stay at the school and always cane chairs. Besides, he has no family. What you need most now is the experience of family life. That will be most beneficial to you if, after the war, provision can be made for you to live and study in the West."

"When will the war be over?"

"Who knows? It may go on for years."

I thought about leaving the school for good after the fourth standard. Mamaji had left school after the fourth standard, and everyone at home said she was uneducated. "But Deoji has finished the fourth standard, and he stays here and studies at the sighted school," I said. "I can stay here and go with him to the American Marathi Mission High School."

"Why with Deoji?" he asked. "I had planned for you to study with Heea at the Scottish Orphanage. It's nearby and it's one of the best sighted schools. I had mentioned you to its principal, a Scottish gentleman and a good friend, and told him that you were quick to learn and curious about everything. He said that he would be happy to experiment with you."

The back of my neck began to itch, but I didn't want to risk bringing my hand out from under the table to scratch, in case Mr. Ras Mohun chas-

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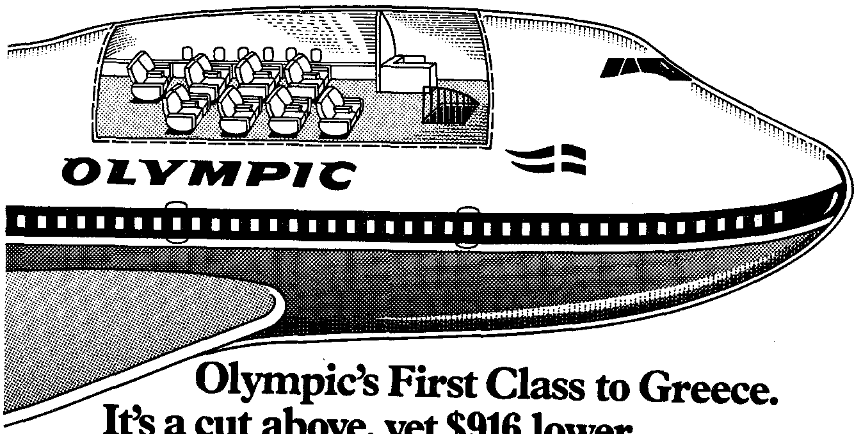

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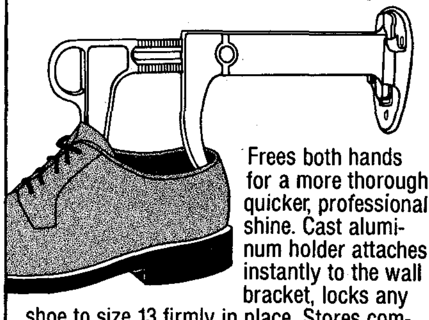

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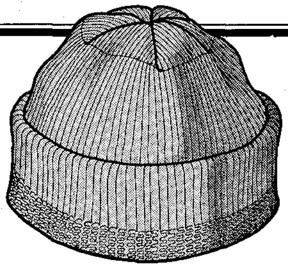

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tised me, so I half shook and half nodded my head and hoped the itching would go away.

"But all that was before the threat of the war coming to Bombay in a big way and our plans to move the school to Ahmadnagar if Dadar is bombed. As I started to tell you, your father has written to me now, asking Auntie, Heea, and me to take you back to the Punjab and have a holiday with you and your family. Auntie and I are delighted at the prospect of meeting your family and seeing the Punjab and perhaps going up to Kashmir. We've never been to that part of the country. I have all but finished my dreams chapter, and next week is a very good time for us all to leave."

I thought of Mr. and Mrs. Ras Mohun and Heea sitting at the table with Daddyji and Mamaji and my big sisters and my big brother and Usha. It was like having Daddyji, Mamaji, and Sister Umi come and live in the boys' dormitory. I started praying feverishly to Jesus, Mary, and Joseph for Hitler to come right then and bomb the school.

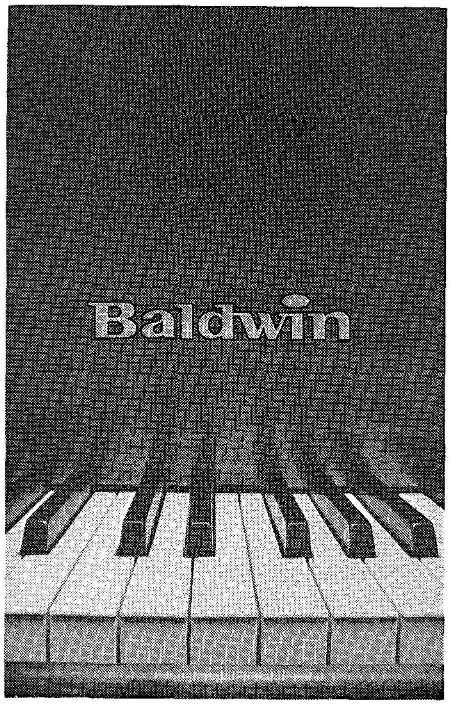
"You won't like it, Uncle," I said.

"What won't I like?"

"The Punjab. Sister Umi has a bomb."

"I've told you that my dreams chapter is finished. You don't need to trouble to remember any more dreams. It's up to you when you want to tell your friends that you won't be coming back to the school. You can go now."

OF Mr. and Mrs. Ras Mohun's and Heea's tour of the Punjab as Daddyji's guests I remember little. I recall that I had to live with them wherever they lived and go with them wherever they went—to Lahore, to Rawalpindi, to Murree Hills—for the month or so that they were with us. I recall that I started going around saying, "My name is Vedi Mehta Ras Mohun." I recall that everyone exclaimed in private over how small and dark Mr. and Mrs. Ras Mohun were and how fair, in comparison, Heea was, and over what a funny little voice Mr. Ras Mohun had. I recall that Sister Umi said Mr. Ras Mohun put so much oil on his hair that it made his face all shiny. I recall that Mr. and Mrs. Ras Mohun exclaimed to everyone over the size of Daddyji's car, the size of our house, the size of 16 Mozang Road, the size of Mehta Gulli, the size of our families, the size of Daddyji's clubs, the size of the clubs' cricket grounds. They ex-



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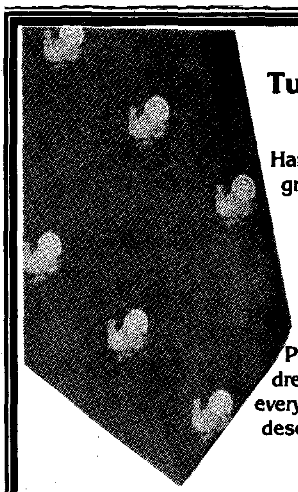

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claimed over how many times meat was produced at the table, how fair-skinned everyone was, how healthy everyone looked, how well my big sisters and big brother spoke English.

One day, Mr. and Mrs. Ras Mohun decided to go on a little holiday of their own to Kashmir, "the Switzerland of India," which was a couple of days' journey by car up a mountainous road from Murree. Just before they went, I had a dream that I told to everyone at the breakfast table.

"I went out with Auntie to buy my clothes, shoes, and other things," I said. "I was going to England. Uncle took me there. We travelled by boat. I saw the seas, the oceans, the deserts. We reached London. I stayed there for three years. I came back again with Uncle."

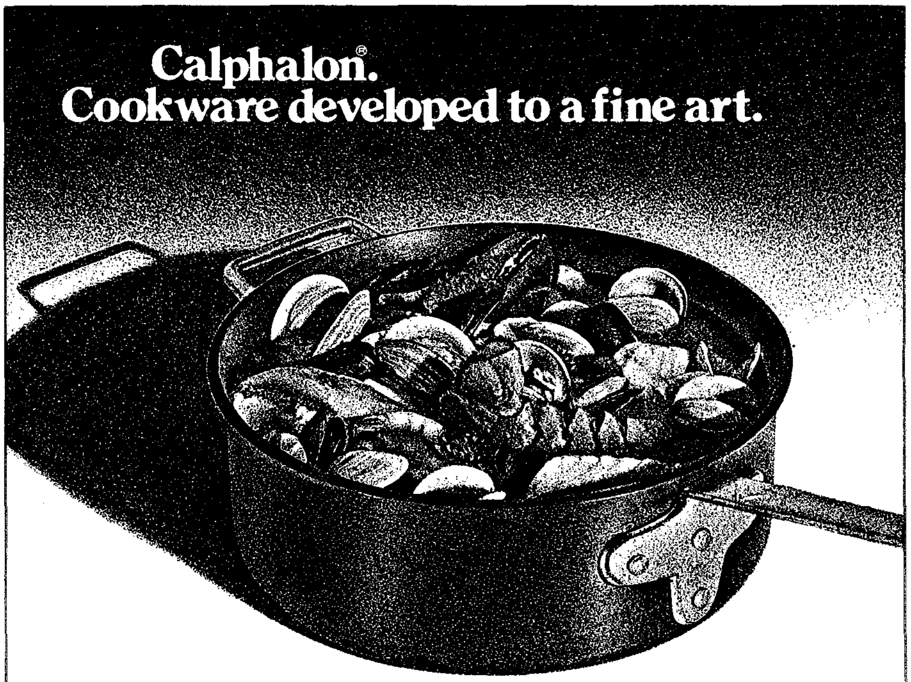
"That's a clever dream," Mr. Ras Mohun said. "I will include it in my book"—and he did.

I recall that when they drove away—Daddyji had lent them his car and arranged for a driver for them—I felt very sad. I wouldn't let go of Mrs. Ras Mohun's hand, and my tears wouldn't stop coming. "I don't want to be left behind!" I cried.

Epilogue

I ATTENDED Dadar School for the Blind from the time I was a month shy of five until a month or so after my ninth birthday—from February, 1939, to May, 1943. For many years thereafter, I scarcely thought about the school. But when I was in my forties—on the other side of life's slope, as it were—and was earning my livelihood as a writer, I found myself thinking continually about the school and about my classmates, and wondering how life had treated them. Then I went to Bombay, a city in which I had spent little time since leaving the school, and listened to Marathi being spoken all around me, but I could understand only two words—*ikade* ("here") and *tikade* ("there"). Marathi, which had once been almost my first language, was totally lost to me, like the pain of a healed wound, and no amount of exposure to the sounds of the language could bring it back.

I went to the school. Dadar and the soot were still there. The school building was still there, exactly as I remembered it, between the two huge mills, but no one I knew was around anymore. It now functioned both as a school and as a full-fledged industrial workshop for the blind. (Weaving and broommaking had been added to the



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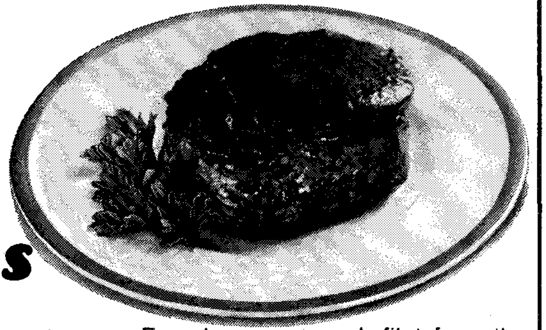

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caning of chairs for the livelihood of the orphans.) The boys' dormitory was gone with the boys and men of my childhood; instead, the school and the entire building now housed only girls and women, with thin, shrinking, demented voices—it was as if the new residents were not only blind but also retarded. This made me wonder whether the school of my childhood had had the same atmosphere. The thought was depressing—the more so because I knew there was no way I could dispose of the question to my satisfaction, since the answer was a matter not of memory but of judgment and experience, which, as a boy, I could not have had. Nevertheless, my interest in meeting someone from my school past was only further aroused when, through inquiries at the school and at welfare societies for the blind, I discovered that Abdul had died of consumption when he was twenty-four, that Paran had also died of consumption, when she was fifteen or sixteen, and that Bhaskar, too, had died of consumption at an early age—no one seemed to know exactly when. What had they—and all the others—done after leaving the school, I wanted to know. It seemed that the most accomplished of them had ended up being masseurs or physiotherapists. *The sense of touch—fingers that read, fingers that explore, fingers that heal like the Green Ointment of Hakimji.* Deoji, however, was teaching at a school for the blind somewhere in central India. (In due course, I looked him up and we spent a couple of days together. He confirmed this fact and that fact, but what he really succeeded in confirming was the divide between us—both before, during, and after our first meeting, when I was a child, and before, during, and after our last meeting, when I was a man.) Oh, yes, but Rajas was in the city, I was told at the school. Didn't I remember her? She had been nine when I arrived at the school. She had done the best of all. She had married Mr. Hansoti, who was a successor of Mr. Ras Mohun. But he had since died. She lived in a tenement, where I was free to go and meet her.

The entrance to the tenement is surrounded by fruit and vegetable venders hawking grapes, onions, coconut meat, peanuts, and anise seeds. Just inside the tenement is a small hallway, taken over by dogs, who seem to be either asleep or too weak to move. I stumble over their legs and heads, and go up a rickety staircase that smells of stale garlic. On the second floor,

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someone is furiously ringing a school bell; girls with thin little voices are milling about as if at a school; and someone is practicing scales on a saxophone. On the third floor, where Rajas lives in an end room, several men are lying or sitting on mats, and as I reach her door several chickens scatter.

Rajas's room seems small and suffocating, with hardly any space to move about. Some clothes hanging from a clothesline brush against my face. I duck, and get to the other side of the clothesline, only to come up against a crib hanging from the ceiling and some benches jammed against the bed. A woman is sitting on the bed. She is Rajas.

"Who is it?" she asks. "I have invited you in, but I can't tell who you are."

I introduce myself, but it takes her a long time to register who I am. She invites me to sit down on a bench. She is thrilled, but only momentarily, for she almost immediately begins complaining about hard times. "I have three children to support," she says. "Come here, child. Say hello to your uncle."

A girl of about seven, who has been clattering around in the far corner with some kitchen utensils, comes up to me and stiffly hugs my leg and says in a little voice, "Hello, Uncle." She goes back to the far corner.

I ask Rajas if she remembers anything about me at school.

"I remember that you were a very jolly child," she says.

I press her for details, but except for that phrase her memory yields nothing. But my memory yields even less, for I can't remember her at all.

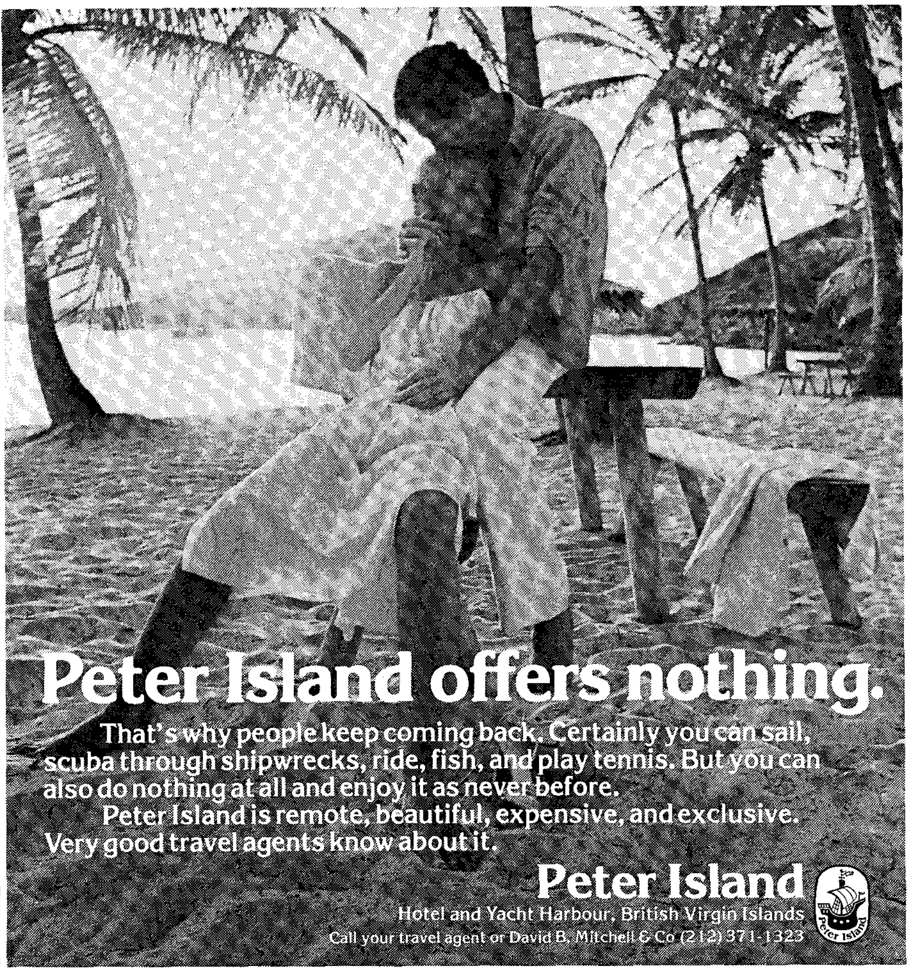
When I try to get her to talk about our school days, she says she doesn't remember anything. I feel frustrated and angry, but then I remember my near-total loss of Marathi and feel sad for her—sad for both of us.

I get up to leave.

Suddenly, she starts whining like a street beggar. "Bountiful Sahib, a Braille watch. Something to tell the time with, for your poor Rajas. I've never had a watch. From you, as you can send. One Braille watch for your poor blind friend."

I stay long enough to assure her that I know her address, and then I practically run out of her room, and bolt down the stairs and out, almost falling over chickens, men, children, and dogs—her begging tone having stirred up a still earlier memory and an old fear. —VED MEHTA

(This is the second part of a two-part article.)



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U.S. JOURNAL: MANHATTAN

CONFESSIONS OF A STANDUP SAUSAGE EATER

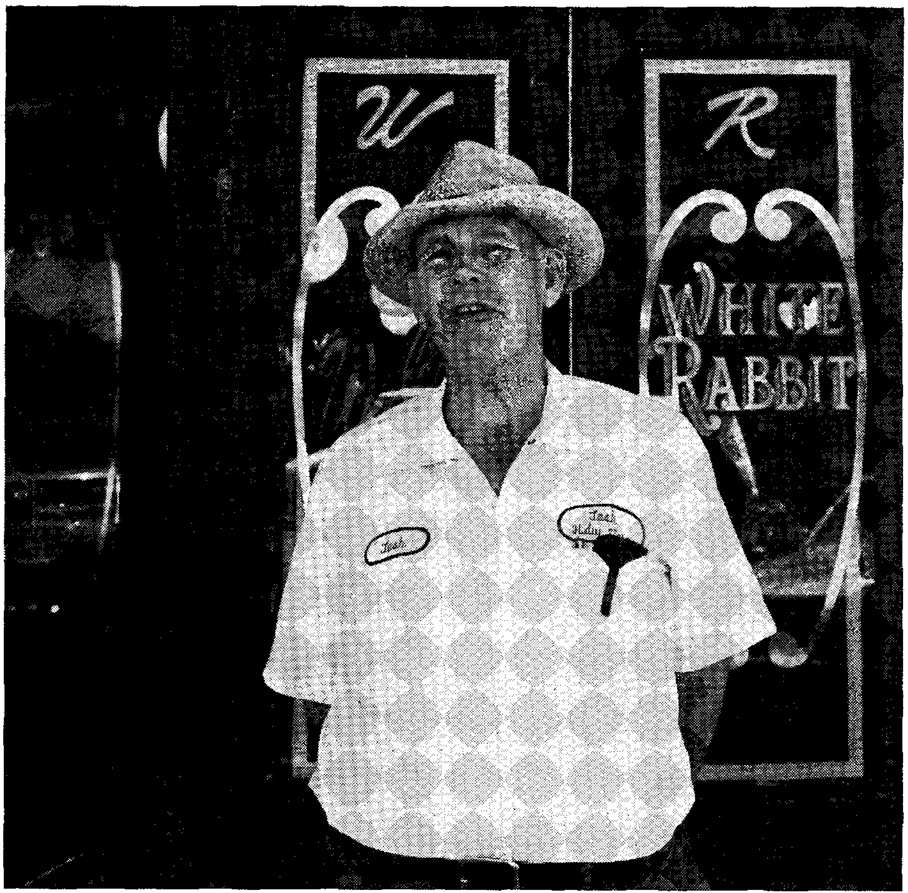
I SUPPOSE I would have given up the Feast of San Gennaro years ago if I'd had any choice. San Gennaro has always been the largest Italian festival in the city, and for a long time now Mulberry Street during the Feast has been crowded enough to give the impression that, for reasons lost to history, Manhattan folk customs include an annual outdoor enactment of precisely the conditions present in the I.R.T. uptown express during rush hour. In September, the weather in New York can be authentically Neapolitan—particularly on a street that is jammed with people and sealed on both sides with a line of stands where venders are boiling oil for zeppole or barbecuing braciole over charcoal. Occasionally, I have become irritated with the Feast even on evenings when I have no intention of attending it, since I have become one of those Manhattan residents who get testy when some event brings even more traffic than usual into the city from the suburbs. Those of us who migrated to New York from the middle of the country may be even less tolerant of incursions by out-of-towners than the natives are, and I suppose I may as well admit that, in some particularly frustrating gridlock on some particularly steamy fall day, I may have shouted "Go back where you came from, you rubes!" in the direction of a lot of former New Yorkers who now live a mile or two into New Jersey—an outburst that would have been even ruder if the objects of my irritation had not been safely encased in soundproof air-conditioned cars. The traffic congestion caused by San Gennaro is particularly irritating to me because Mulberry Street lies between my house and Chinatown, and the Feast happens to fall at the time of year when I return to the city from a summer in Nova Scotia suffering the anguish of extended Chinese-food deprivation. Practically feverish with visions of crabs sloshing around in black-bean sauce, I detour around the Feast in a journey that seems to get longer every year, as the lights of San Gennaro push farther and farther uptown from the heart of Little Italy toward Houston Street, on the edge of the lower East Side. It would not surprise me, I think, if one of these years commuters from Westchester County pouring out of Grand Central Station some hot September morning walked smack into a line of calzone and sausage stands that had crept up in an unbroken line fifty blocks from Grand Street. The venders, dishing out food as fast as they can, will still have time to complain to the account executives and bank managers they're serving about having been assigned a spot too far from the busiest blocks of the Feast.

I love the elements of San Gennaro that still exist from its origin as a neighborhood festival transplanted practically intact from Naples by Little Italy immigrants—the statue of the saint with dollar bills pinned beneath it, for instance, and the brass band that seems to consist of a half-dozen aging Italians and one young Chinese trumpet player—but the Feast has felt considerably less like a neighborhood celebration in recent years, partly because its size has inevitably brought along some atmosphere of mass production, partly because of the inclusion of such non-Neapolitan specialties as piña colada and eggrolls and computer portraits, and partly because of the self-consciousness represented by "Kiss Me—I'm Italian" buttons. Also, I find that I can usually catch the brass band during the year around the Chinatown part of Mulberry, below Canal Street; it often works Chinese funerals. The gambling at the Feast does not attract me, and the stuffed animals that are awarded for making a basket or knocking down milk bottles hold no appeal for someone whose family policy on stuffed animals is moving slowly, in the face of some resistance, toward what the Metropolitan Museum of Art used to call deaccessioning.

"I would guess, sir, by the look on your face, that you are a single-issue person."

Still, there I am at San Gennaro every year—admitting to myself that I rather enjoy pushing my way down Mulberry at a time when Neapolitan music is coming over the loudspeakers and operators of games of chance are making their pitches and food smells from a dozen different booths are competing in the middle of the street. My presence is easily explained: I can't stay away from the sausage sandwiches. As it happens, I live on the edge of a lower-Manhattan Italian neighborhood where the sort of sausage sandwiches served at Italian feasts—a choice of hot or sweet sausage jammed into a roll with a combination of fried pepper and onions as dressing—can be bought any day of the year in comfortable surroundings, which even include a stool at the counter. I never buy one. Somehow, it has been clear to me since I came to the city that uncontrolled, year-round eating of sausage sandwiches is not an acceptable option for me. It was instinct more than a conscious decision—the sort of instinct that some animals must use to know how many of certain berries to eat in the woods. My wife, who at our house acts as the enforcer for the nutrition mob, has never had to speak on the subject of how much devastation a steady diet of Italian sausage could wreak on the human body. The limits are set. I have a sausage sandwich whenever I go to San Gennaro. I have a sausage sandwich at the Feast of St. Anthony, on Sullivan Street, in the spring. If I'm lucky, I might stumble across one of the smaller Italian feasts in Little Italy to find a sausage stand that has attached itself to some Village block party. Otherwise, I do without. When people from my home town, in the Midwest, ask me how I survive in New York, I tell them that the way I survive is simple: I only eat sausage sandwiches standing up.

I am not the only seasonal eater in New York. There is a time in the fall when a lot of people who have spent August in some rural setting—talking a lot of brave talk about how there is nothing better than a simple piece of broiled fish and some absolutely fresh vegetables—come back to the city and head straight for the sort of food that seems to exist only in close proximity to cement. I noticed one of them during the week of my fall sausage eating while I was waiting in line at Joe's Dairy on Sullivan Street—right across from St. Anthony's, the church that sponsors my spring sausage eating. As it happens, my own mission was seasonal—although one sort of business or another takes me to Joe's all year round. In the early fall, when farmers are still bringing their produce into Manhattan for Saturday-morning markets, it is possible to make a stop at the farmer's market in the West Village, pick up some basil and some tomatoes that actually taste like tomatoes rather than Christmas decorations, stop in at Joe's for mozzarella so fresh that it is still oozing milk, put



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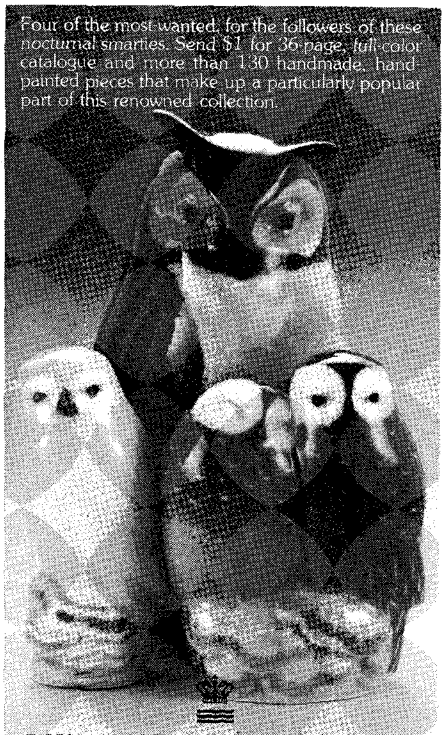
the tomatoes and mozzarella and basil and some olive oil together to make what is sometimes called a Caprisian salad, and congratulate yourself on having captured the essential feature of Capri without having gone above Fourteenth Street. The man in front of me at Joe's Dairy was looking around the shelves as if he were a Russian defector getting his first look at Bloomingdale's. He asked for Parmesan cheese. He asked for Romano. He bought some mozzarella. "Jesus Christ! I just had a roast-pork sandwich at Frank's!" he suddenly said. "Boy, am I glad to be back in the city!" Everyone in the store nodded in sympathy.

WHEN I walk down Mulberry Street, just below Canal, during the Feast of San Gennaro, I am strongly affected by what I suppose could be called border tensions: I feel the competing pulls of sausage sandwiches and flounder Fukienese style. The street just east of Mulberry is Mott, the main drag of Chinatown. There was a time not many years ago when Mott and a few side streets seemed to constitute a small Chinese outpost in the middle of a large Italian neighborhood; in those days, a Chinese candidate for the New York State Assembly endeared himself to me by telling a reporter from the *Times* that he was running against the Italian incumbent—Louis DeSalvio, the permanent grand marshal of the Feast of San Gennaro—even though he realized that he didn't have "a Chinaman's chance." Over the past ten or fifteen years, though, a surge of Chinese immigration has revitalized Chinatown and pushed out its boundaries—past the Bowery and then East Broadway in one direction, across Mulberry Street in the other. On Mulberry Street below Canal, the calzone stands and beer carts of San Gennaro stand in front of Chinese butcher shops and Chinese importing companies and Chinese produce stores. "They left us three blocks," an official of San Gennaro told me while talking about the Chinese expansion. The blocks between Canal and Broome are still dominated by the robust Italian restaurants that represent the tomato-sauce side against the forces of Northern Italian cream sauce in what has been called the War of the Red and the White. Even on those blocks of Mulberry, though, some of the windows of second-floor offices have sprouted Chinese writing. There are



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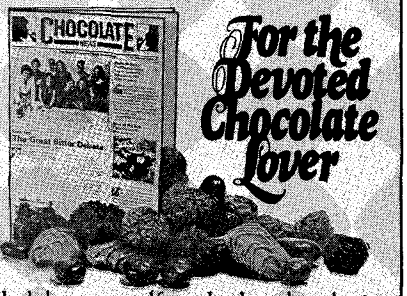

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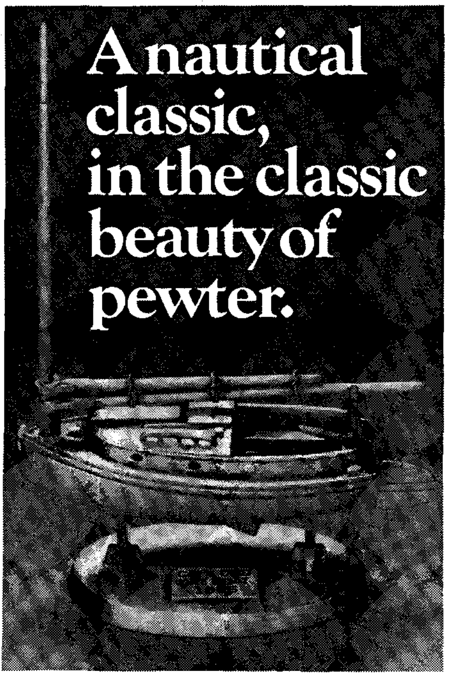
a lot of Italians left in the tenements of Mulberry Street, but a lot of Italians have moved away—returning to shop on Grand Street or sit in one of the coffeehouses or eat sausage sandwiches at the Feast of San Gennaro. The Feast is still run by the grandson of the man who founded the Society of San Gennaro, Napoli e Dintorni, in 1926, but he lives in Staten Island.

Foreign food—non-Italian food, that is—began to creep into San Gennaro and some of the other Italian feasts half a dozen years ago, but not from Chinatown. There were some Korean booths and an occasional taco stand and some stands at which Filipinos sold barbecued meat on a stick and fried rice and lo mein and eggrolls and an unusual fritter that was made of vegetables and fried in oil. At the time, I decided that the purist belief in restricting Italian festivals to Italian food was narrow-minded and artificial—a decision that was based, I admit, on a certain fondness for the vegetable fritters. There was a sprinkling of foreign food at San Gennaro this year—a gyro stand, a couple of stands selling egg creams, a black man selling fried chicken wings, a Pennsylvania-funnel-cake operation, and at least half a dozen stands run by Filipinos. These days, any street event in New York—a merchants' fair on Third Avenue, a block party on the West Side—is certain to have at least one Filipino food stand. At the annual One World Festival sponsored by the Armenian diocese—a festival that has always been so aggressively ecumenical that I wouldn't be surprised to discover someday that a few spots had been assigned to food stands run by Turks—the stands selling Armenian lahmajun and boereg and yalanchi and lule kebab seemed almost outnumbered this year by stands selling what are sometimes advertised as "Filipino and Polynesian specialties." The man in charge of assigning spots for San Gennaro told me that if no attempt were made to maintain a balance—and a Feast that is not overwhelmingly Italian would obviously be unbalanced—Mulberry Street would have had ten Filipino stands on every block. I asked some of the Filipino venders how they accounted for so many of their countrymen being in the street-fair game, but their explanations did not go much beyond the theory that some people made money at some of the street fairs that began being held in brownstone neighborhoods several years ago and



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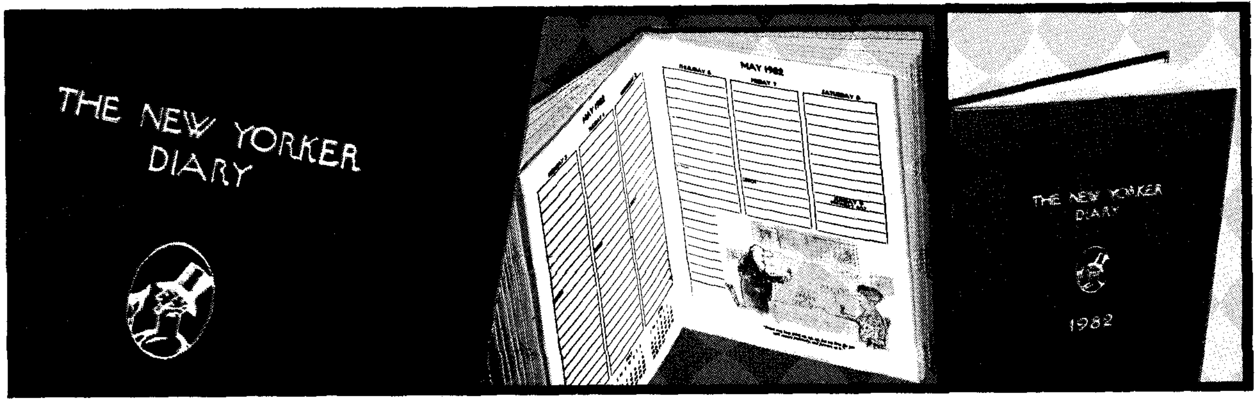
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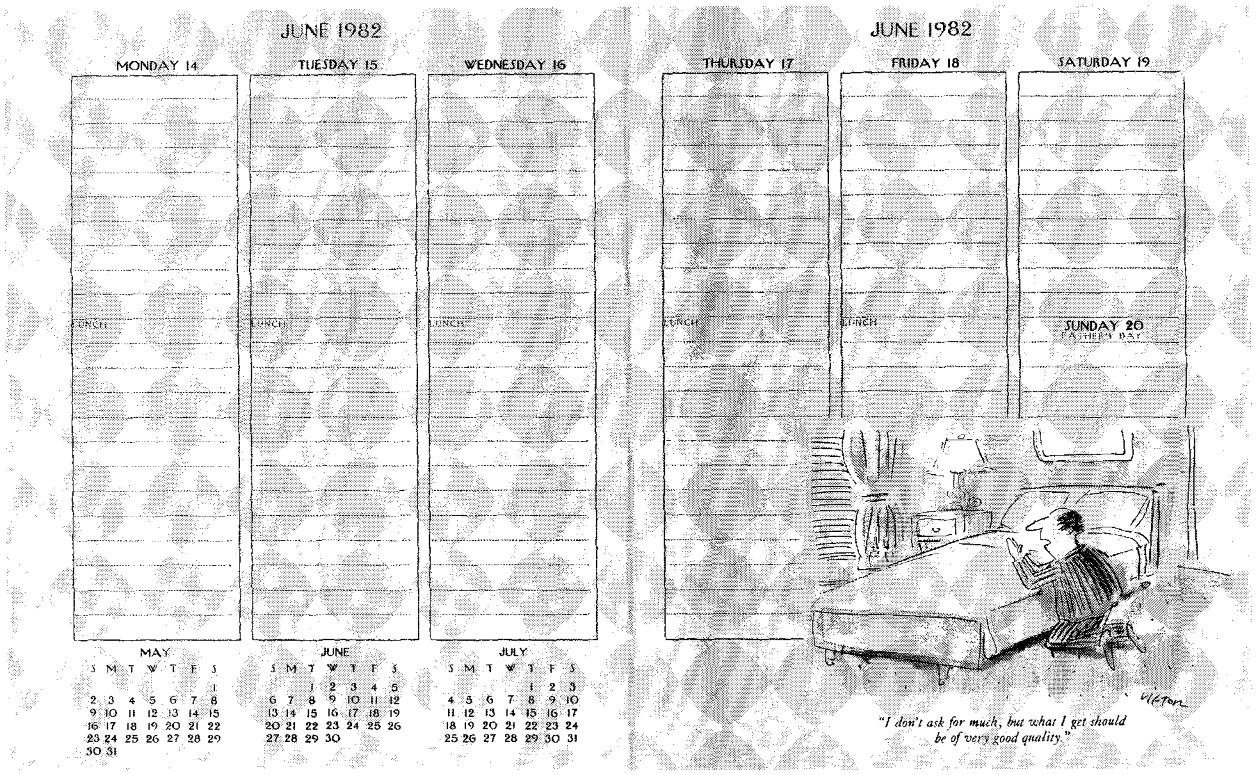
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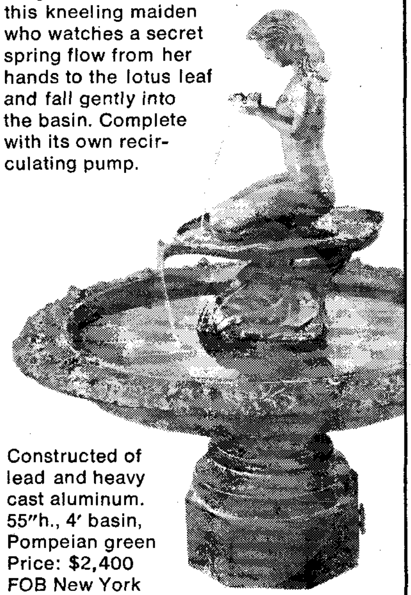

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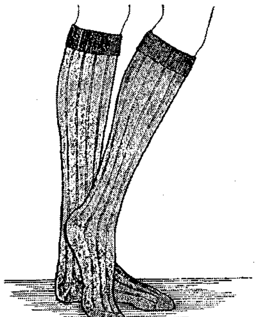

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other people decided to get in on a good thing. It may remain one of those New York ethnic mysteries that outlanders were not meant to understand. Why are so many fruit-and-vegetable stores that were once run by Italians and so many fruit-and-vegetable stores that previously didn't exist run by Koreans? Why have I never seen a black sanitation man? Why are conversations among venders of hot dogs at the Central Park zoo conducted in Greek?

SELECTING my sausage sandwich requires a certain amount of concentration. At San Gennaro, after all, there are always at least thirty stands selling sausage sandwiches. I don't mean that I do nothing else at the Feast. In the spirit of fostering intergroup harmony, I sometimes have a vegetable fritter. I often have a few zeppole—holeless doughnuts that are available almost exclusively at Italian feasts. I have a couple of beers, muttering about the price, or some wine with fruit. Mainly, though, I inspect sausage stands—walking slowly the length of the Feast and maybe back again before I make my choice. About halfway through my inspection, whoever happens to be with me—usually one of my daughters—tells me that all sausage stands look alike, or maybe even that all sausage sandwiches taste alike. I keep looking.

The stands always look familiar to me. A lot of the food venders at Italian feasts in Manhattan make a business of going from feast to feast around the New York area from spring to fall. In Little Italy, it is assumed that the food-stand operators spend the rest of the year in Florida, living like kings off the sort of profits that must be accumulated by anyone who sells a tiny plate of ziti with tomato sauce for three dollars and has never heard of real-estate taxes. Among New Yorkers, it is practically an article of faith that anyone who runs what seems to be a small seasonal business—the ice-cream man in the park, for instance—can be found on any cold day in February casually blowing hundreds of dollars at some Florida dog track. Although I recognize the stands, I can never seem to keep in my mind which one has served me the best sausage sandwich. The inspection during what had to be my final visit to San Gennaro this year was carried out on a rainy weekday evening in the company of my two daughters—neither of whom has the

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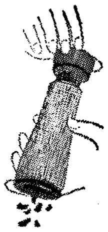

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slightest interest in so much as tasting a sausage sandwich. I was convinced that the stand I had patronized at St. Anthony's in the spring—acquiring a sandwich whose memory I carried with me through the summer—was called by someone's first name. All the sausage stands at San Gennaro seemed to be called by someone's first name. Had it been Dominic's? The Original Jack's? Rocky & Philly's? Tony's? Angelo's? Smokin' Joe's? Staten Island Frank's? Gizzo's? Lucy's? There was nothing to do but inspect each stand—my daughters tagging along behind me, already full of pasta. I looked for a stand that was frying the sausages on a griddle rather than grilling them over charcoal—and displaying peppers and onions that had been sliced and cooked precisely to my requirements. It was amazing how many sausage stands qualified. My daughters began to remind me that it was a school night. Under some pressure, I stopped in front of Staten Island Frank's—or maybe it was the Original Jack's; even now the names run together—and said, "This is it." When I started to eat, I was convinced that I had chosen brilliantly—until we passed a stand that I hadn't noticed before. It was serving sausages, with correctly fried peppers and onions, on marvellous-looking rolls that had sesame seeds on top of them.

"Sesame-seed rolls!" I said. "Nobody told me about sesame-seed rolls!"

"Take it easy," one of my daughters said, giving me a reassuring pat on the arm. "You can have one on a sesame-seed roll next year."

"Not next year," I reminded her as we headed home. "At St. Anthony's in June." —CALVIN TRILLIN

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Harp of the North!

READING Walter Scott's "Lady of the Lake"—in preparation for the Houston Grand Opera production of Rossini's "Donna del Lago"—was an unexpected pleasure. Earlier attempts to get through it had faltered on such lines as

> Onward, amid the copse 'gan peep
> A narrow inlet, still and deep,
> Affording scarce such breadth of brim
> As served the wild duck's brood to swim.

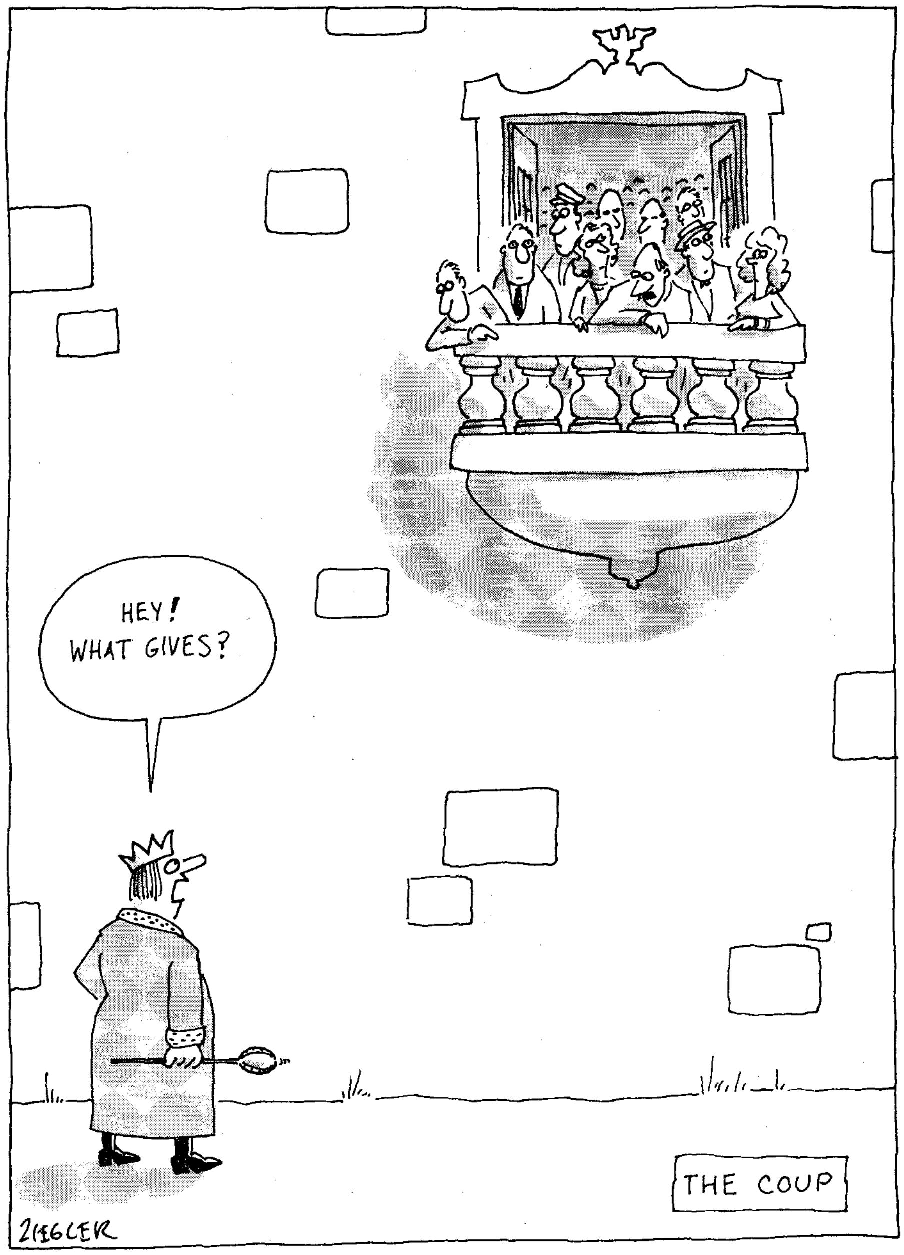
But this time I managed to push on with James Fitz-James to that airy point he won

> Where, gleaming with the setting sun,
> One burnish'd sheet of living gold,
> Loch Katrine lay beneath him roll'd,

and then, once Ellen had appeared, guiding her swift skiff across its waters, I was caught. The poetry of "The Lady of the Lake" lies not in its words but in its keenly imagined—if conventionally described—landscapes. The narrative is arresting. The pace of its telling is cunningly varied. And what Verdi called *situazioni*—striking encounters, confrontations made for ardent theatrical music—abound. Moreover, the poem is shot through with songs. (The last of them reaches the heroine's ears from a tower where her lover, like Leonora's Manrico in "Il Trovatore," is imprisoned.) Small wonder, then, that in the year of the poem's publication, 1810, it reached the stage as a play with musical numbers; that in 1811 it appeared at Covent Garden as a musical drama, "The Knight of Snowdoun," the first of Henry Bishop's numerous Scott "musicals;" that Schubert found music for seven of its songs; and that Rossini, so we are told, was fired by his reading of the poem to instruct Leone Tottola to fashion a libretto from it. Bishop's piece is not an opera; the principal characters—Ellen, James, Roderick, Douglas—do not sing. "La Donna del Lago," launched in Naples in 1819, is the first Scott opera and an early example of the Romanticism that was to fill Europe's theatres with Northern landscapes evoked in sounds, words, and paint and beneath the lamps of increasingly inventive designers. Meanwhile, landscapes evoked in Romantic instrumental sound filled concert halls: beside Bellini's "I Puritani di Scozia" and Donizetti's "Lucia di Lammermoor" there appeared Berlioz's "Waverley" and "Rob Roy," Mendelssohn's "Hebrides" and "Scotch" Symphony.

In Weber's "Freischütz," the only opera of its day to challenge the popularity of Rossini's operas, romantic nature was harnessed by a composer determined to create "a work of art in which all the parts form themselves into a beautiful whole"—as opposed to Italian operas that consist of "a few brilliant gems, regardless of their setting." The ease with which Rossini's gems could be made to shine in disparate settings seems to support Weber's view. ("Tanti affetti," the rondo-finale of "La Donna del Lago," reappeared in Rossini's next opera, "Bianca e Falliero," while in "La Donna" from a Paris production of 1824 to a Florence production of 1958 a quartet from "Bianca" commonly replaced "Tanti affetti.") In our age of loving restoration, however, we begin to discover that operas as their composers first conceived and created them may have more integrity than was once supposed. Well-founded claims have been made for Handel, and persuasive claims for Vivaldi, those two princes of self-plagiarism. In Houston, "La Donna del Lago" was done in a new, pure critical edition by Colin Slim, and, apart from some recitative cuts, it was done pretty well complete. (The first act lasted about a hundred minutes, the second about an hour.) If anyone was left unconvinced that the piece has what Verdi called a *tinta* or *colorito*—a distinct, individual color and character—the fault lay probably in the staging, not in Rossini.

Many an eighteenth-century simile aria drew parallels between natural



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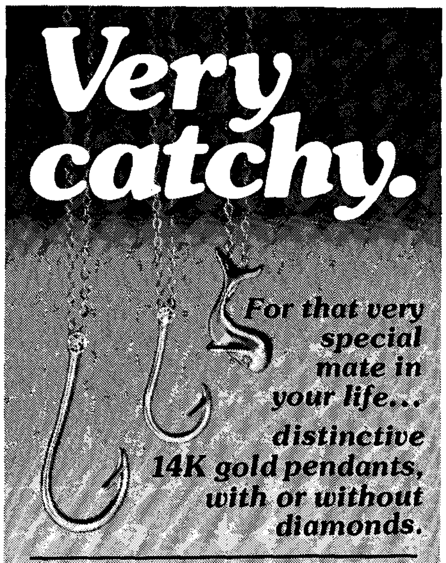
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phenomena and emotional disorder—tempest without and turbulence in the soul:

> As the helmsman on the ocean
> Fears the stroke of wave and wind,
> So my heart with keen emotion
> Feels the blows of love unkind.

It was a conventional conceit, one that allowed a composer to write wind-and-wave figuration. Then, at the start of "Iphigénie en Tauride," Gluck brought the storm itself onto the stage even as it raged in Iphigenia's heart. But his is a formal neoclassical storm. Rossini was more picturesque, more romantic, in the final scene of his early opera "Tancredi." The stage directions prescribe "a mountain chain, precipitous gorges, torrents tumbling down to form the Arethusa; forests partly covering mountain and plain; Etna in the distance; the sun in the west, glowing upon the sea," and so on. Rossini painted it all in rich music that recurs to punctuate Tancred's observations that "the streams' fearful clamor, the winds' grim raging 'mid the crags" increase his unhappy brooding on Amenais' apparent infidelity.

In "La Donna del Lago," the correspondences are less specific, not spelled out so precisely, but—as in Scott—they are implicit. In Houston, Ming Cho Lee's scenery was too drab. He saw a Scotland under misty gray skies, not Scott's and Rossini's colorful, sun-drenched scenes:

> The western waves of ebbing day
> Roll'd o'er the glen their level way;
> Each purple peak, each flinty spire,
> Was bathed in floods of living fire.

Jane Greenwood had designed picturesque costumes for the clansmen but was less happy with the principals and least happy with the star of the show, Marilyn Horne, who took the transvestite role of Malcolm Graeme:

> Of stature tall, and slender frame,
> But firmly knit, was Malcolm Graeme.
> The belted plaid and tartan hose
> Did ne'er more graceful limbs disclose;
> His flaxen hair of sunny hue
> Curl'd closely round his bonnet blue.

Three men—James, Roderick, and Malcolm—love Ellen, but she loves only Malcolm. In the poem, he is something of a cipher. Scott admitted it in an 1811 letter:

> You must know this Malcolm Graeme was a great plague to me from the beginning. . . . I gave him that dip in the lake by way of making him do something; but wet or dry I could make nothing of him. His insignificance is the greatest defect among many others in the poem; but the canvas was not broad enough to include him, con-

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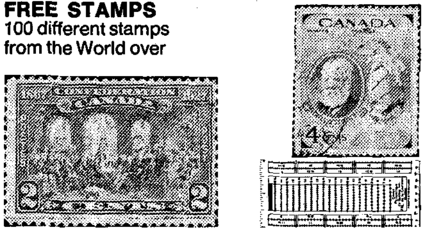

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sidering I had to group the King [James], Roderick, and Douglas.

Bishop's librettist, Thomas Morton, simplified Scott's grouping by omitting Malcolm; at the end, Ellen marries Roderick. But in Naples in 1818-19 the great contralto Rosmunda Pisaroni had joined the company, and so Rossini had to provide roles for her, which he did in "Ricciardo e Zoraide," "Ermione," and "La Donna del Lago." Isabella Colbran remained the prima donna, the *protagonista*—Zoraide, Hermione, the Lady of the Lake—but Rossini's Malcolm is far from insignificant. He alone is allotted two full arias. (Ellen, James, Roderick, and Douglas have one apiece.) Miss Horne sang them in spectacular fashion: her cantabile was dulcet and finely wrought; her coloratura glittered. Although not of stature tall, and slender frame, she could have been more becomingly costumed. In high-heeled boots, a short, saucy tartan skirt, and a nipped-in black velvet jacket, she must have envied the choristers their full kilts and plaids.

Ellen, a soprano role (Kiri Te Kanawa took it in a 1969 London production), was the mezzo-soprano Frederica von Stade. Her timbre was beautiful in the mezzo range but edgy on the heights. An attractive and accomplished artist, she would be more captivating still if she were readier to link her lovely notes into flowing, shapely lines. The wigmaker had missed Scott's account of Ellen's "wild luxuriant ringlets . . . Whose glossy black to shame might bring The plumage of the raven's wing." That famous first sight of the heroine alone in her boat was smudged by the provision of a boatman. These particularities matter. "La Donna del Lago" is not just any old Italian opera of lovers' tiffs and trials but a work that—as Philip Gossett points out in an *Opera News* article—was inspired in spirit and often in detail by Scott. Much in Houston was conventionalized.

Claudio Scimone was a routine conductor, making little of the marvellous atmospheric effects in the score. Dano Raffanti was no Black Sir Roderick, nor was Rockwell Blake the chivalrous James V. They were two arm-waving tenors. (Mr. Blake's fleet, accurate divisions were astounding, but his voice often sounded ugly.) Frank Corsaro directed as if he had no confidence in the piece. Usually, his work contains characters and has character. Here there were singing dummies and irrelevant diversions, in the form of a

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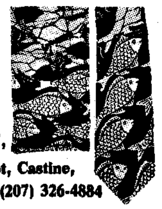

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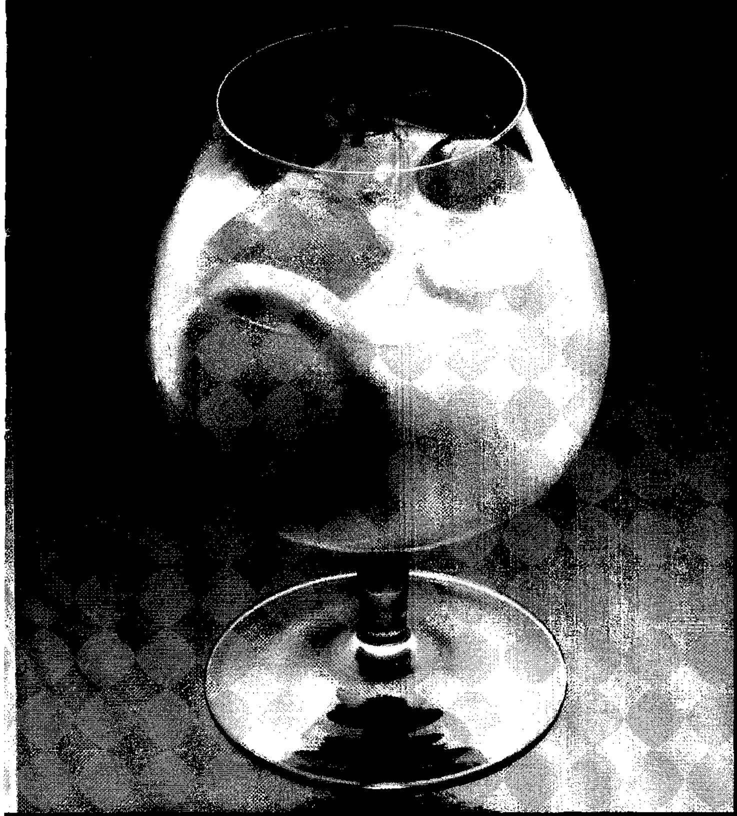

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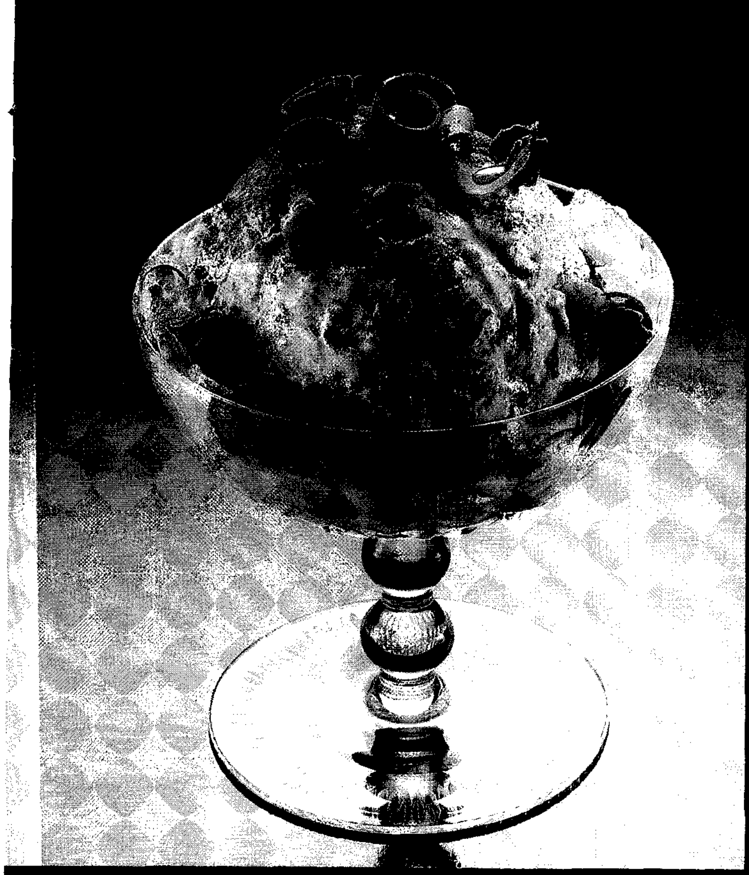

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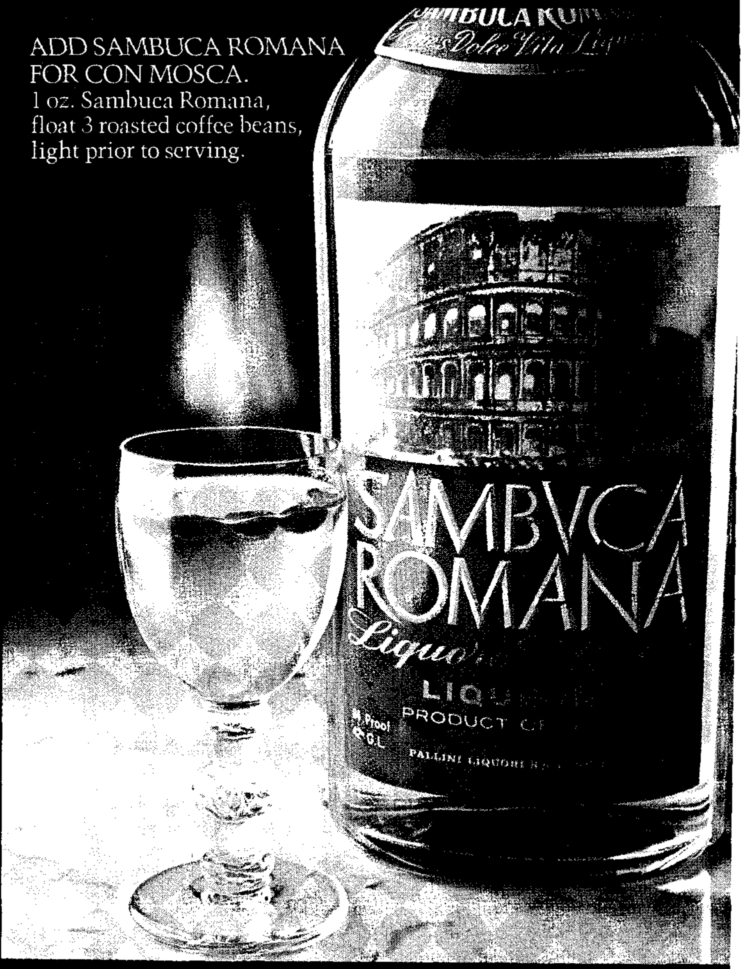

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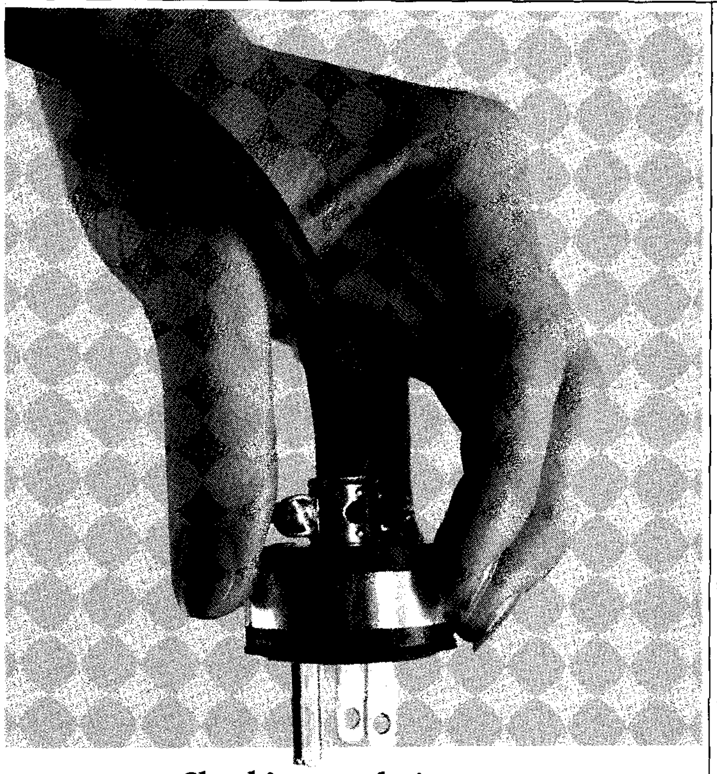

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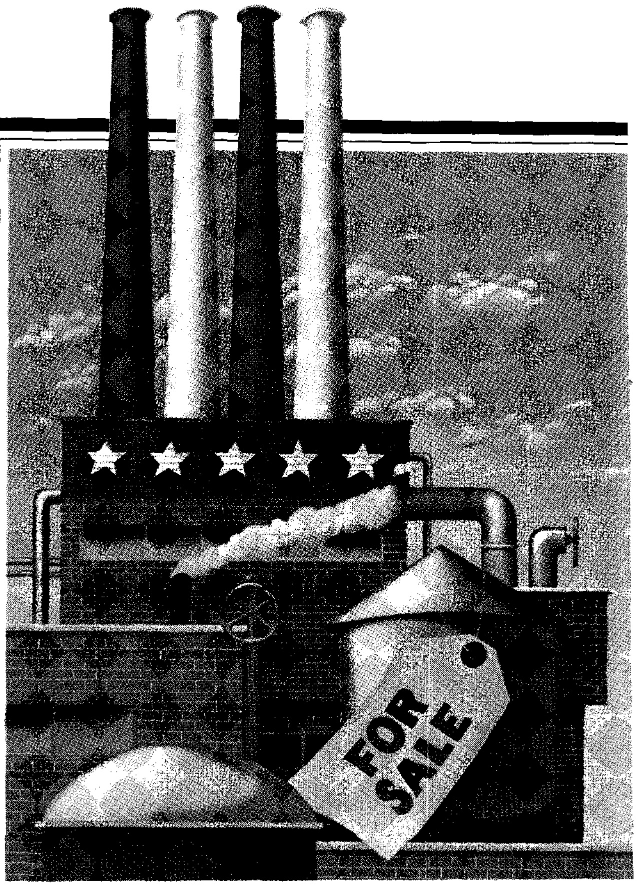

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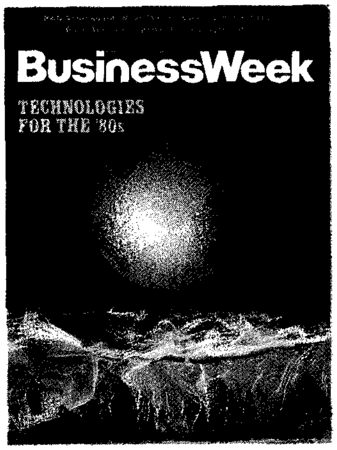

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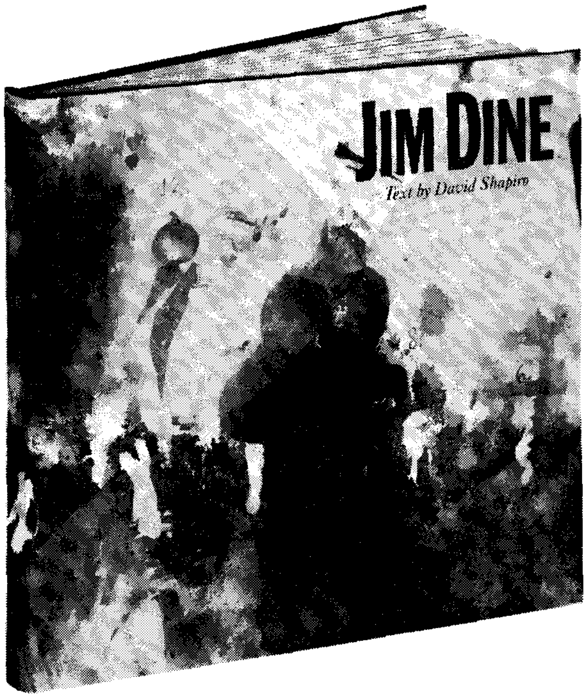
menagerie, an antlered Highland Falstaff capering about, a masked ball. Rossini's carefully planned scene structure was broken by two unwanted scene changes introduced into the first musical number.

I should add that this is an account of the opening night. Friends I trust tell me that at later performances everything went better and that the singing carried all before it, as in Rossini it can. A first-night verdict must be that the beautiful opera had been ambitiously cast but not enough thought and time had been spent on presenting the cast, and the work, to fullest advantage.

WHEN Rossini settled in Paris, he worked out more fully and consistently reforms that in his earlier pieces had been compromised by the hurly-burly of Italian operatic life. In the sublime closing pages of "Guillaume Tell"—forerunner to the perorations of "Das Rheingold" and "Götterdämmerung"—his employment of scenery as dramatic symbol, as drama in itself, reached new heights. (The huge Alpine landscape is painted as much by the music as in the scene shop.) Before "Tell," he reworked two of his Neapolitan operas, "Maometto II" and "Mosè in Egitto," in a large, serious manner; the second became "Moïse et Pharaon," a grand, moving, and powerful music drama. "Moïse" has not lacked praise but in this country, at least, has lacked performances. The Opera Company of Philadelphia's recent production (in Italian translation, as "Mosè") was apparently the first staged here since 1860. It was a more consistent and convinced kind of performance than Houston's "Donna del Lago." There was a distinguished international cast, but the opera took precedence of the singers. Franco Colavecchia had designed simple, striking, handsome sets. James Assad's stage direction was aptly severe yet not unpicturesque. Alessandro Siciliani is a Rossini conductor with a fine command of pace and shape. All things worked together. Lella Cuberli, a true soprano (the Ellen of a "Donna del Lago" in Pesaro in September), was an affecting, accurate, and stylish Anaï; the more I hear this young American artist, the more she impresses me. Julia Hamari was an accomplished Sinaïde. The two tenors, Antonio Savastano and Krunoslav Cigoj, were decent except when they sang too loud. To the title role Jerome Hines brought dignity, pres-



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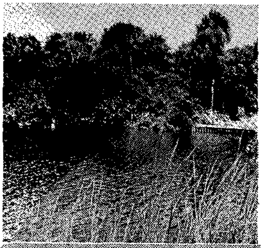

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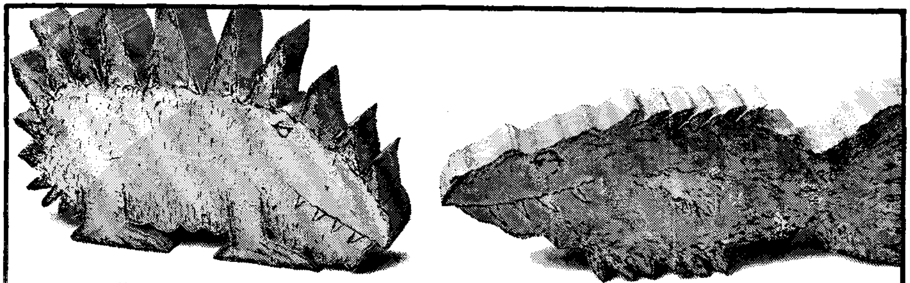

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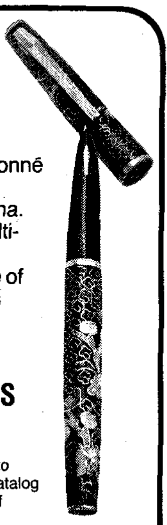

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ence, and some noble utterances, but his voice is not what it was. It would be a pity if this production died after its two Philadelphia performances. The "Donna del Lago," after four performances in Houston, is destined for Covent Garden.

OTHER opera in brief: Birgit Nilsson's first Metropolitan Dyer's Wife, in "Die Frau ohne Schatten," was very loud and impressive except at the close of Act II, when she parted from the pitch and was merely loud. Eva Marton's Empress was loud, firm, and true but hardly radiant or delicate. Mignon Dunn was a strong Nurse, who really sang the music, Franz Ferdinand Nentwig a lightweight Barak, and Gerd Brenneis an unlyrical Emperor. The production—décor by Robert O'Hearn, direction by Nathaniel Merrill—holds up very well. Erich Leinsdorf was a clear, competent conductor, solving all "problems" deftly, but was utterly prosaic.

The revival of Janáček's "Vixen Sharp-Ears," at the City Opera, was a delight, even if the children's-book sets and cuddly animals, from Maurice Sendak designs, sentimentalize Mr. Corsaro's keen, intelligent (and not uncontroversial) production. Gianna Rolandi took the title role precisely. Michael Tilson Thomas's conducting was at once fine-grained and stirring.

With Miss Rolandi turned into fox, the City Opera fielded an alternative "Puritani" cast. June Anderson, the new Elvira, lacked something of Miss Rolandi's charm and pathos, but she sang like a young Sutherland; she was strong, brilliant, and confident. Chris Merritt played Lord Arthur as a great booby and sang bravely, if not gracefully. Richard Fredricks was a forthright Sir Richard, and Justino Díaz a grandly generous Sir George except when the role sank beneath his effective compass.

New York's recent flood of Verdi—rival "Traviata"s from the Met and the City Opera, the latter's stunning revival of "Attila," the Opera Orchestra's "Due Foscari"—must wait.

—ANDREW PORTER

FURTHER EVENTS

Conversation

PAUL HINDEMITH'S "Hérodiade," which was included in the opening concert of The Music Project's season at the Merkin Concert Hall, is a curious work. It was inspired by a scene—one of three fragments that survive—

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from Stéphane Mallarmé's verse drama "Hérodiade." In the form in which it is best known—that preserved on the recording by Vera Zorina, conducted by Robert Craft (Columbia)—Mallarmé's verse is recited over the orchestral accompaniment. (It was recently performed in this manner at Symphony Space, by the Caecilian Ensemble.) Yet this was never Hindemith's intention. The piece was designed as a ballet for Martha Graham; though Hindemith attempted a form of word setting in the music, he wanted to exclude the human voice, because he thought it would distract from the staging. As it turned out, the ballet, which was first seen in Washington, D.C., in October, 1944, was unsuccessful. It was suggested that a concert piece could be made of "Hérodiade" by adding a spoken text, and Hindemith reluctantly agreed; when asked why he did so, he reportedly shrugged his shoulders and said—appropriately, for the most famous composer of *Gebrauchsmusik*—"What can I do? These people are my friends."

The Music Project gave a splendid performance, which drew out the instrumental color of the piece (it is scored for five winds, strings, and piano) and emphasized its surprising passion; it proved that Hindemith's score is too good to be treated as background music. The shape of the work is a conversation between Hérodiade and her nurse, in which the nurse's comments stimulate Hérodiade's exotic visions of a prison of iron and stone, her meditations on her fear of love, her cold isolation, and her acceptance of an unknown future. Hindemith's chromatic, restless music rarely settles for long in one tonality but moves around well-defined centers—B minor at the start and near the finish, E-flat for the coldest moments, E major for the most passionate, and a low, ethereal F minor at the uncertain close. It can be heard as pure music. But this account left me in two minds about the place of the text. Hindemith respects not only its fluctuating emotions but also its structure, its rhythms, and its sense. Should it be treated simply as an unseen stimulus to the composer, like Olivier Messiaen's very different composing language or Schumann's ciphers? Or should we be able to follow the words as their rhythms fly from the bottom to the top of the textures and focus the music in its climactic outbursts? The Music Project provided a good synopsis of what takes

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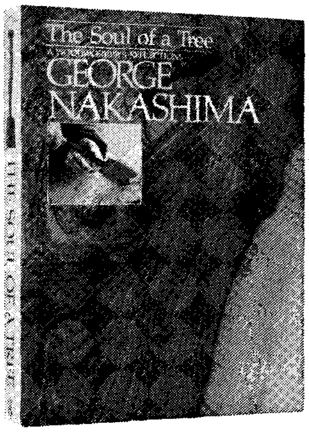

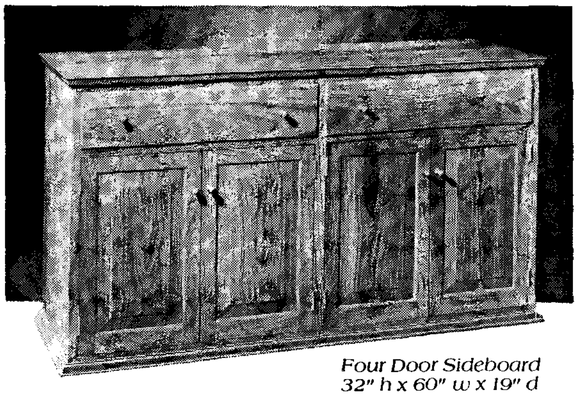

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place, but no text. At the time, this seemed acceptable. But later, playing through the effective piano reduction of the score and reading the words printed with it, I came to feel that only the full text, seen by the listener—as one might see an opera translation or film subtitles—provides a proper guide to the work. "Hérodiade" is not a melodrama, as Miss Zorina made it seem, yet it is an unusually coherent piece of word setting.

The Music Project's lively series this year is restricted in its adventurousness: there is plenty of mainstream twentieth-century music, but the postwar repertory is represented only by Samuel Barber, Jean Françaix, Villa-Lobos, and Stravinsky's "Septet." The first concert also included Mozart's great C-Major String Quintet, in an account that was given with evident enjoyment yet was poorly balanced (with booming cello and recessive violas) and unstylishly pert and bouncy in its rhythmic outline. The second concert in the series began with Barber's "Summer Music," for wind quintet, perky but unmemorable, and also included Shostakovich's much-admired Piano Quintet. This accomplished piece, classical in its formal balance and argumentative logic, was strongly played by the pianist Dan Berlinghoff, and there were some eloquent string solos—especially from the cellist Myron Lutzke. Yet Prokofiev's unpopular criticism of the work—"He never takes a single risk. One looks in vain for an impetus, a venture"—seemed at least partly confirmed by the music's solidity and predictability. It was difficult to hear the promise of the sparse, eloquent, risk-taking composer that Shostakovich became in his last years.

—NICHOLAS KENYON

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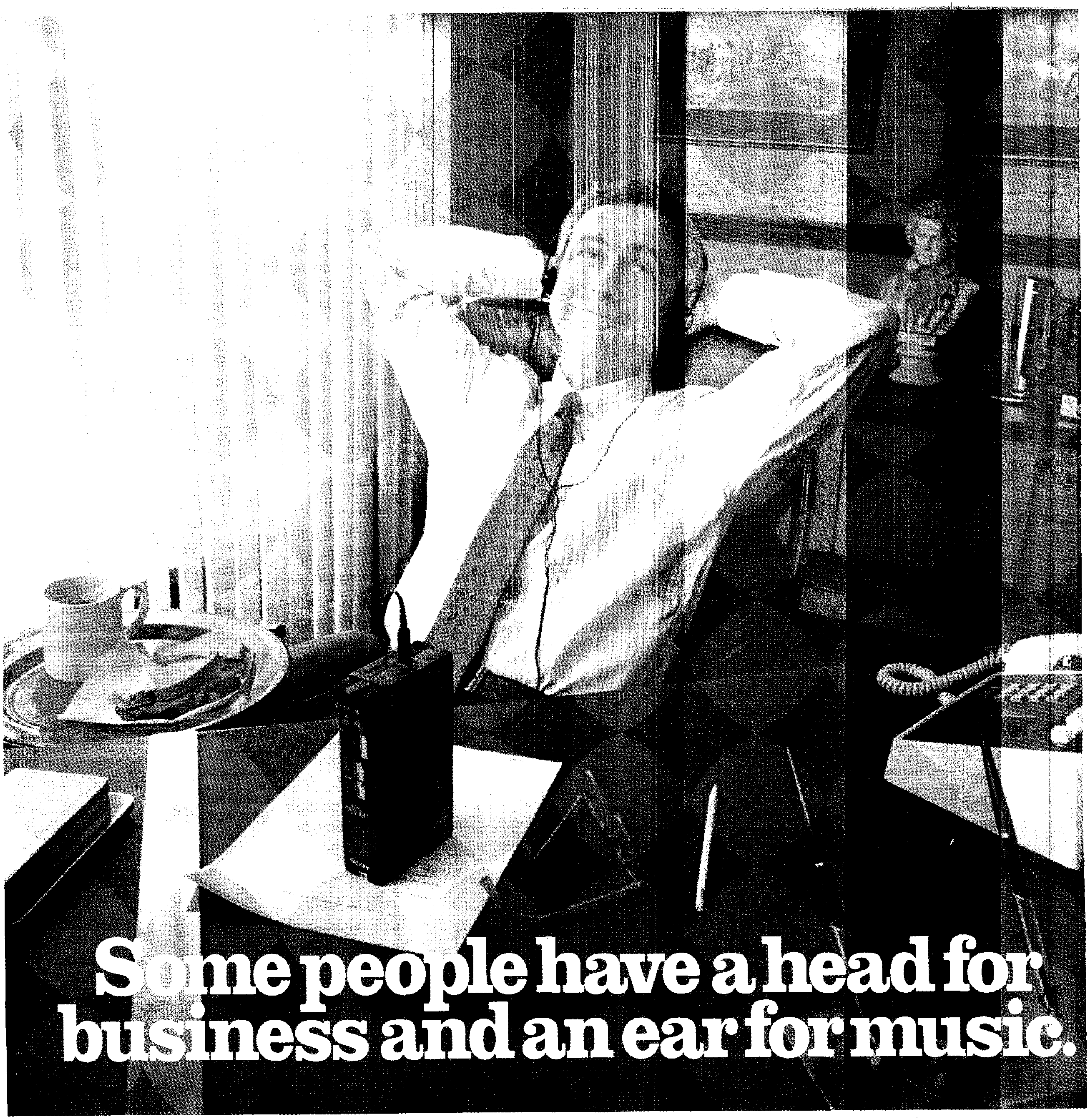
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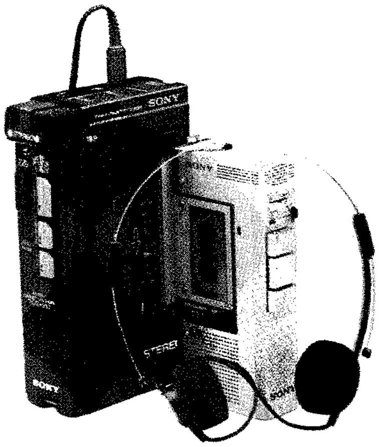

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The Fancy-Forger Takes the Lectern

BY the end of his life, fame and long exile had so internationalized Vladimir Nabokov, and his shimmering, Alpine art had so etherealized his image, that it was easy to ignore the technically unforgettable fact that he had been born and raised Russian. The posthumous publication of his "Lectures on Russian Literature" (ably edited and introduced by Fredson Bowers; Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $19.95) comes as a bracing reminder of his original and deepest cultural allegiance; these lectures on Gogol, Turgenev, Dostoevski, Tolstoy, Chekhov, and Gorky show a more confident intimacy, a more fraternal warmth than his glittering "Lectures on Literature" (1980). Only a fellow-Russian could say of Chekhov's "everyday" prose style:

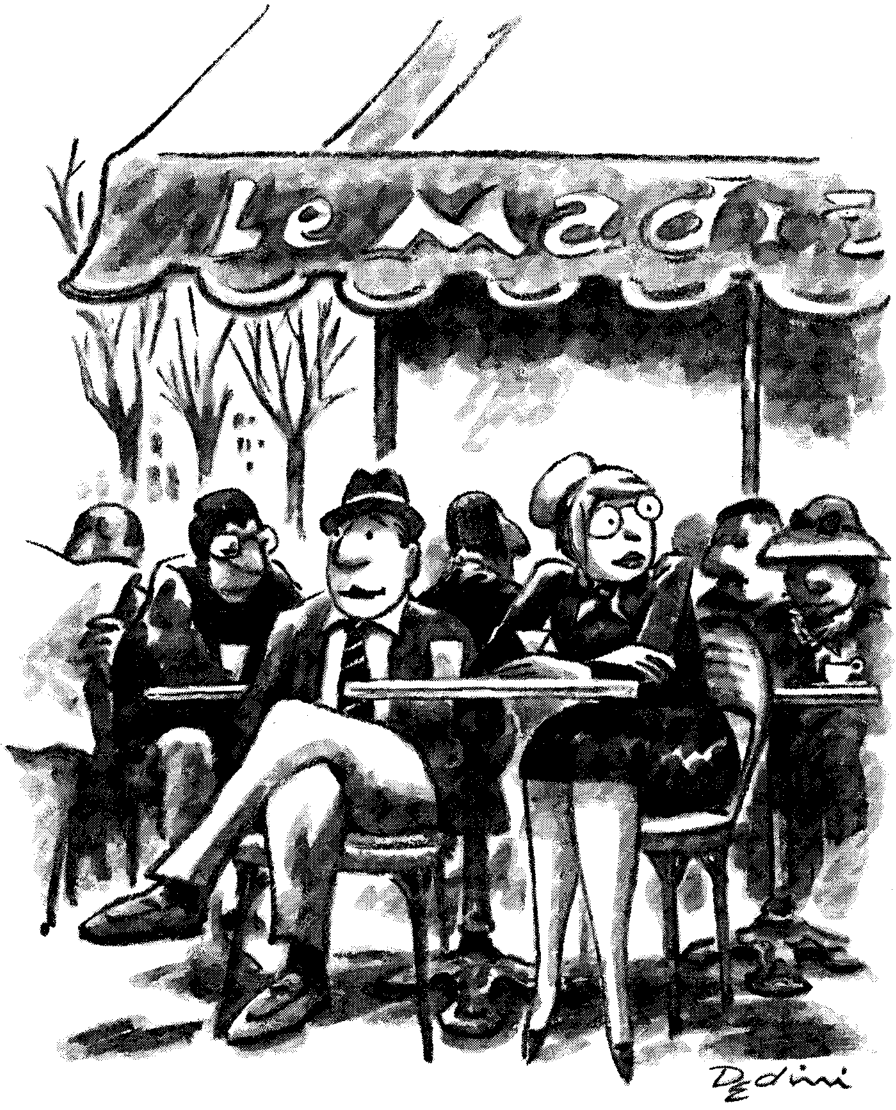
> Chekhov managed to convey an impression of artistic beauty far surpassing that of many writers who thought they knew what rich beautiful prose was. He did it by keeping all his words in the same dim light and of the same exact tint of gray, a tint between the color of an old fence and that of a low cloud. The variety of his moods, the flicker of his charming wit, the deeply artistic economy of characterization, the vivid detail, and the fade-out of human life—all the peculiar Chekhovian features—are enhanced by being suffused and surrounded by a faintly iridescent verbal haziness.

Where Nabokov is enthusiastic, as he is for Chekhov, Tolstoy, and Gogol, he is exhilarating, and effortlessly reaches into that dimension of cultural and historical surround decisively absent from his lectures on European masterpieces. Gogol's rambling metaphors, with the superfluous "little people" they engender and animate in passing, delight him, and lead him to generalize upon "the remarkable creative faculty of Russians, so beautifully disclosed by Gogol's own inspiration, of working in a void. Fancy is fertile only when it is futile." Consideration of Tolstoy leads Nabokov to the following resounding summation:

> Essential truth, *istina*, is one of the few words in the Russian language that cannot be rhymed. It has no verbal mate, no verbal associations, it stands alone and aloof . . . Most Russian writers have been tremendously interested in Truth's exact whereabouts and essential properties. To Pushkin it was of marble under a noble sun; Dostoevski, a much inferior artist, saw it as a thing of blood and tears and hysterical and topical politics and sweat; and Chekhov kept a quizzical eye upon it, while seemingly engrossed in the hazy scenery all around. Tolstoy marched straight at it, head bent and fists clenched, and found the place where the cross had once stood, or found—the image of his own self.

The curious meditations upon the nature of Time in "Ada" can now be linked with the author's earlier attempt to analyze a perceived excellence in Tolstoy: "He discovered a method of picturing life which most pleasingly and exactly corresponds to our idea of time. . . . Tolstoy's prose keeps pace with our pulses, his characters seem to move with the same swing as the people passing under our window while we sit reading his book." These subtle considerations of perspective yield up a beautiful aphorism: "Readers call Tolstoy a giant not because other writers are dwarfs but because he remains always of exactly our own stature, exactly keeping pace with us instead of passing by in the distance, as other authors do."

Where Nabokov is less than enthusiastic, as with Turgenev, Dostoevski, and Gorky, he is not quite worthless as a critic but certainly impatient. Least so with Turgenev, to whom he grants status as a contriver of "purple patches," of "mellow colored little paintings—rather watercolors than the Flemish glory of Gogol's art gallery—inserted here and there into his prose." But Turgenev's style as a whole suffers, producing "a queer effect of patchiness, just because certain passages, the artist's favorites, have been pampered much more than the others." He was, however, "the first Russian writer to notice the effect of



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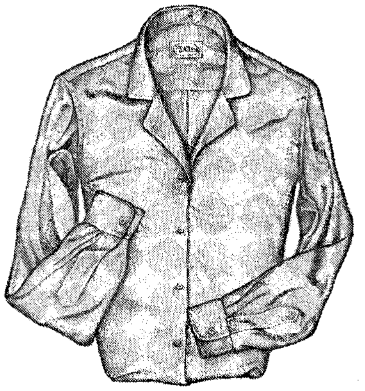

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broken sunlight or the special combination of shade and light upon the appearance of people." Though Nabokov praises "Fathers and Sons" as "one of the most brilliant novels of the nineteenth century," what sticks in the mind, as he leads the auditors of his lecture through its story, is his dry asides:

> One will observe a queer feature of Turgenev's structure. He takes tremendous trouble to introduce his characters properly, endowing them with pedigrees and recognizable traits, but when he has finally assembled them all, lo and behold the tale is finished and the curtain has gone down whilst a ponderous epilogue takes care of whatever is supposed to happen to his invented creatures beyond the horizon of his novel.

For Gorky, beyond the drama of his life, he has little use. "Twenty-six Men and a Girl" has "not a single live word in it, not a single sentence that is not ready-made; it is all pink candy with just that amount of soot clinging to it to make it attractive. From here on there is but one step to so-called Soviet literature." And we all know what that is, or do we? "That a country exists where . . . literature has been limited to illustrating the advertisements of a firm of slave-traders is hardly credible to people for whom writing and reading books is synonymous with having and voicing individual opinions." In an address, "Russian Writers, Censors, and Readers," given at Cornell in 1958, Nabokov manages to work up a certain wry empathy with the artistic maneuvers of the proletarian novelists "faced with the dreadful task of having to weave an interesting plot when the outcome is in advance officially known to the reader."

His treatment of Dostoevski is most debatable, though not as obdurate as some of his later "Strong Opinions." He at least admits him to his curriculum, granting to his students that "some of you may like it ["Notes from the Underground," its title drolly improved to "Memoirs from a Mousehole"] more than I do," and that "there are many critics who would not agree with [his own, adverse] view." His indictment is in part stylistic ("the intonation of obsession, the hundred percent banality of every word, the vulgar soapbox eloquence") and in part moral ("I do not like this trick his characters have of 'sinning their way to Jesus' "). The plot of "The Idiot" is a "crazy hash" wherein the characters "never say anything without either paling, or flushing, or stagger-

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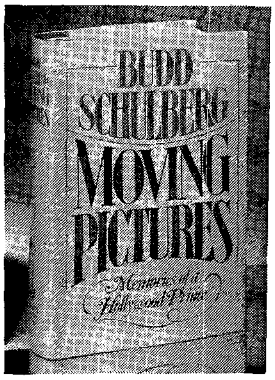

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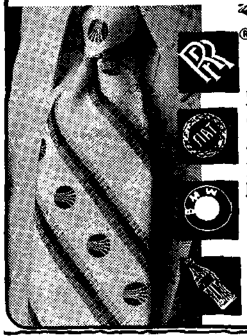

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ing on their feet." The first part of "The Possessed" is "tedious, being unreal," but the climax at Varvara Petrovna's becomes "grand booming nonsense with flashes of genius illuminating the whole gloomy and mad farce." As to the revered "Brothers Karamazov," it is "a riotous whodunit—in slow motion;" Dostoevski's pen, we are told, comes alive when dealing with Dmitri, but when he takes up his saint Alyosha, "we are immersed in a different, entirely lifeless element. Dusky paths lead the reader away into a murky world of cold reasoning abandoned by the spirit of art."

Though Nabokov's discourse upon Dostoevski contains a number of perfunctory and unsubstantiated slurs, he has some thoughtful points as well. Landscape, weather, dress, and physical appearance scarcely exist in Dostoevski's fiction, which has the texture of "a straggling play, with just that amount of furniture and other implements needed for the various actors: a round table with the wet, round trace of a glass, a window painted yellow to make it look as if there were sunlight outside, or a shrub hastily brought in and plumped down by a stagehand." His characters, for all his psychologizing, never change in the course of a book but, like the characters in a detective novel, or "like chessmen in a complicated chess problem," remain the same "to the bitter end." Pan-Slav though he became, Dostoevski remained a disciple of the gothic sentimentalism of Richardson, Ann Radcliffe, Dickens, and Eugène Sue; he "was the most European of Russian writers," with "something second-rate French in the structure of his plots." For all his interest in the irrational and abnormal, he is "much too rational in his crude methods, and though his facts are but spiritual facts and his characters mere ideas in the likeness of people, their interplay and development are actuated by the mechanical methods of the earthbound and conventional novels of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries." All of which is not so far from the more sympathetic and measured judgments of D. S. Mirsky, who in his classic "History of Russian Literature" (1927) wrote that Dostoevski "dealt in spiritual essences, in emanations of his own infinitely fertile spiritual experience." What Nabokov's appraisal of Dostoevski lacks is any sympathy with that spiritual experience, any interest in abasement, humiliation, and perversity as paths to wisdom and revealers of our human

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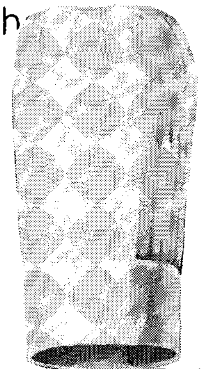

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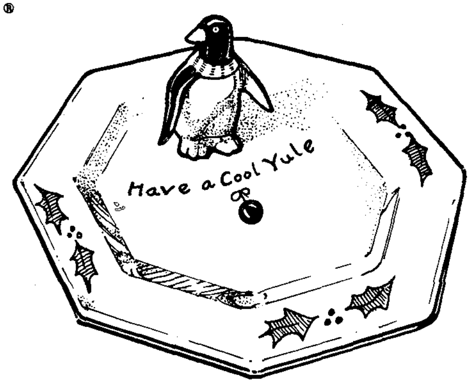

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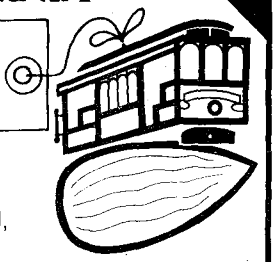

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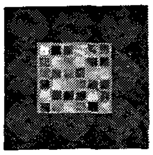

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nature. Against the central idea of "Crime and Punishment"—that without God all things are possible, including gratuitous acts of murder—Nabokov raises the hypothetical figure of a "sturdy young man" whose "healthy human nature would inevitably balk before the perpetration of deliberate murder. For it is no accident that all the criminal heroes of Dostoevski . . . are not quite sane." In Nabokov's view, sanity equals kindness; for him, as for Socrates, to know the good is to do it. So the superb and desperate message of "Notes from the Underground," to the effect that we will assert our own free will even against our own self-interest, and prefer obnoxious misery to nonentity, is quite lost on him, and is airily waved away: "*Philosophically this is all* bunkum since harmony, happiness, presupposes and includes also the presence of whim." So stout a refusal to descend into the Dostoevskian underground comes surprisingly from the creator of Humbert Humbert; it stems, I think, from an unwillingness to concede that the disappearance of God is much of a blow to our essential humanity, and from, furthermore, a distaste for the idea of any underground, including Freud's, beyond the luminous ken of the conscious mind.

These lectures, written in the main shortly after Nabokov arrived in this country, in 1940, in a careful handwriting still bearing some Cyrillic curls and with an English vocabulary that was the mere packed bud of its eventual luxuriant bloom, show him to have been not only sturdy and sane but of a rather sunny disposition. The comic, descriptive, and harmonic elements of the works are emphasized rather than the tragic and gloomy aspects that usually strike an initiate into Russian literature, and sheer spontaneous admiration prompts him to phrases like, of Tolstoy's art, "so powerful, so tiger bright." The lecturer seems eager to share with his audience of New World students "a literature which in artistic worth, in widespread influence, in everything except bulk, equals the glorious output of England or France." He proposes to make of each of his auditors an "admirable reader" who "enjoys what the author meant to be enjoyed, beams inwardly and all over, is thrilled by the magic imageries of the master-forger, the fancy-forger, the conjuror, the artist." Of artistry, he optimistically asserts, "Whenever talented people approach art with the sole idea of serving

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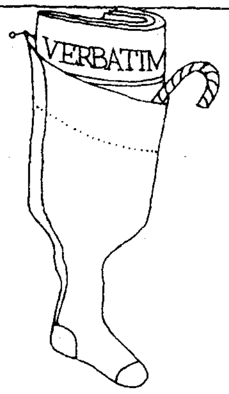

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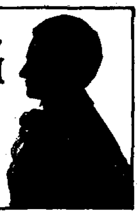

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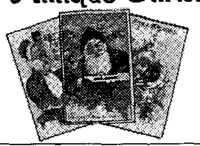

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it sincerely to the utmost measure of their ability, the result is always gratifying." And of the literary art, conventionally assumed these days to be nonprogressive, if not, in our era, actually regressing, he offers a tonic evolutionary theory:

> The whole history of literary fiction as an evolutionary process may be said to be a gradual probing of deeper and deeper layers of life. It is quite impossible to imagine either Homer in the ninth century B.C. or Cervantes in the seventeenth century of our era—it is quite impossible to imagine them describing in such wonderful detail childbirth [as Tolstoy does in "Anna Karenina"]. The question is not whether certain events or emotions are or are not suitable ethically or esthetically. The point I want to make is that the artist, like the scientist, in the process of evolution of art and science, is always casting around, understanding a little more than his predecessor, penetrating further with a keener and more brilliant eye . . .

We are startled and heartened by a meliorism so blunt, by an apprehension of art's benefice so firm and brisk; just so, his college audiences, even in those days before it became mandatory to mock and spurn the American "way of life," must have tittered to hear this august visitant with his unexpungeable accent remind them stoutly of "freedom . . . that spiritual open where you were born and bred" and urge them to "realize with new purity and pride the value of real books written by free men for free men to read." The French Enlightenment migrated to the Russia of Pushkin and still kept its force in liberals like Nabokov. The gifts of light were manifest to him, and the triumphs of obscurantism and oppression that he witnessed first in his native land and twenty-five years later in his adopted Germany were mere shadows, illusory and comic beneath their savage actuality. His pure mental energy, expended in spite of not only political ugliness but the general darkness that the twentieth century, with its sense of exhaustion and the wild cosmological verities of its science, inflicts upon each soul, now shines out from his departed example, where once it dazzled. Nabokov, his memoirs confided, could scarcely sleep, his brain was so excited. What other major imaginer of our time exercised his mind in so many fields apart from his art—in lepidopterology, in the concoction of chess problems, in scholarship of a fanatically exhaustive and original sort? In the innocence of his cerebral self-delight he could be, like any innocent, cruel, and cruel to his own characters at that. But his was also the

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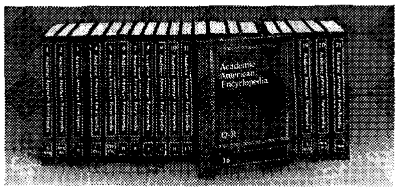

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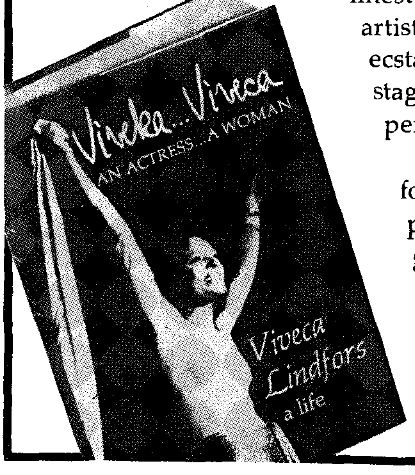

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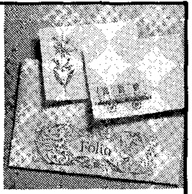

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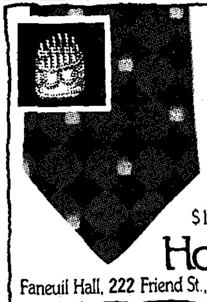

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cruelty of those who believe in devils, and the curtness of his dismissals (of Freud, of "Falknermann," of "Upton Lewis") and the malignancy of some of his creations (Paduk, Axel Rex, Clare Quilty) show the nether side of a fervent faith. Art, he tells us in these lectures, is a "divine game," and pleasure in art consists in reliving the moves of the game with the artist. A stranger creed than it may appear at first glance (is not the point of the game achieved when game-consciousness dissolves?), it kept him robust and undiscouraged; it enabled him to be unrepentantly productive in two or three languages, three or four genres, and four or five distinct milieux, and to communicate through the pages of every book his own playful, "divine" bliss. We miss him. —JOHN UPDIKE

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FICTION

JANE AND PRUDENCE, by Barbara Pym (Dutton; $11.50). The setting of this very funny novel, one of Barbara Pym's earliest (first published in England in 1953), is an English village, where Jane's husband is the newly appointed vicar (he has been transferred from a suburban parish), and where Prudence will pay Jane a visit and find herself courted by a fatuous young widower. Prudence, at twenty-nine, has achieved nothing in life but a dull research job in London and a string of dud affairs; Jane, now in her forties, was Prudence's tutor (English literature) at Oxford. Jane cheerfully concedes that she is an incompetent housewife, but she hopes that the move to a rural parish may transform her into a Trollopean vicar's wife, as well as a crafty matchmaker. There are many comic complications here as Jane learns that matchmaking has as many pitfalls as does housewifery. But Miss Pym makes Jane more than a clown; she gives her a sense of humor, and makes her a heroine.

WODEHOUSE ON CRIME, by P. G. Wodehouse, edited and with a preface by D. R. Bensen and a foreword by Isaac Asimov (Ticknor & Fields; $12.95). "A Dozen Tales of Fiendish Cunning," the subtitle boasts, starring Bertie Wooster, that "invertebrate waster" (as Sir Roderick Glossop describes him), and various other Wodehouse males (most of them purebred puppies, but a few quite long in the tooth) who

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are driven into and out of a hobby of crime by the vision of a dragon aunt named Vera or Agatha or Jane. "Jeeves," Bertie declares at the end of one hair-raising escapade, "you move in a mysterious way your wonders to perform." The same praise should be heaped upon his maker.

GENERAL

THE NEW METROPOLIS: NEW YORK CITY, 1840-1857, by Edward K. Spann (Columbia; $19.95). In the nineteenth century, the Hudson, the Erie Canal, and the harbor made New York the nation's largest city and entrepôt, attracting immigrant foreigners and rural Americans in unheard-of numbers. Its rapid growth, however, created problems, such as ethnic and religious rivalries, a housing shortage, and inadequate public services—poor transportation, sanitation, street and road maintenance, education, and police. Mr. Spann describes the many remedies that were tried—for example, street cleaning was turned over to private contractors, who cost no less and did no better than city employees—and shows how improvements came gradually, with difficulty, and were often unappreciated, since they were frequently overlooked in the hullabaloo about the decay of this or the disgrace of that. The author's entertaining chronicle has several points to make, one being that cities on this scale required unprecedented financial outlays for their maintenance but that the taxpayers of the day continued to regard the levies of country villages as a yardstick and so were perpetually outraged by New York taxes.

THE ROAD FROM HERE: LIBERALISM AND REALITIES IN THE 1980s, by Paul Tsongas (Knopf; $12.95). The junior senator from Massachusetts has written a wonderfully intelligent and candid book whose ideas merit consideration by members of both parties. Mr. Tsongas, himself a liberal Democrat, explains why he feels that many traditional liberal responses have become outmoded, leading to the Republican electoral successes of 1980. He is extremely specific in discussing problems and solutions in such areas as energy, defense, and productivity. Since he is courting controversy—an act of political bravery—some readers will inevitably disagree with him, but his reasoning is always

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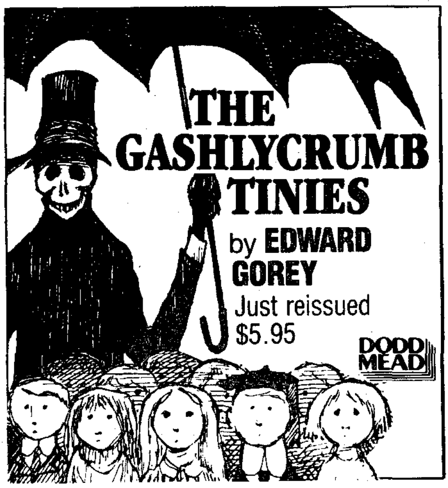

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lucid, and he adds a good leaven of entertaining political anecdotes.

SEXTET: T. S. ELIOT & TRUMAN CAPOTE & OTHERS, by John Malcolm Brinnin (Delacorte; $15.95). The "others" are Henri Cartier-Bresson, Elizabeth Bowen, the Sitwells, and Alice B. Toklas; and the author, a poet who has taught, has managed the Poetry Center of New York's 92nd Street Y, and has published prose ("Dylan Thomas in America"), knew them all. With the exception of the one on Cartier-Bresson, these wonderfully gossipy and artful essays delineate their subjects as likable and dedicated, despite the variety of personal problems that confronted them. The biggest surprise is probably T. S. Eliot, who was shy rather than austere, and whom Brinnin found to have been one of those rare people who understand a good deal without lengthy explanations; like the rest of the group, he was witty. An asset of the book is Brinnin's own capacity for affection or friendship.

NOTE: "The Fashionable Mind: Reflections on Fashion, 1970-1981," by Kennedy Fraser, has been published by Knopf ($14.50). All the contents originally appeared in *The New Yorker*. . . . Andrew Porter's "Music of Three More Seasons: 1977-1980," a collection of his reviews for this magazine, has been published by Knopf ($22.95). . . . "Alaska: Images of the Country," an excerpt from John McPhee's "Coming Into the Country," with photographs by Galen Rowell, has been published by the Sierra Club ($37.50). The text first appeared here. . . . Another work by John McPhee, "The Pine Barrens," has been reissued—in a special edition with photographs by Bill Curtsinger—by Farrar, Straus & Giroux ($25). The text of this, too, was originally printed in these pages.

•

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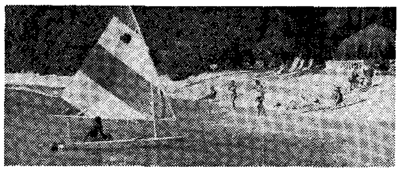

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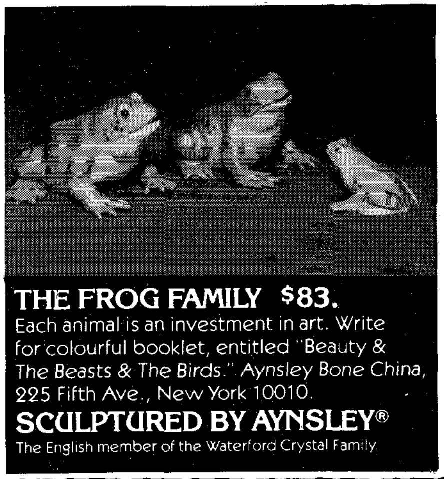

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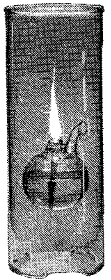

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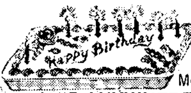

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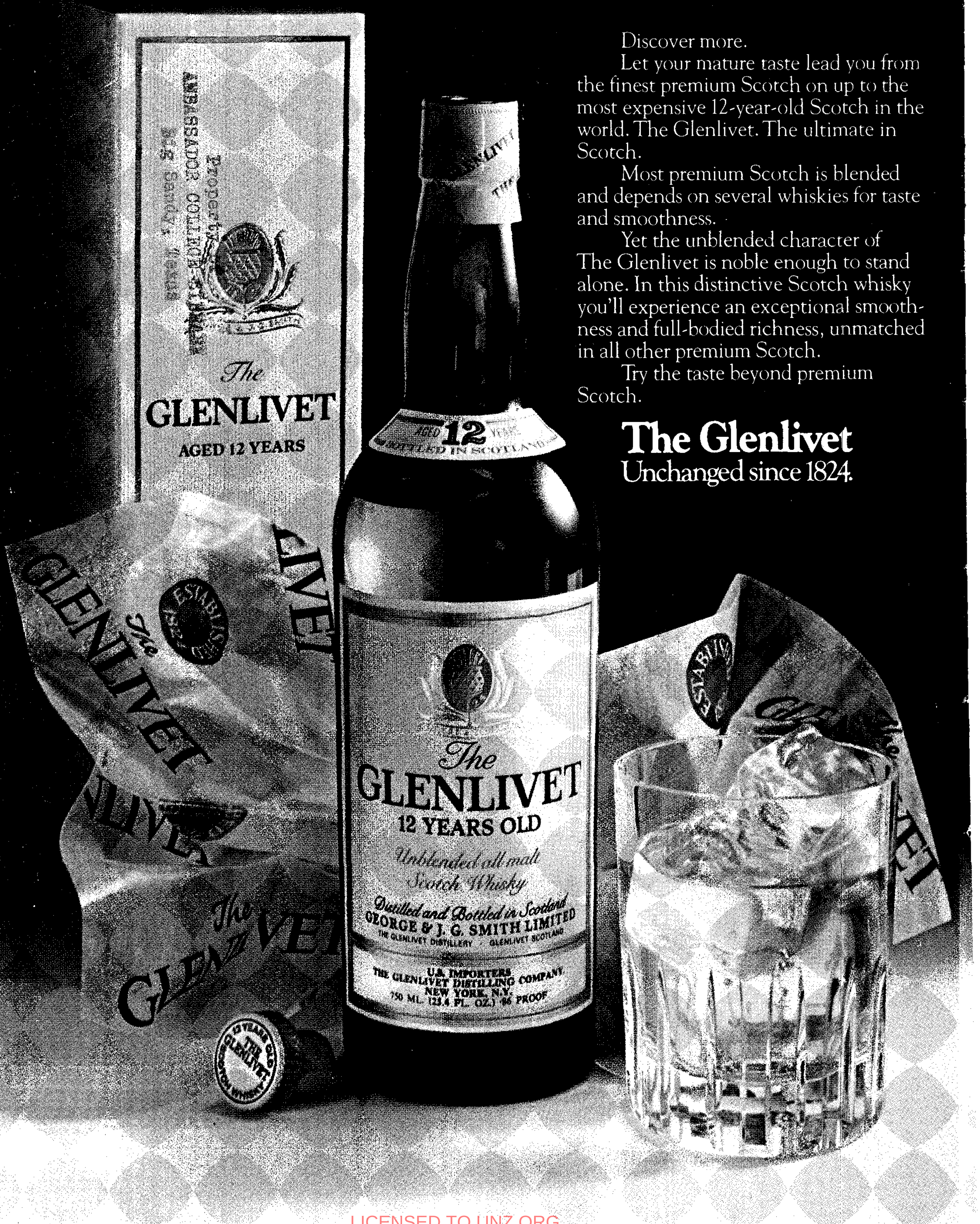
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